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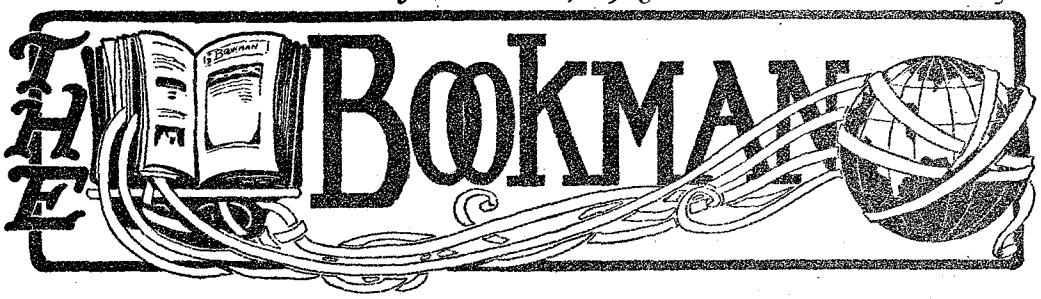

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Chronicle and Comment

The Bookman for 1913

In the advertising pages of this issue will be found an extended description of the features which we have planned for THE BOOKMAN during the coming year. A brief allusion to some of these features will not be out of place here. The first of several series of special articles of which we shall speak deals with "The Grub Street Problem—The Daily Life of a Man of Letters in Many Periods." In this series we expect to print five papers as follows:

I. In Shakespeare's Time.
II. In Johnson's Time.
III. When Dickens Wrote Pickwick.
IV. When Balzac Faced His Debts.
V. When Poe Lived in Fordham.

Everybody is more or less interested in the cost of living, which was a problem which confronted Oliver Goldsmith in the London of 1750, and Edgar Allan Poe in the New York of 1840, just as it confronts the literary worker of to-day. There is the story of Dr. Johnson dining behind a screen in the tavern while the literary bigwigs were being regaled in the main hall. What the shabby Samuel had to pay for that furtive meal, what his landlord exacted for the humble lodgings in the neighbouring street, what were the expenses of the occasional journey to Brighton or Bath—these questions will outline in a general way the scope of these projected papers.

In our November issue appeared Mr. Cleveland Palmer's "Some Modern American Etchers." During the coming year Mr. Palmer will contribute four papers of a similar nature dealing with the modern etchers of England, France, Germany, and Scandinavia. The first of these papers, on the English Etchers, will deal in retrospect with the work of the earlier men, and come down to the present, taking account of such etchers as Frank Brangwyn, D. Y. Cameron, Muirhead Bone and others. In the numbers of the spring and early summer we purpose printing a series of articles under the general title of "The Literary Baedeker." These will be designed to show how the American of literary tastes, travelling in Europe, can best find the landmarks of great fiction. There have been rambling books written on such subjects as *The London of Dickens, The London of Thackeray,* and *The Scott Country,* but these have been designed for library use, and are of little practical value to the hurried traveller, who, with ten days or so in London for example, might wish to devote two or three of these days to visiting the scenes of his favourite books, such as the house in Curzon Street where Mr. and Mrs. Rawdon Crawley lived on nothing a year, or the corner of Southwark, where there still remain slight vestiges of the Marshalsea Prison of *Little Dorrit.*

A series which was announced for 1912, but which had to be held over is Great Publishing Enterprises, which will tell of: I. The Making of an Atlas; II. The Making of a City Directory; III. The Making of an Encyclopædia. Under the general title of Confidential Com-

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munications, Mr. John Kendrick Bangs is to contribute a series of whimsical literary letters. The first of these is addressed "To a Best Seller in Need of Replenishment of Ideas"; the second is "A Plea for a Literary Show," and a third gives advice "To a Young Man Whose Novel Has Not Sold Well." Further papers in the series "Best Sellers of Yesterday" will deal with *The Breadwinners, Tempest and Sunshine, The Lamplighter, The Wide, Wide World* and *Reveries of a Bachelor.* Few persons know how many books have figured in Court, in connection with points of copyright laws—for instance, *Uncle Tom's Cabin, Ben Hur, Trilby, The Wandering Jew, Lady Audley's Secret, The Little Minister* and *Peg Woffington.* This subject, under the title "Famous Books in Copyright Suits," will be the first of a two-part series—"Literature and the Law." A second paper will deal with "Famous Authors on the Witness Stand."

A very important factor in the making of modern books is the publisher's reader, whose functions will be discussed in a paper in an early issue. This paper will deal with the reader's responsibilities and opportunities, with the stories of novels that have been built up from short tales, of lost manuscripts, of hidden pitfalls in manuscripts, of manuscripts which conceal advertising schemes—the whole subject to be treated in an anecdotal manner. The extraordinary sums paid for rare books at the recent Hoe sale in New York has turned the attention of the general reading public to a subject which formerly was of interest only to collectors. What is a rare book? What makes the Gutenberg Bible, for example, well worth the fifty thousand dollars paid for it? What are the most valuable books in the world, and why are they so? In these days, when the greatest treasures are being absorbed by collectors of practically unlimited means, what chance is there remaining for the collector of modest income but genuinely discriminating taste? These questions will be answered for the benefit of the general reader, rather than the specialist, in a series of two papers on "The Compleat Collector," the first discussing "The Rich Collector and His Problems," appearing in the present issue, and the second, "The Poor Collector and His Opportunities." Ten years hence it will be possible to write a complete life of the late Sidney Porter (O. Henry), which will be a serious contribution to American literary biography. At the present time, however, there are reasons why such a life cannot be written. But there is no reason against printing "Chapters in the Life of a Literary Soldier of Fortune," which will deal with certain parts of Mr. Porter's extraordinary career. These chapters are written by Mr. H. Peyton Steger, O. Henry's close friend and literary executor. There will be fresh material about O. Henry's North Carolina youth (there is in existence a burlesque novel written in a copy-book during his 'teens); glimpses of Porter behind the soda fountain in Greensboro; in Texas; sheepherding; clerk and draughtsman in the Land Office at Austin, Texas; real estate clerk; teller in a bank; caricaturer of a town; editor, owner, illustrator of a paper; and newspaper paragrapher in Houston, Texas. The final chapters will deal with the story of his literary Bohemianism, when he was knocking at the door of success; and the brief years of his achievement and recognition.

The Record of 1912

This year we are going to take up the subject of those books which have been the "Best Sellers" of the past twelve months without any preliminary explanation or apology. Whether material success has implied merit or the lack of it, whether this book or that will have been utterly forgotten five years hence, are matters which we are not going to discuss. In the thirteen preceding January issues in which we have been printing at length the story of the lists all these questions have, we think, been pretty thoroughly thrashed out. The subject is one which inevitably leads to a great deal of repetition, so we shall say of 1912, as we have said of so many earlier years, that it has been respectable, but in no way remarkable, in fact, just a good average year.

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The closing months of 1911 showed the leading books to be Harold Bell Wright's *The Winning of Barbara Worth,* Robert W. Chambers's *The Common Law,* Rex Beach's *The Ne'er Do Well,* Margaret Deland's *The Iron Woman,* and Gene Stratton-Porter's *The Harvester.* But the books by Mr. Beach and Mr. Chambers were past the full flood of their popularity, for neither of them endured beyond the coming of the new year. As was the case in 1911, a woman's book had the distinction of being the leader in the list for the first month of 1912. That was Mrs. Deland's *The Iron Woman,* which with 200 points was threatened only by *The Winning of Barbara Worth* and *The Harvester,* which were respectively second and third with 187 points and 171 points. Not one of the books in fourth, fifth, and sixth places, Mrs. Barclay's *The Following of the Star,* Mr. Harrison's *Queed,* and Mr. Farnol's *The Money Moon,* reached 100 points. The loss of *The Iron Woman* in the February lists was not so perceptible as were the gains of *The Winning of Barbara Worth* and *The Harvester.* Mr. Wright's book, with 307 points, a gain of 120 points over its total for January, was in first place, and *The Harvester* in second place with 225 points. *The Iron Woman* was third with 174 points, and grouped about the hundred point mark were the same three books that had completed the list in the January number.

The first newcomer to break into the 1912 lists was Mr. Oppenheim's *Peter Ruff and The Double Four,* which in the March issue temporarily displaced Mr. Farnol's *The Money Moon. The Winning of Barbara Worth, The Harvester,* and *The Iron Woman* were again first, second, and third in the order named with 229 points, 219 points, and 147 points respectively. Clinging persistently to fourth place was Mr. Harrison's *Queed,* with Mr. Oppenheim's book and Mrs. Barclay's book filling out the list. With the coming of the April number *The Winning of Barbara Worth* had to relinquish first place to *The Harvester,* which had been gaining steadily since the beginning of the year, and was by this time well in the lead by a margin of nearly 100 points. In third place was a newcomer, Mr. Sherman's *He Comes Up Smiling. Queed* was fourth, its tenth consecutive appearance in the lists, a record surpassed only a few times in all the years that we have been compiling these tables. *The Iron Woman,* rapidly dropping back, was fifth, and *The Money Moon,* after a month's absence, reappeared in sixth place.

Although in May the point total of *The Harvester* was slightly less than it had been the preceding month, its hold of first place was even more secure than before, for it led its closest rival by a margin of 162 points. That rival was Meredith Nicholson's *A Hoosier Chronicle,* which, if it made its appearance quietly, was destined to have a more or less permanent stay. Third and fourth were *The Winning of Barbara Worth* and *He Comes Up Smiling,* with two new books, Emerson Hough's *John Rawn,* and Anne Douglas Sedgwick's *Tante,* in fifth and sixth places. By June *The Harvester* had dropped to fourth place. In the lead was a newcomer, J. Breckinridge Ellis's *Fran* with 210 points. *The Hoosier Chronicle* was second with 178, and another book by Mrs. Barclay, *Through the Postern Gate,* was third. Fifth was Kate Langley Bosher's *The Man in Lonely Land,* and sixth Miss Sedgwick's *Tante.* For the only time in the entire year every book on the list had a total of 100 or more points.

The July list showed a rather unusual condition of affairs. *The Harvester,* which had been first in May and fourth in June, again took the lead, although its point total was only 158, the smallest point total of any first place book during the year. Twenty-four points behind was *Fran,* which in turn led *A Hoosier Chronicle* by seven points. *The Street Called Straight,* the new story by the anonymous author of *The Inner Shrine,* was fourth, Maria Thompson Daviess's *The Melting of Molly* fifth, and Miss Bosher's *The Man in Lonely Land* sixth. By August it was apparent that the comparatively obscure position of *The Street Called Straight* in the July issue had been

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due to the fact that it had appeared a little too late to get a fair chance, for the August list showed it in the lead with the high point total of 356 points. At a considerable distance behind, but still with the very respectable sum total of 198 points, was Vaughan Kester's *The Just and the Unjust*. *The Melting of Molly* was third with 147 points, *The Harvester* fourth with 108 points, and *A Hoosier Chronicle* and Mr. Oppenheim's *The Lighted Way* fifth and sixth with 96 and 85 points respectively.

Great as had been the point total of *The Street Called Straight* in the August issue, in September it rose to 372 points, the high water mark of the year. Two hundred and nineteen points behind was *The Harvester*, which held second place over *The Melting of Molly* by the slender margin of two points. *The Just and the Unjust* was fourth, *A Hoosier Chronicle* fifth, and the second anonymous book of the year, *To M. L. G.*, sixth. In September the point total of *The Street Called Straight* was materially reduced, but its hold on first place was still secure, 238 points to 145 points for *The Melting of Molly*, the runner up of that month. A new book, *The Red Lane*, by Holman Day, was third, *The Harvester* fourth, *The Just and the Unjust* fifth and *To M. L. G.* sixth.

As is very often the case, the last two months of the year brought radical changes. In first and second places were two new books, Harold Bell Wright's *Their Yesterdays* with 329 points, and F. Hopkinson Smith's *The Arm-chair at the Inn* with 169 points. But Mr. Smith's book held second place over *The Street Called Straight* by a single point only. Fourth was a newcomer, Mary Roberts Rinehart's *Where There's a Will*, with *The Harvester* and *The Melting of Molly* fifth and sixth. In referring to the lists for April we said that they marked *Queed's* tenth consecutive appearance in the list. But by holding fifth place in November *The Harvester* appeared in the lists for the thirteenth consecutive time. The December issue did not show a single book that had been a competitor two months before. *Their Yesterdays* was still in first place, but a dangerous second was George Barr McCutcheon's *The Hollow of Her Hand*, with Rex Beach's *The Net* not far behind. Alice Hegan Rice's *A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill* was fourth, *The Arm-chair at the Inn* fifth, and Richard Dehan's *Between Two Thieves* sixth.

JANUARY

1.	The Iron Woman	200
2.	The Winning of Barbara Worth	187
3.	The Harvester	171
4.	The Following of the Star	99
5.	Queed	96
6.	The Money Moon	67

FEBRUARY

1.	The Winning of Barbara Worth	307
2.	The Harvester	225
3.	The Iron Woman	174
4.	The Money Moon	114
5.	The Following of the Star	101
6.	Queed	99

MARCH

1.	The Winning of Barbara Worth	229
2.	The Harvester	219
3.	The Iron Woman	147
4.	Queed	103
5.	Peter Ruff and The Double Four	97
6.	The Following of the Star	90

APRIL

1.	The Harvester	280
2.	The Winning of Barbara Worth	182
3.	He Comes Up Smiling	144
4.	Queed	137
5.	The Iron Woman	133
6.	The Money Moon	105

MAY

1.	The Harvester	270
2.	A Hoosier Chronicle	108
3.	The Winning of Barbara Worth	101
4.	He Comes Up Smiling	100
5.	John Rawn	99
6.	Tante	96

JUNE

1.	Fran	210
2.	A Hoosier Chronicle	178
3.	Through the Postern Gate	119
4.	The Harvester	114
5.	The Man in Lonely Land	112
6.	Tante	100

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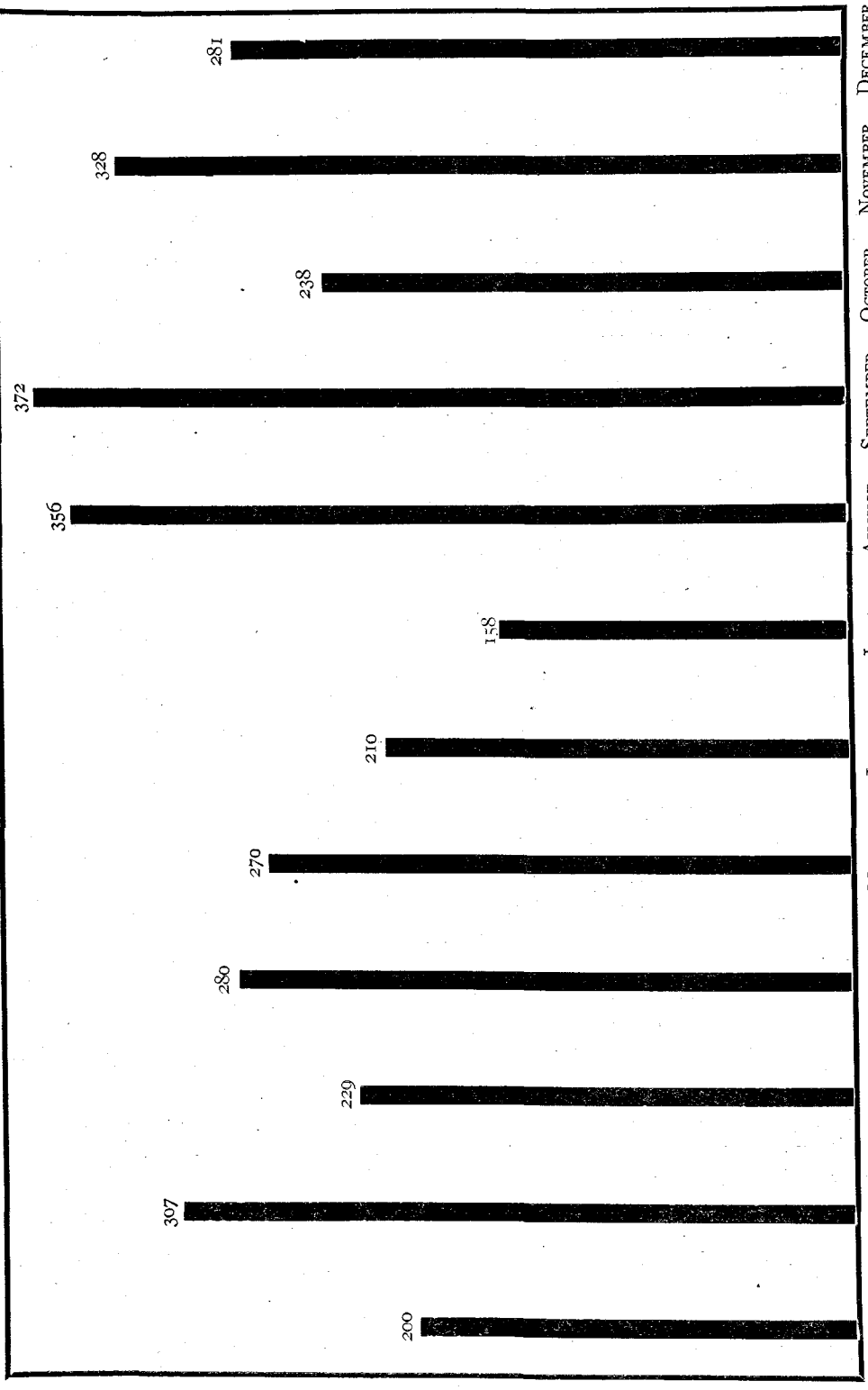
CHART OF MONTHLY LEADERS IN 1912



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JULY

1.	The Harvester	158
2.	Fran	134
3.	A Hoosier Chronicle	127
4.	The Street Called Straight	113
5.	The Melting of Molly	109
6.	The Man in Lonely Land	91

AUGUST

1.	The Street Called Straight	356
2.	The Just and the Unjust	198
3.	The Melting of Molly	147
4.	The Harvester	108
5.	A Hoosier Chronicle	96
6.	The Lighted Way	85

SEPTEMBER

1.	The Street Called Straight	372
2.	The Harvester	153
3.	The Melting of Molly	151
4.	The Just and the Unjust	124
5.	A Hoosier Chronicle	82
6.	To M. L. G.	76

OCTOBER

1.	The Street Called Straight	238
2.	The Melting of Molly	145
3.	The Red Lane	123
4.	The Harvester	121
5.	The Just and the Unjust	80
6.	To M. L. G.	66

NOVEMBER

1.	Their Yesterdays	328
2.	The Arm-chair at the Inn	169
3.	The Street Called Straight	168
4.	Where There's a Will	121
5.	The Harvester	112
6.	The Melting of Molly	92

DECEMBER

1.	Their Yesterdays	281
2.	The Hollow of Her Hand	219
3.	The Net	210
4.	A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill	142
5.	The Arm-chair at the Inn	100
6.	Between Two Thieves	65

ELEVEN TIMES MENTIONED

The Harvester.

FIVE TIMES MENTIONED

The Winning of Barbara Worth, A Hoosier Chronicle, The Street Called Straight, The Melting of Molly.

FOUR TIMES MENTIONED

The Iron Woman, Queed.

THREE TIMES MENTIONED

The Following of the Star, The Money Moon, The Just and the Unjust.

TWICE MENTIONED

He Comes Up Smiling, Tante, Fran, The Man in Lonely Land, To M. L. G., Their Yesterdays, The Arm-chair at the Inn.

ONCE MENTIONED

Peter Ruff and The Double Four, John Rawn, Through the Postern Gate, The Lighted Way, The Red Lane, Where There's a Will, The Hollow of Her Hand, The Net, A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill, Between Two Thieves.

In the lists for 1912, twenty-seven books were represented as against the same number for 1911, thirty-two for 1910, twenty-nine for 1909, thirty-six for 1908, thirty for 1907, thirty for 1906, twenty-nine for 1905, thirty-one for 1904, thirty-two for 1903, twenty-eight for 1902, twenty-nine for 1901, and twenty-nine for 1900. Two books, *The Street Called Straight* and *To M. L. G.*, were published anonymously. No book was the result of collaboration. Eliminating the two books whose authors were anonymous, the remaining twenty-five books represented the work of fifteen men and ten women. Again eliminating *To M. L. G.* and *The Street Called Straight*, eighteen of the twenty-five books were written by American authors.

The Real Fagin

Two unusually interesting Dickens books of the season are Sir William Robertson Nicol's volume on the unfinished title *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, and Edwin Pugh's *The Charles Dickens Originals*. The latter book especially is one which invites quotation. It contains much which will be absolutely new to the average well-grounded Dickensian, and much more that has been so long forgotten that it is quite the same as new material. For example, the reader, as a general rule, will recall that the story of David Copperfield was to a large extent the story of certain years of Dickens's own life, that Mrs. Nickleby was drawn from Dickens's mother, and Micawber from Dickens's

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father, that the Cherryble brothers in real life were the Grant brothers, and that Leigh Hunt and Walter Savage Landor served as the models from which Dickens drew Harold Skimpole and Lawrence Boythorn in *Bleak House*. But how many of us remember that the real Sam Weller was Sam Vale, and the real Fagin of *Oliver Twist* was a certain notorious Ikey Solomons. To begin with the last-named character, Mr. Pugh quotes from the story of Major Arthur Griffiths, sometime governor of Newgate Prison. Ikey Solomons was a notorious fence or receiver of stolen goods who passed through Newgate in 1831, some six years before Dickens began the story of Oliver Twist. Solomons had begun life as an itinerant street vender at eight, at ten he passed bad money, at fourteen he was a pickpocket and a seller of sham goods. While still in his teens he was sentenced to transportation, but did not get beyond the hulks at Chatham. After his release he worked honestly for two years, but having saved one hundred and fifty pounds, he returned to London and set up as a fence. Among his other activities he established a system of provincial agency by which stolen goods were passed on from London to the seaports, and thence abroad.

The care with which Solomons removed all marks by which stolen articles might be identified won him prolonged immunity from arrest. On one occasion the whole of the proceeds of a robbery from a boot shop was traced to him; the owner came with the police, and was morally convinced that it was his property, but could not positively identify it, and the fence defied them to remove a single shoe. In the end the injured bootmaker was forced to buy back his stolen stock. As a general rule, Solomons confined his purposes to small articles, mostly of jewelry and plate, which he kept concealed in a hiding place with a trapdoor just under his bed. He lived in Rosemary Lane, and sometimes had as much as twenty thousand pounds worth of goods secreted on the premises. When his trade was busiest he set up a second establishment, at the head of which, although he was married, he put another lady. This naturally led to disaster; the real Mrs. Solomons found it out, Ikey was implicated as a receiver, and decided to try his fortunes in another land. He was about to emigrate to New South Wales when he was arrested and committed to Newgate. By a clever trick he escaped from prison, crossed the North Sea to Copenhagen and thence sailed for America. Here he devoted himself to the circulation of forged notes. His wife in London could not resist the temptation to carry on her husband's business, and as a result received a sentence of fourteen years' transportation, and was sent to Van Diemen's Land. Solomons joined her there, and they set up a general shop and began to prosper. He was, however, recognised, taken back to England and Newgate Prison for trial as a receiver and a prison breaker. Receiving a sentence of fourteen years, he was reconveyed at his own request to Van Diemen's Land.

Moore in Ireland

Although George Moore couldn't speak a word of Irish himself, he was, as he tells us in his new book, *Salve*, determined that every other Irishman in Ireland should be made to speak it. Great was his surprise in view of the sacrifices he felt himself to be making by giving up remunerative literary work in London, when he found no marked alacrity on the part of his Irish friends in accepting the generous tender of his talents. "You don't mean it?" said Dr. Douglas Hyde. "You don't tell me that you've left London for good? You're only joking."

Yeats joined our group, and when Edward (Martyn) said that I had decided to come to live in Dublin he tried a joke, but it got lost in the folds of his style, and he looked at Hyde and Martyn disconsolate. MacNeill, the Vice-President of the Gaelic League, sidled through the crowd—an honest fellow with a great deal of brown beard. But I couldn't get him to express any opinion regarding my coming, or the view that the League would take of it. "But your subscription will be received gratefully," he said, moving away to avoid further interrogation.

Then Moore suggested that he be sent to America as a Gaelic League mission-

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ary to collect funds. Upon which he was again pointedly told that the League would be very glad to receive any money he might collect, but would not send him over as its representative.

Finally, some one thought that Moore might help in a journalistic way, and suggested his calling on the editor of *The Claidhéam Soluis*. So the next morning Moore did so, and found "a couple of rough-looking men, peasants, no doubt, native Irish speakers," who "sat on either side of a large table with account-books before them," and who told him that the editor was not in. Moore, however, was too full of his business to wait. "Your Vice-President MacNeill sent me here," he told the "subs." "He would like me to write an article. I am George Moore." "I'll tell the editor when he comes in," was the answer. "And if you'll send in your article he'll consider it. The next few numbers are full up." Moore was taken aback at this. He! the great George Moore, to be told his article would be "considered"! Still, he retained his composure and replied: "I appreciate your independence, and I'll submit an article, but in England editors are not quite so Olympian to me."

Staking a Claim

Since Zola first preached the necessity of careful documentation in fiction, the habit of going to some little trouble to secure literal accuracy in material facts has become fairly common among the younger novelists; but it is a question whether any new writer ever started in to secure material in a more disillusioned and business-like manner than Miss Ida Vera Simonton, author of a West African novel, *Hell's Playground*, reviewed elsewhere in this issue. Miss Simonton is an American by birth, her native city being Pittsburgh; her antecedents, so far as she has seen fit to divulge them, reveal no pioneering spirit, no connections with the strange and distant jumping-off places of civilisation; her family were neither explorers nor traders nor missionaries:—in short, there was nothing in her genealogy or early life that would seem in even the remotest way to connect Miss Simonton's horoscope with the African West Coast. But when she found herself practically alone in the world, with slender resources and the stern necessity of earning a livelihood, she decided to write books,—but not from the motive that leads so many other impecunious novices astray: namely, that writing requires no preliminary outlay of capital, beyond pen, ink, and a pad of paper. On the contrary, Miss Simonton treated the proposition in the same practical spirit as though she were preparing to acquire the good will in a notion shop or a restaurant. She studied the problem of the most advantageous "locations" and the comparative cost; she took a map of the world and satisfied herself to what extent each subdivision of each continent was already preëmpted by other novelists. And when she decided that of all the world the Congo region came most near to being a virgin field, she promptly invested her small patrimony in a necessary outfit, a steamer ticket, and a letter-of-credit, which with careful economy should provide for a two years' residence. Then she made her plunge into the Dark Continent, alone and without a single human being awaiting her arrival.

Miss Simonton's ability as a writer, her powers of observation, and her rather startling frankness of narration are matters which find their proper place in connection with the review of her book. But it is interesting to know that almost all the important details of its contents are based upon existing conditions, as Miss Simonton saw and understood them. In her opinion, the native Congo negro is a hopelessly degraded savage; missionary work in this field, she insists, is worse than useless, since it means only the squandering of valuable human lives, with practically no return. The native is inherently unmoral and without shame; his one reliable source of income is the sale or renting out of his women; and the consequent corruption and degradation of the white residents forms a chapter in human weakness that must have required some courage to write. For the benefit of those who read *Hell's Playground*, it may be mentioned specifically that among the details taken from life

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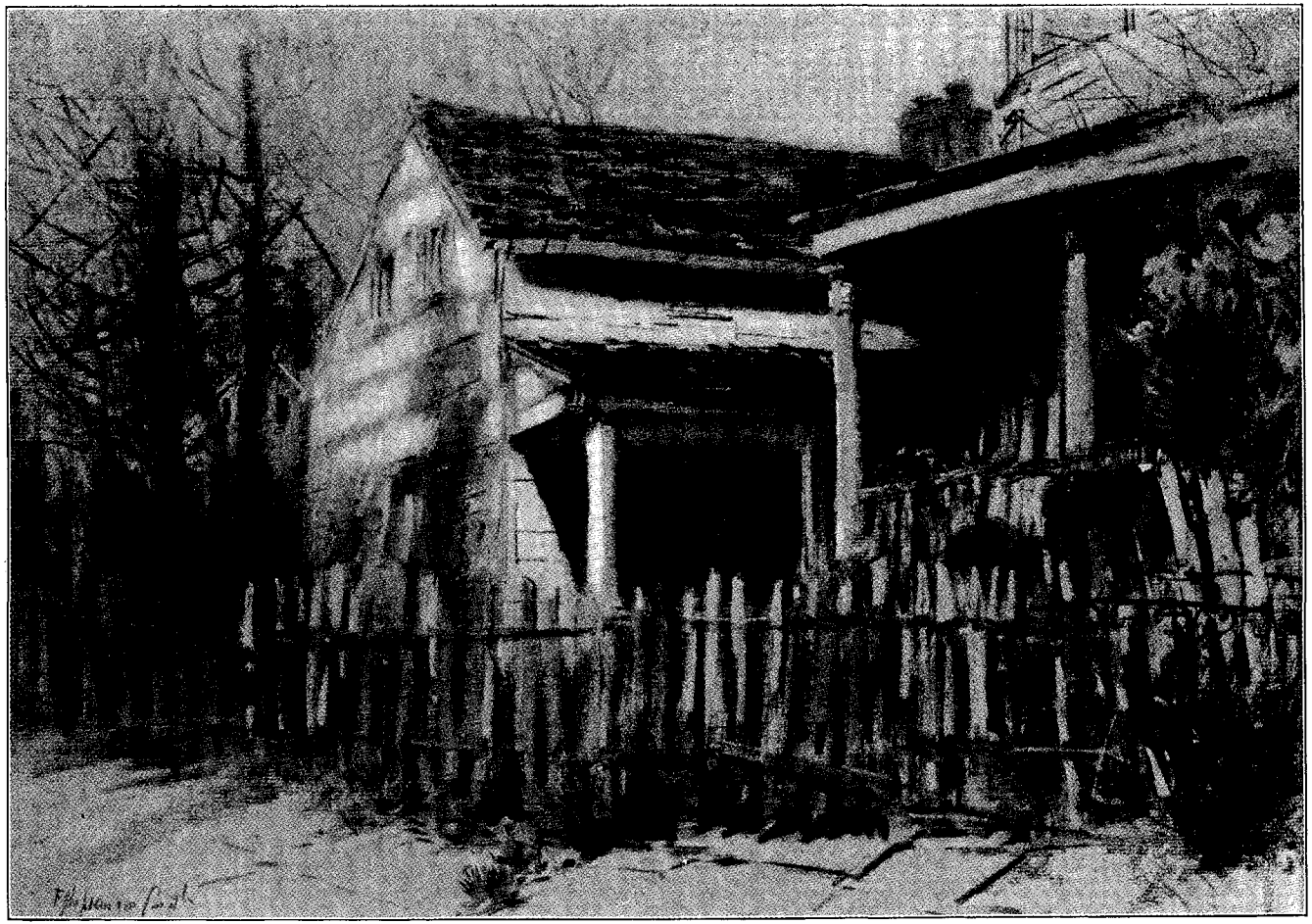

POE'S FORDHAM COTTAGE. NOW ALMOST HIDDEN BY SURROUNDING SKYSCRAPERS. DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

"It is exactly as he left it: a ground-floor room and an attic with a box of a kitchen in the rear; close to the small windows looking on the street a scraggly fence framing a garden no larger than a grave plot, and on the side a narrow portico covered by a roof supported on short wooden pillars. It may have been painted since, probably has, and here and there a new paling may have been added to the fence, but that is about all. Everything else tells the story of its sad past, with the helpless bitter poverty of the great poet. For nearly four years he and his frail, slender wife slept in the attic under the low hipped roof,—so low that his beloved Virginia could hardly stand upright within its cramped walls. And in this one attic room she died."—F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

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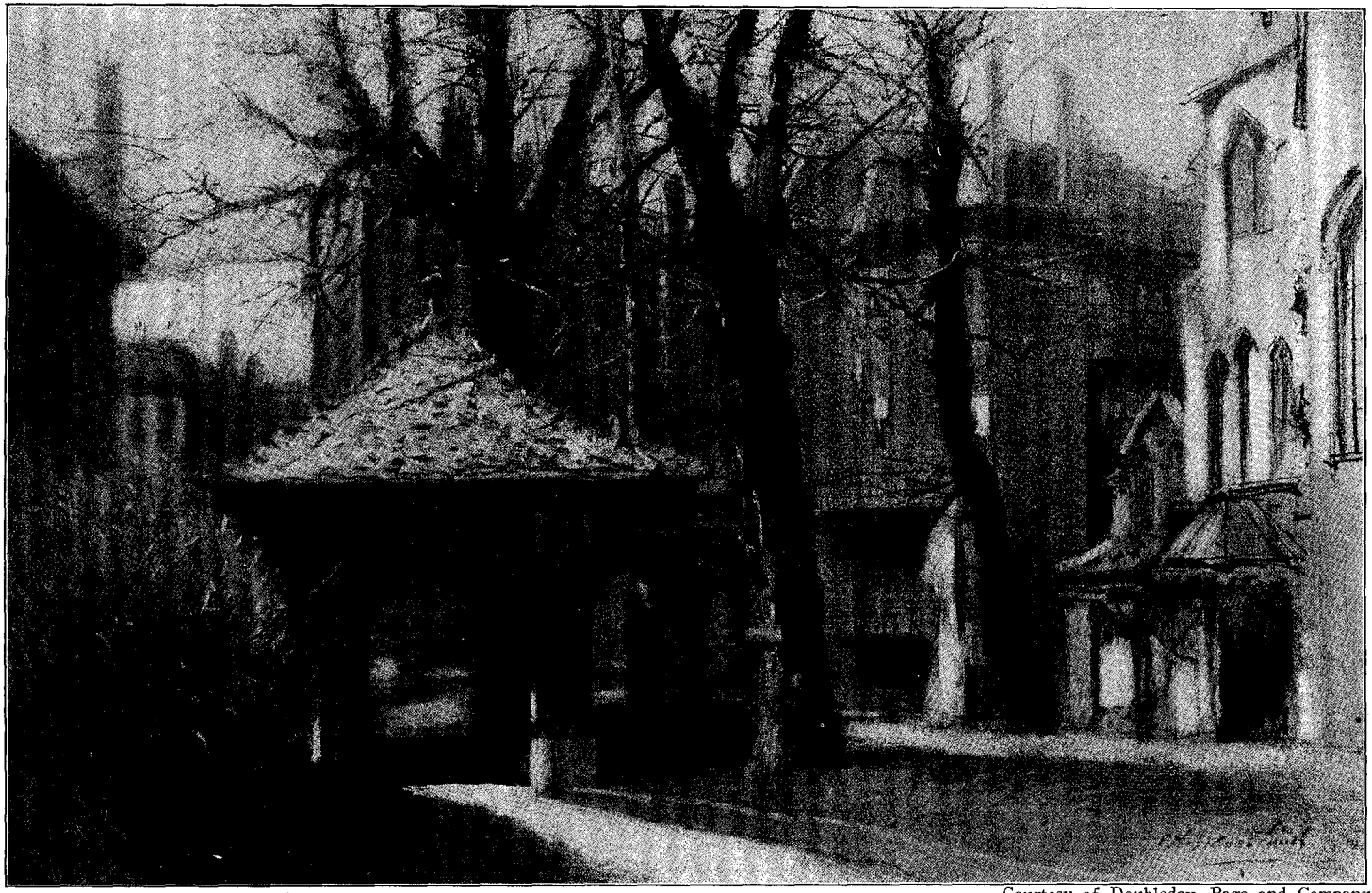

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"THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER." BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

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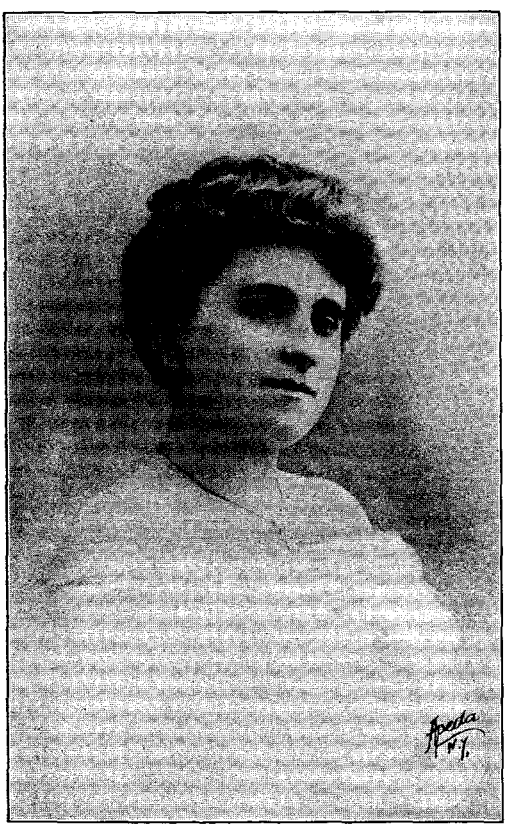
are the scene of the birth of the negro child on the steamer's deck; the struggle of the hero to live a spotless life, for the sake of the English girl left at home, then her readiness to believe a false story about him, and her breaking of the engagement; and after that his loss of grip upon life, and his gradual disintegration under the combined influences of whiskey and the dusky charms of "La Gabonaise." Even the bungalow which was set aside for this ebony Venus was in all its details drawn from life, although when Miss Simonton saw it, neglect and the ravages of the climate had brought it to a rather tumble-down state. Miss Simonton's studies of West African conditions extended to residence in the French, Belgian, and English spheres of influence. Of the cruelty and oppression practised by foreigners she speaks with unmitigated frankness, drawing comparisons that are strongly in favour of England. It is now more than two years



IDA VERA SIMONTON

ELIZABETH ROBINS

since Miss Simonton's return to America, and during intervals in her work upon *Hell's Playground,* she has lectured before women's clubs in Cleveland, Pittsburgh and elsewhere, on the condition of women in West Africa. The horrors of her two years in Congo still linger with her, and she vows that nothing on earth would induce her to return. Her health is still much shattered by hardship and illness, and at regular recurring intervals she is still prostrated for days at a time from lingering effects that she attributes to an attack of the Sleeping Sickness. The book, it may be noted, represents the patient labour of four years, two in gathering material and two more in writing and revising, before it was brought to its present form.

A Tale of Three Titles

We are inclined to hark back to the days when a certain Paris newspaper was being rented out at ten sous the half hour to readers who wanted the day's instalment of Eugene Sue's *The Mysteries of Paris,* and when crowds blockaded the street leading to the office of *All the Year Round*

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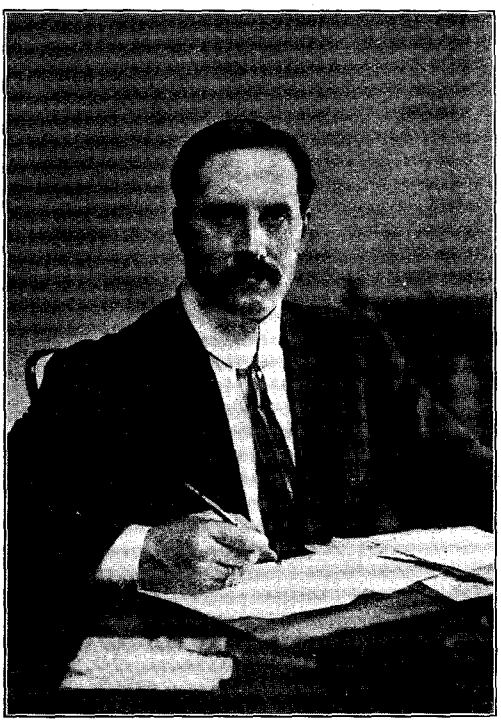
on the day of publication to learn the further adventures of the characters of Wilkie Collins's *The Woman in White.* These we regard as the days of great serials, maintaining that no real serial has appeared since George Du Maurier's *Trilby.* But now and then there comes a story which in serial form brings a decided response. Such a one was Owen Johnson's *Stover at Yale,* and another, according to the publishers of *McClure's Magazine,* is the new serial by Miss



FRANÇOIS DE TESSAN

Elizabeth Robins. The story may alliteratively be described as a tale of three titles. First it was known as *The Grey Hawk of the World,* then as *My Little Sister,* when it eventually appears in book form in this country, while in England it will be published under the title *Where are You Going To?*

For some years after the beginning of her literary career Miss Robins concealed her identity behind the pseudonym C. E. Raimond. At that time she was also an actress playing Ibsen parts. As C. E. Raimond she issued *The Fatal Gift of Beauty, George Mandeville's Husband, New Moon,* and *The Open Question.* The last-named book was something of a sensation in England and aroused the curiosity that led to the discovery of the authorship. Miss Robins was somewhat exasperated by her inability to preserve her disguise, and contributed a long letter to a London daily newspaper, deploring that as it had been discovered that she had acted in *The Master Builder* it would be impossible to have her books criticised without reference to the influence of Ibsen.

Another Critical Visitor

M. François de Tessan, a very observant French journalist, who has been in this country for the past year or two in the interests of the *Matin,* of Paris, has just brought out a volume of certain of his American impressions under the title *Promenades au Far West.* Now, considered seriously *Promenades au Far West* is a very good book of its kind, written by a man whose knowledge of this country has not been acquired by a mere two weeks' visit to our shores. Summing up all of its three hundred and forty pages, we could not do otherwise than characterise it as an exceedingly creditable piece of work. But permitting ourselves to emphasise trivialities, we find a number of these amusing, though perhaps unessential, little touches which are always to be found in the book of a Continental critic. A month or two ago we expressed doubts that the American artist who illustrated Mr. Arnold Bennett's *Your United States* in its serial form had ever seen a "Cheer Leader" in action. There was nothing the matter with Mr. Bennett's text, but the illustration accompanying it certainly surprised us. Now M. de Tessan in his description of a foot-ball contest between Stanford Leland and the University of California throws an added light on the subject. He informs us gravely that the "Cheer Leader" is also called the "Yell Master." Also worthy of a place with Victor Hugo's "Tom Jimjack" and Paul de Kock's "Lord Boulgrog" is M. de Tessan's "Les Jincks," certain festivities which are a feature of the life of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco.

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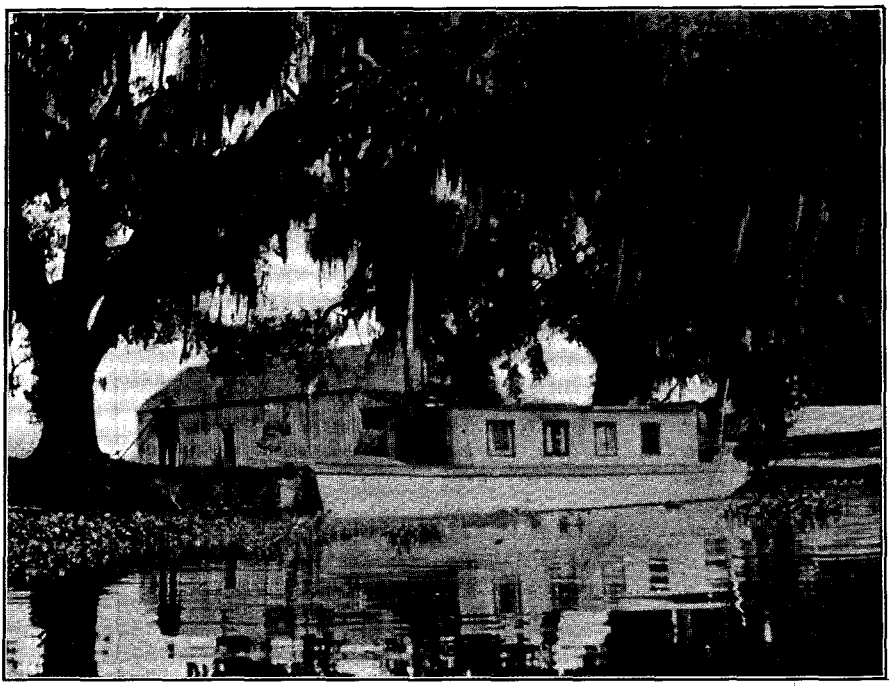

THE HOUSE BOAT OF CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

PETER NEWELL AT WORK

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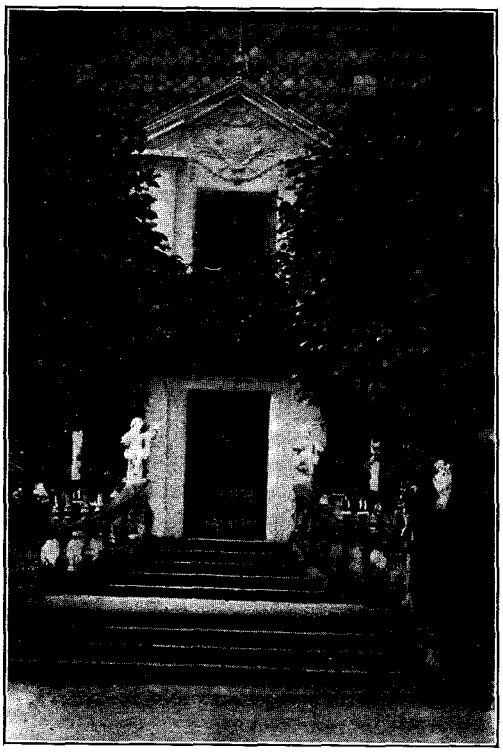
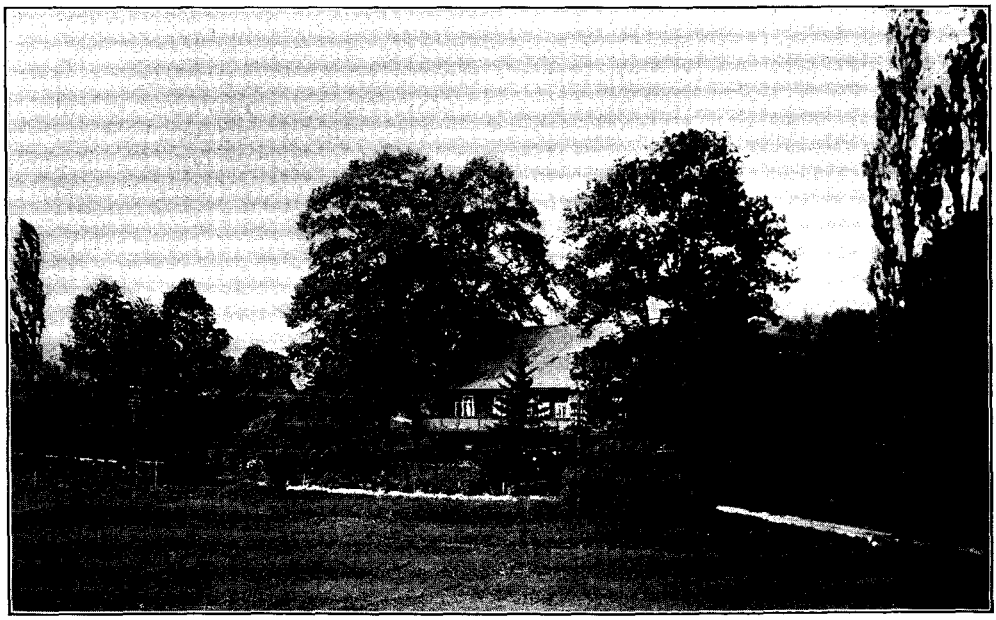


MAIN ENTRANCE TO SUDERMANN'S SCHLOSS BLANKENSEE

Notes about Newell

To use his own words, Peter Newell and the Civil War broke out at about the same time. He was born in McDonough County, Illinois, in a country district. The paternal home stood at the intersection of two roads locally known as The Four Corners, and was clapboarded with walnut. Representatives of furniture companies now canvass Illinois bargaining for individual walnut trees to use in fine cabinet work. Most, if not all of the other houses in the neighbourhood were constructed of logs, so to first see the light of day in a clapboarded house was equivalent to being born with a silver spoon in one's mouth in a more advanced state of society. At an early age he removed with his family to Bushnell, Illinois, in which place he lived till he was grown. In his seventeenth year he graduated from the public schools and very soon afterward found employment in a local cigar factory. He did not, however, begin to smoke till after he reached the age of thirty, and has ever since been trying to make up for lost time. He has a theory that since he never smokes over four-fifths of a cigar at a time, after smoking four cigars, he is entitled to an extra one to make up for



HOME OF CARL HAUPTMANN IN MITTEL-SCHREIBERHAU (SILESIA), ORIGINALLY OCCUPIED BY CARL AND GERHART HAUPTMANN

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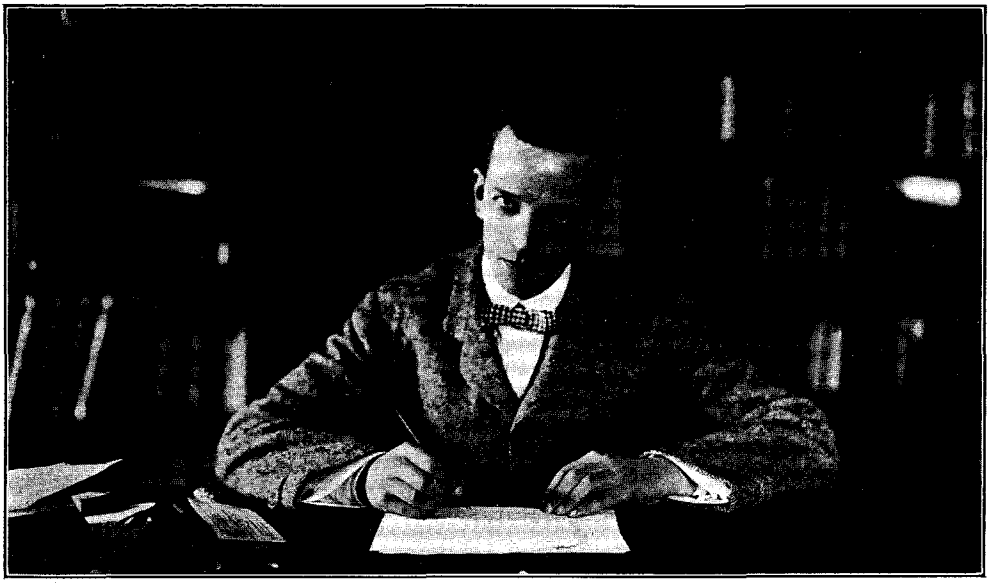

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

the stumps that have been discarded. He soon deserted the factory to accept a position with a firm of photographers in Jacksonville, Illinois, where he made crayon portraits of people, living and deceased—chiefly the latter. These were the best patrons, since they were easily satisfied.

The Call of the Soil

The average Berlin critic is in the habit of regarding the national capital as the natural centre for German literary production, and to look askance at the literary endeavours manifested outside of the gates of his city, a region to which he applies the opprobrious term *Provinz*. To him Munich or Hamburg or Frankfurt are every bit as provincial as Buxtehude or Schmalleningken. It is interesting to observe, however, that in spite of this hostile attitude, many German men of letters are forsaking Berlin, this being especially true of the past decade or two, when so much emphasis has been placed upon the return to the soil so felicitously described as *Heimatkunst*. The origin of this movement must be ascribed partly to the naturalistic revolution in literature that so strongly affected the current of German literary production during the late eighties and the early nineties, and it is one of the phases of this movement which has won general recognition. The true *Heimatkünstler* shuns the noise and bustle incident to life in a modern metropolis, and so we find German writers of note, and not *Heimatkünstler* alone, seeking the seclusion of the country. So —to mention only a few—Rudolf Herzog has turned to an old castle on the Rhine, built before the discovery of America; Ludwig Fulda is building a home in a Berlin suburb; Hermann Sudermann now resides in Schloss Blankensee near Trebbin in the Mark Brandenburg; Gerhart Hauptmann spends most of his time in Agnetendorf (Silesia) and in Italy; Otto Ernst lives at Gross-Flottbek outside of Hamburg; the village of Worpswede near Bremen has become famous the world over as the seat of a "school" of landscape painting, having attracted such artists as Heinrich Vogeler, Otto Modersohn, Fritz Mackensen, Hans am Ende, and the late Fritz Overbeck; and in the charmingly situated village of Mittel-schreiberhau in the Riesengebirge (Silesia), for some time the home of Gerhart Hauptmann, there is a whole colony of writers and artists and musicians, including Carl Hauptmann, Wilhelm Bölsche, Werner Sombart, Hermann Hendrich and Anna Teichmüller, all of whom find much of the inspiration for their work in their beautiful environment.

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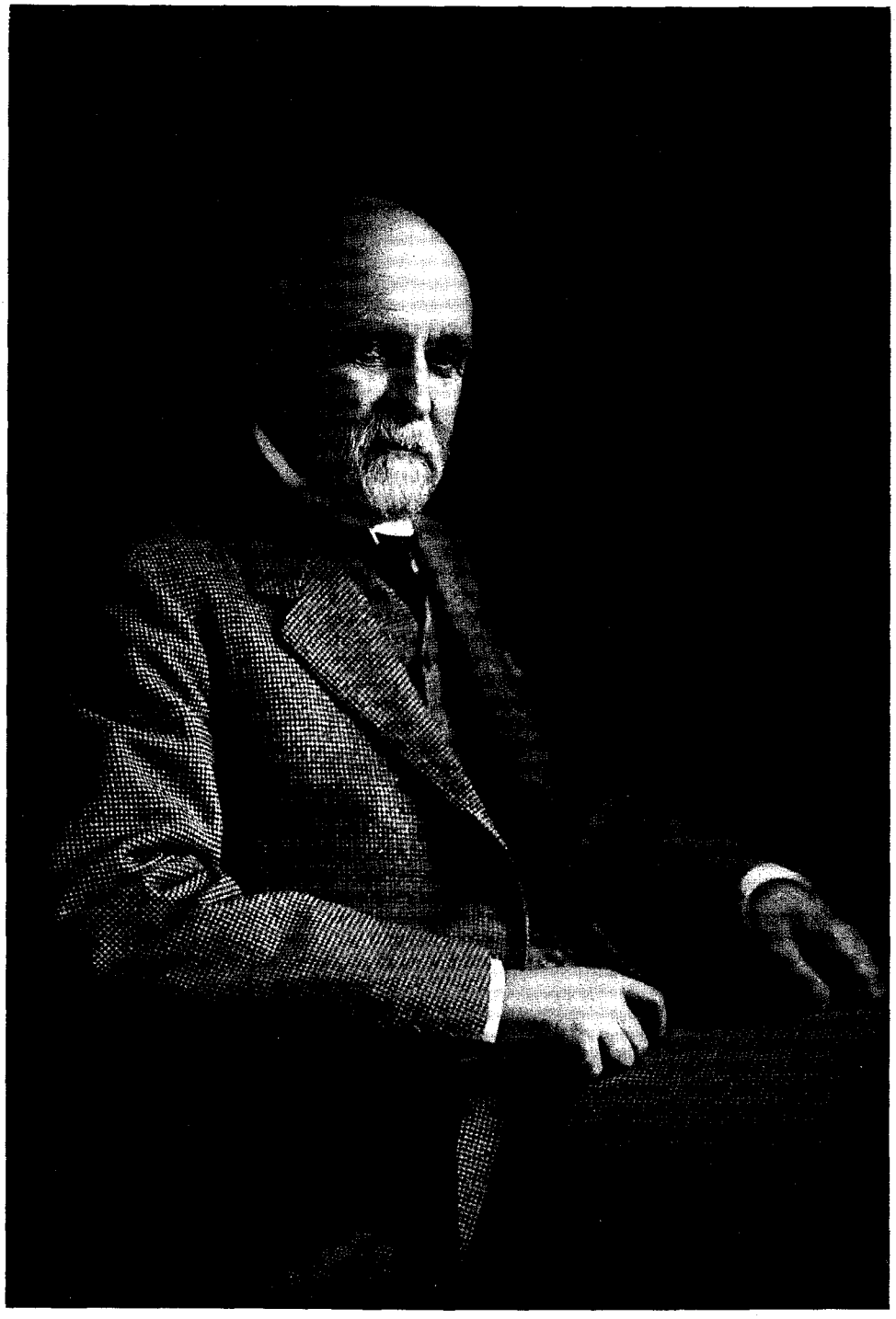

FRANK HALL SCOTT

April 7, 1848—November 25, 1912

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Points in Common

From the publishers of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's *The Happy Warrior,* we receive a note calling attention to the fact that this author has many points in common with quite a number of famous writers. "Like Thackeray, he was born in India; like Keats, he studied medicine for a time; and, like Coleridge, there was a period when he had soldierly ambitions. His father was a distinguished general of the British army, and two of his brothers became soldiers. One of the latter fought in the Boer War and died several years ago from the after-effects of hard campaigning; the other is still in the army in service in India. Notwithstanding the success which Mr. Hutchinson has attained in journalism and the writing of fiction, he would still gladly relinquish all if he could realise his youthful ambition to wear the king's uniform. He says, indeed, that he would cheerfully change places with every smart private soldier he sees, and repines over nothing so much as the shortsightedness which caused him to be rejected for a military career." While we are not yet ready to endorse Mr. Hutchinson as a Thackeray, a Keats, or a Coleridge by reason of these points in common, we have no hesitation in saying that if *The Happy Warrior* is as good a story as Mr. Hutchinson's *Once Aboard the Lugger* of a few years ago it will deserve the attention of discriminating readers.

When They Were Twenty-one

The recent death of Mr. Frank H. Scott, the President of The Century Company of New York, took from the American publishing world one of its most conspicuous, dignified, and amiable figures. Mr. Scott was one of the last remaining links connecting our literary life of yesterday with our literary life of to-day. *Scribner's Monthly,* later to become the *Century,* was established in 1870, and when Mr. Scott then became associated with the enterprise he was little more than one and twenty years of age. The first editor of *Scribner's Monthly* was the famous Dr. Holland, but the assistant editor was Richard Watson Gilder, who was only two or three years Mr. Scott's senior. Viewed from to-day it was a quaint and curious old world when these two men, destined to be so long associated, were twenty-one. In 1870 American readers were following serially Dickens's *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* without an idea that they were never to know the *denouement* of that story. *The Innocents Abroad* was then a new book and its author a bridgegroom of a few months. William Dean Howells, a young fellow of thirty-three, was in Boston assisting in the editing of the *Atlantic Monthly.* Bret Harte had just become known through the publication of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "The Heathen Chinee," William Cullen Bryant and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow were youngsters, respectively seventy-six and sixty-three years of age, each destined to enjoy approximately another decade of life.

Mark Twain as Publisher

In the vast amount of comment which has been elicited by the publication of Albert Bigelow Paine's official *Life* of Mark Twain, we have seen a great deal about Mark Twain as author, lecturer, Mississippi pilot, and globe trotter, but very little about Mark Twain as a publisher. This is somewhat surprising, for Mr. Clemens's unfortunate venture with Webster and Company was one of the turning points of his life, analogous to a similar bitter experience of Sir Walter Scott, who lost his all through the failure of his printers, the Ballantynes. The publishing firm of C. L. Webster and Company was organised in 1884 to publish the works of Mark Twain. Charles L. Webster, who had married Mr. Clemens's niece, was an industrious, tirelessly energetic young man, with profound confidence in the future. Mr. Clemens was president of the company, but took little active part in the management of its affairs. Able to conceive in broad outlines successful policies, he was singularly deficient in the power to handle the details of their execution. After ten years of business the firm whose enterprises had always figured in large sums through the immense popularity of the author-publisher's own works, *The Memoirs of Gen-*

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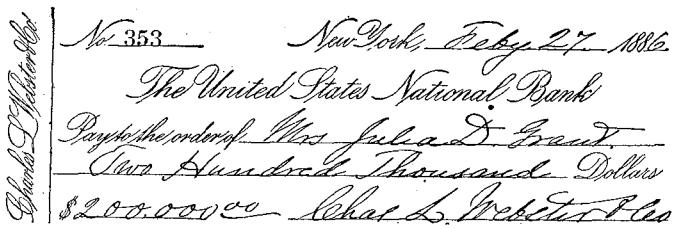
No. 353 New York, Feby 27 1886.
The United States National Bank
Pay to the order of Mrs Julia D. Grant
Two Hundred Thousand Dollars
$200.000.00 Chas L. Webster & Co
Chas L. Webster & Co

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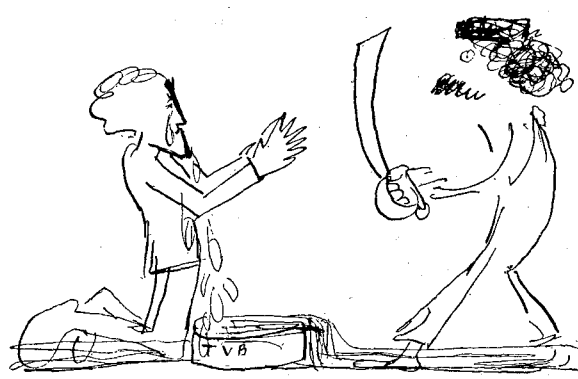
FACSIMILE OF THE CHEQUE DRAWN BY WEBSTER AND CO. TO THE ORDER OF MRS. GRANT

eral Grant, and the *Life of Pope Leo XIII,* made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors, acknowledging liabilities approximately eighty thousand dollars.

Although primarily organised for the purpose of publishing Mark Twain's own works, it was not long before the firm of Webster and Company was invading even wider fields. In 1881 Mr. Clemens had urged General Grant to write and publish his memoirs. By the autumn of 1884 the general had decided to do so, and Mark Twain was determined to secure the work at any cost. He offered General Grant seventy per cent. of the net returns, undertaking to pay all office expenses out of the remaining thirty per cent., volunteering to draw a cheque on the spot for twenty-five thousand dollars as an advance royalty payment on the first volume of the *Memoirs,* and promising a like advance amount for each succeeding volume. When the final arrangements were made the office of Webster and Company was warm with affairs. The reporters were running hot foot for news of the great contract by which Mark Twain was to publish the life of General Grant. No publishing enterprise of such vast moment had ever before been undertaken, and no publishing event, before or since, ever received the amount of newspaper comment. The names of General Grant and Mark Twain associated would command columns, whatever the event, and that Mark Twain was to become the publisher of Grant's own story of his battles was of unprecedented importance. The death of General Grant the following summer largely augmented the orders for his *Memoirs.* In the end more than three hundred thousand sets of two volumes each were sold, and between four hundred and twenty and four hundred and fifty thousand dollars was paid to Mrs. Grant. The first cheque of two hundred thousand dollars, drawn February 27, 1886, remains the largest single royalty cheque in history.

The success of the Grant *Memoirs* started Webster and Company on the high road to apparent fortune. Other war generals preparing their recollections naturally hoped to appear with the great



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AN EXCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS BETWEEN MARK TWAIN AND AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS

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PUBLISHED SIMULTANEOUSLY IN SIX LANGUAGES.

LIFE OF POPE LEO XIII.

From an Authentic Memoir Furnished by His Order.

WRITTEN WITH THE ENCOURAGEMENT, APPROBATION, AND BLESSING OF

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE,

BY BERNARD O'REILLY, D.D., L.D. (LAVAL).

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LEO XIII. ON HIS THRONE IN HIS PRIVATE AUDIENCE-ROOM.

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ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE LIFE OF LEO XIII

commander, and arrangements were made with McClellan and Sheridan, but these features, and even the Grant book itself, seemed likely to dwindle by the side of *The Life of Pope Leo XIII*, who in his old age had consented to the preparation of a memoir, to be published with his sanction and blessing. Clemens and Webster—every one, in fact, who heard of the project—united in the belief that no book, with the exception of the Holy Scripture itself or the Koran, would have a wider acceptance than the biography of the Pope. It was agreed by good judges—and they included Howells and Twichell and even the shrewd general agents throughout the country—that every good Catholic would regard such a book as not only desirable, but as absolutely necessary to his salvation. Howells, recalling Clemens's emotions of this time, writes:

> He had no words in which to paint the magnificence of the project or to forecast its colossal success. It would have a currency bounded only by the number of Catholics in Christendom. It would be translated into every language which was anywhere written or printed; it would be circulated literally in every country of the globe.

The formal contract for this great undertaking was signed in Rome in April, 1886, and Webster immediately prepared to go over to consult with His Holiness in person as to the details. It was decided to carry a handsome present to the Pope in the form of a specially made edition of

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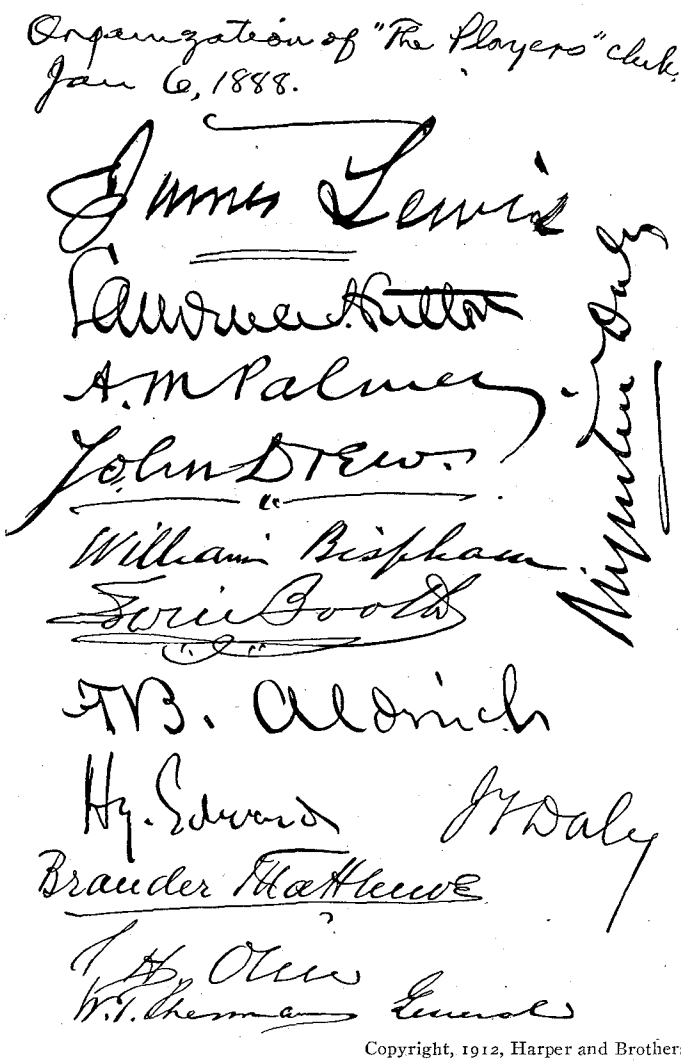

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PLAN FOR ORGANISING THE PLAYERS CLUB. DRAWN UP BY MARK TWAIN

the Grant *Memoirs* in a rich casket, and it was Mr. Clemens's idea that the binding of the books should be solid gold—this to be done by Tiffany at an estimated cost of about three thousand dollars. In the end, however, the binding was not gold, but the handsomest that could be designed of less precious and more appriate material.

But the lean years came. At fifty-eight Mark Twain was weighed down with a vast burden of debts, the liabilities of Webster and Company being fully two hundred thousand dollars. Something like sixty thousand dollars of this was money supplied by Mr. Clemens, but the vast remaining sum was due to banks, to printers, to binders, and to dealers in various publishing materials. Somehow it must be paid. His family was in Europe and he went to live at the Players Club in New York, and there to build schemes to battle with his troubles. But even in that gloomy winter of 1893-94 the irrepressible humour of the man was in evidence. For example, two anecdotes of the time that are remembered at the Players.

Just before Christmas a member named Scott said one day:

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BJUYT KIOP M LKJHGFDSA:@WERTYUIOP:_-987654321@W RT
HA

HARTFORD, DEC. 9.

DEAR BROTHER:
I AM TRYING T TO GET THE HANG OF THIS NEW F
FANGLED WRITING MACHINE, BUT AM NOT MAKING
A SHINING SUCCESS OF IT. HOWEVER THIS IS THE
FIRST ATTEMPT I EVER HAVE MADE, & YET I PER-
CEIVETHAT I SHALL SOON & EASILY ACQUIRE A FINE
FACILITY IN ITS USE. I SAW THE THING IN BOS-
TON THE OTHER DAY & WAS GREATLY TAKEN WITH
IT. SUSIE HAS STRUCK THE KEYS ONCE OR TWICE,
& NO DOUBT HAS PRINTED SOME LETTERS WHICH DO
NOT BELONG WHERE SHE PUT THEM.
THE HAVING BEEN A COMPOSITOR IS LIKELY TO BE
A GREAT HELP TO ME, SINCE O NE CHIEFLY NEEDS
SWIFTNESS IN BANGING THE KEYS. THE MACHINE COSTS
125 DOLLARS. THE MACHINE HAS SEVERAL VIRTUES
I BELIEVE IT WILL PRINT FASTER THAN I CAN WRITE.
ONE MAY LEAN BACK IN HIS CHAIR & WORK IT. IT
PILES AN AWFUL STACK OF WORDS ON ONE PAGE.
IT DONT MUSS THINGS OR SCATTER INK BLOTS AROUND.
OF COURSE IT SAVES PAPER.

SUSIE IS GONE,
NOW, & I FANCY I SHALL MAKE BETTER PROGRESS.
WORKING THIS TYPE-WRITER REMINDS ME OF OLD
ROBERT BUCHANAN, WHO, YOU REMEMBER, USED TO
SET UP ARTICLES AT THE CASE WITHOUT PREVIOUS-
LY PUTTING THEM IN THE FORM OF MANUSCRIPT. I
WAS LOST IN ADMIRATION OF SUCH MARVELOUS
INTELLECTUAL CAPACITY.

LOVE TO MOLLIE.
YOUR BROTHER,
SAM.

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MARK TWAIN'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT TYPEWRITING

"Mr. Clemens, you have an extra overcoat hanging in the coatroom. I've got to attend my uncle's funeral and it's raining very hard. I'd like to wear it."

The coat was an old one, in the pockets of which Clemens kept a melancholy assortment of pipes, soiled handkerchiefs, neckties, letters, and what not.

"Scott," he said, "if you won't lose anything out of the pockets of that coat you may wear it."

An hour or two later Clemens found a notice in his mail-box that a package for him was in the office. He called for it and found a neat bundle which somehow had a Christmas look. He carried it up to the reading-room with a showy air.

"Now, boys," he said, "you may make all the fun of Christmas you like, but it's pretty nice, after all, to be remembered."

They gathered around and he undid the package. It was filled with the pipes, soiled handkerchiefs, and other articles from the old overcoat. Scott had taken special precautions against losing them.

Mark Twain regarded them in silence, then he drawled:

"Well—d——n Scott. I hope his uncle's funeral will be a failure."

The second anecdote concerns The Player

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egg-cups. They easily hold two eggs, but not three. One morning a new waiter came to take the breakfast order. Clemens said:

"Boy, put three soft eggs in that cup for me."

By and by the waiter returned, bringing the breakfast. Clemens looked at the egg portion and asked:

"Boy, what was my order?"

"Three soft eggs broken in the cup, Mr. Clemens."

"And you've filled that order, have you?"

"Yes, Mr. Clemens."

"Boy, you are trifling with the truth; I've been trying all winter to get three eggs into that cup."

A brief for the South

William Gillmore Baymer's *On Hazardous Service* aims to tell the true stories of the most adventurous of the scouts and spies of both sides during the War of Secession. Perhaps the most significant of all the chapters in the book is that devoted to the exploits of Miss Elizabeth Van Lew, for while it accomplishes the purpose of extolling the heroism and self-sacrifice of a woman who served the Union in Richmond from the time of the first gun fired upon Sumter to the surrender at Appomattox, to those who read between the lines it will be recognised as a very effective though unintended brief for the South. The story of Miss Van Lew redounds to the credit of the heroine, and it also redounds to the credit of the city of Richmond and the Confederate authorities. Miss Van Lew's open espousal of the Federal cause brought social ostracism and an occasional threat. But whether Mr. Baymer intended it or not the story of these years leaves on the fair-minded reader an impression exceedingly favourable to Miss Van Lew's "enemies," showing them to have been, in the main, remarkably generous and tolerant. It is not surprising that Miss Van Lew failed to see this. The constant menace of danger, "the threats, the scowls, the frowns," obscured her vision. That the menace never became reality, that the threats were never carried out, that while working harm herself against a people who believed in the sacredness of their cause as implicitly as she believed in the sacredness of hers, she lived free from harm, constitute a real tribute to Richmond and to the Confederacy.

Gourmont Chez Lui

Remy de Gourmont, whose *Une Nuit au Luxembourg* is reviewed elsewhere, was a close friend of J.-K. Huysmans, to whom he dedicated his *Latin Mystique*, inspired, no doubt, by the discussion of the Latin poets of the Decadence in *A Rebours*. The younger man has told how he and the author of that philosophical fantasy, which Brunetière once described as a "vaudeville," used to meet after official hours (both occupied governmental positions, Huysmans as "sous-chef de bureau à la direction de la Sureté Générale," Gourmont in the Bibliothèque Nationale), walk to a favourite café, and sip their absinthe, while the elder man entertained the younger by his malicious comments on their contemporaries. M. de Gourmont even helped Huysmans by certain investigations into the tradition of the *Messe Noire*. He finally came to the conclusion that no such diabolical ceremony had ever been celebrated in the Middle Ages, and had existed only in the imaginations of demented hags taken and tortured as witches. So Huysmans was obliged to construct the unsavoury scene in *Là-Bas* out of the whole cloth.

At one time M. de Gourmont took an important personal part in the literary life of Paris, and especially in connection with that movement known as Symbolism, of which he was, in a measure, the official theorician and critic. Of late years, however, he has retired and lived as a recluse on the fourth floor of an old house in the *Rue des Saints-Pères*. Mr. Ransome, the translator of *Une Nuit au Luxembourg*, gives an interesting account of a visit to this strange and somewhat sinister solitary who reminds one, in a curious way, of a spider situated in the centre of his woven web of ideas and sensations, or, better still, of an old octopus whose tentacles reach out into the sentient and intellectual world, and explore, with slow, groping, snake-like movements, every hidden crevice and cranny of the human soul. "A copper

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chain," Mr. Ransome writes, "hangs as a bell-rope to his door."

This opens a few inches, ready to be closed immediately, by a man of middle size in a brown monk's robe, with a small, round, grey felt cap. The robe is fastened with silver buckles, in which are set large blue stones. The admitted visitor walks through a passage into a room whose walls are covered with books. In the shadow at the back of the room is a loaded table. Another table, with a sloping desk upon it, juts out from the window. M. de Gourmont sits in a big chair before the desk, placing his visitor on the opposite side of the table, with the light falling on his face so that he can observe his slightest expression. He pokes at the little, brimless skull-cap, and twists it a quarter of a circle on his head. He rolls and lights cigarettes. In conversation he often disguises his face with his hand, but now and again looks openly and directly at his visitor. His eyes are always questioning, and almost always kindly. His face was beautiful in the youth of the flesh, and is now beautiful in the age of the mind, for there is no dead line in it, no wrinkle, no minute feature not vitalised by intellectual activity. The nose is full and sensitive, with markedly curved nostrils. There is a little satiric beard. The eyebrows lift toward the temples, as in

REMY DE GOURMONT

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most men of imagination. The eyes are weighted below, as in most men of critical thought. The two characteristics are, in M. de Gourmont, as in his work, most noticeable together. The lower lip, very full, does not pout, but falls curtain-like toward the chin. It is the lip of a sensualist, and yet of one whose sensuality has not clogged but stimulated the digestive processes of his brain. Omar might have had such a lip, if he had been capable not only of his garlands of roses, but also of the essays of Montaigne.

Basil King

In our summing up of the records of the successful books of 1912 in this department we are, as a concession to formality, attributing *The Street Called Straight* to anonymous authorship. As a matter of fact, the anonymity is such in name only. At the time that *The Inner Shrine* was enjoying its great success we knew to a certainty its author, but there were reasons then that would have made the publication of the name something of a discourtesy. These reasons no longer exist, and we feel at full liberty to say that *The Inner Shrine* and *The Street Called Straight* were written by Basil King.

In the Courts of Memory

His Imperial Majesty William the Second of Germany has in the course of his four and fifty years appeared conspicuously in many and varied rôles, to which, if report be true, he has recently added that of a literary critic. To him is ascribed the verdict that L. de Hegermann-Lindencrone's *In the Courts of Memory* contains the most vivid and realistic of all the descriptions of Napoleon III, Emperor of the French. The writer, now the wife of the present Danish Minister to Germany, was formerly Miss Lillie Greenough of Cambridge, Massachusetts, where she lived with her grandfather, Judge Fay, in the old Fay mansion, now the property of Radcliffe College. When she was fifteen years of age her mother took her to Europe to study, and two years later she became the wife of Charles Moulton, the son of a well-known American banker, who had been a resident in Paris since the days of Louis Philippe. As Madame Moulton she was a welcomed guest at the third Napoleon's court, and for the nine years before the War of 1870 her life was one of continuous gayety. After the fall of the Empire, however, she returned to America, where Mr. Moulton died. A few years afterward she married M. de Hegermann-Lindencrone, at that time Danish Minister to the United States, and later successively his country's representative at Stockholm, Rome, and Paris.

In the first chapter Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone tells us of her school life in Cambridge in 1856. "Professor Agassiz gives us lectures on zoology, geology, and all other ologies, and draws pictures on the blackboard of trilobites and different fossils, which is very amusing. We call him 'Father Nature,' and we all adore him and try to imitate his funny Swiss accent." Young Mr. Agassiz taught the girls German and French; they read Balzac's *Les Chouans* and Schiller's *Wallenstein*. Lillie Greenough had a passage at arms with Mr. Longfellow:

> The other day I was awfully mortified. Mr. Longfellow, who teaches us literature, explained all about rhythm, measures, and the feet used in poetry. The idea of poetry having feet seemed so ridiculous that I thought out a beautiful joke, which I expected would amuse the school immensely; so when he said to me in the lesson, "Miss Greenough, can you tell me what blank verse is?" I answered promptly and boldly, "Blank verse is like a blank-book; there is nothing in it, not even feet," and looked around for admiration, but only saw disapproval written everywhere, and Mr. Longfellow, looking very grave, passed on to the next girl. I never felt so ashamed in my life.
>
> Mr. Longfellow, on passing our house, told aunty that he was coming in the afternoon to speak to me; aunty was worried and so was I, but when he came I happened to be singing Schubert's "Dein ist mein Herz," one of aunty's songs, and he said, "Go on. Please don't stop." When I had finished he said:
>
> "I came to scold you for your flippancy this morning, but you have only to sing to take the words out of my mouth, and to be forgiven."

Ten years after this gentle rebuke the young woman, now Madame Moulton,

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was a guest at the Imperial Court at Compiègne. One day there was a picnic excursion to the Chateau de Pierefonds. That evening, after the return, Madame Moulton's table companion was the famous Théophile Gautier. She feared that her conversation would have to be literary, but Gautier talked of little else than cats and dogs. He said that he had eight or ten cats who ate with him at the table; each had its own place and plate, and never by any chance made a mistake and sat in another cat's place or ate off another cat's plate. He was sure that they had a heaven and hell of their own where they went after their death according to their deserts, and that they had souls and consciences. All his cats had classical names, and he talked to them as if they were human beings. He said they understood every word he said. Although she had never seen Charles Dickens in the life she thought that Gautier much resembled the great English novelist. "At any rate, Gautier looks like the Dickens of the photographs."

MADAME DE HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE

BASIL KING

At another Court dinner Madame Moulton's dinner companion was Prosper Mérimée, the lion of lions, the pampered poet. Madame Moulton describes him as looking more like an Englishman than like a Frenchman; quite old, with a nice smile and pleasant eyes which, however, sometimes darted about sharply and suspiciously. He spoke English very well. She told him that she had never heard a foreigner speak such good English as he did. He replied: "I ought to speak it well. I learned it when I was a child." And he added complacently, "I can write even better than I speak it." He told her he had been in correspondence with an English lady for over thirty years.

"Were you in love with her, that you wrote to her all those years?" I inquired.

"I was in love with her letters," he replied. "They were the cleverest things I ever read—full of wit and humour."

"Was she in love with you or only with your letters?" I was tactless enough to ask.

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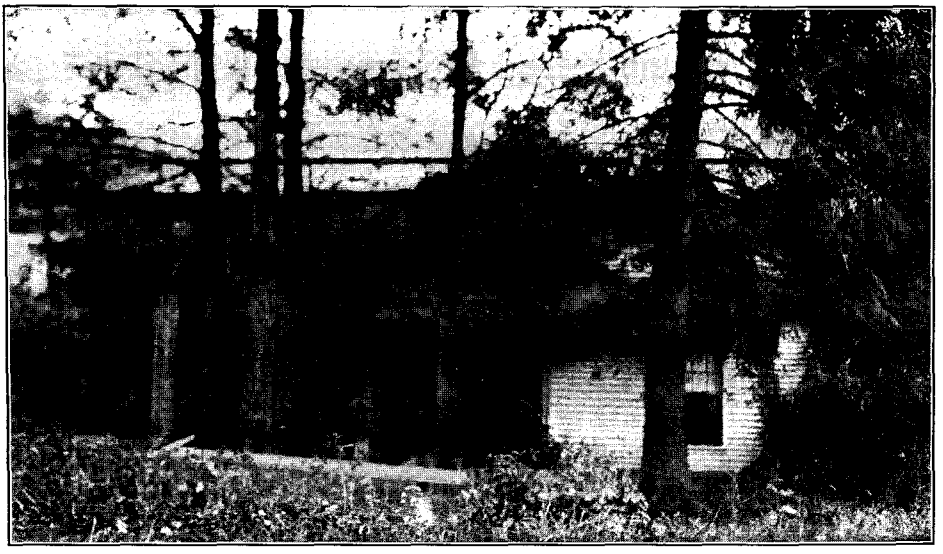

O. HENRY'S OLD HOME IN ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA. THE WINDOW IS ONE OF THOSE IN THE ROOM WHERE HE USED TO WORK

Farnol in Kent

English counties are gradually being preëmpted by novelists. Thomas Hardy has made Wessex his own territory; Eden Phillpotts has staked off the Dartmoor district of Devonshire for his own; and now Jeffery Farnol has proved his right to Kent, "the garden of England." As if to accentuate his claim, the author of *The Broad Highway* has laid the earlier scenes of his forthcoming novel, *The Amateur Gentleman,* in the same county. And nothing pleases Mr. Farnol more than praise of Kent; "I am glad," he rejoined the other day when told that some American visitors to his favourite county had eulogised that as "the most beautiful district of England."

Our Friend Mr. Harris

Mr. Frank Harris, who is lecturing in America this winter, is primarily a strong critic, although he describes himself as "a lover of men and books, who takes pleasure in the past by travelling and in the future by dreaming." He is practical in his views and, like the late Ferdinand Brunetière, knows how to wield a bludgeon from habit. Through him one may learn the unwelcome truth, as proper to the founder of the "Candid Friend." Like Brunetière, also, Mr. Harris entered the forum of critical intellectuality wholly insignificant and unfavoured, and won by sheer mental force. Far, very far from being as valuable a literary censor as the Frenchman, he has a broad knowledge of actual life while Brunetière had scarcely any. The one is hard because he has known life too much; the other was metallic because he had known life too little. A certain unamiable way of feeling and saying things added to the strength of both men. While it meant bravery, hardihood, it ran at times the danger of smacking of ingratitude. England has made Mr. Harris successful and famous. But one hears rather of disparagements from him over here when Britannia is mentioned. Likewise, after he had been at home here in the States and begun his intellectual development at the University of Kansas, he went to London and put himself in the way of violent hostility to America and Americans. Yet he had been too young for them to have shown him aught but kindness. They have borne him no resentment. There may be profit to be gained in the experience. Besides, their memories are short. But it would be more profitable to Yandeedom, and doubtless a greater satisfaction to him, to lecture against us and show us up in a frank

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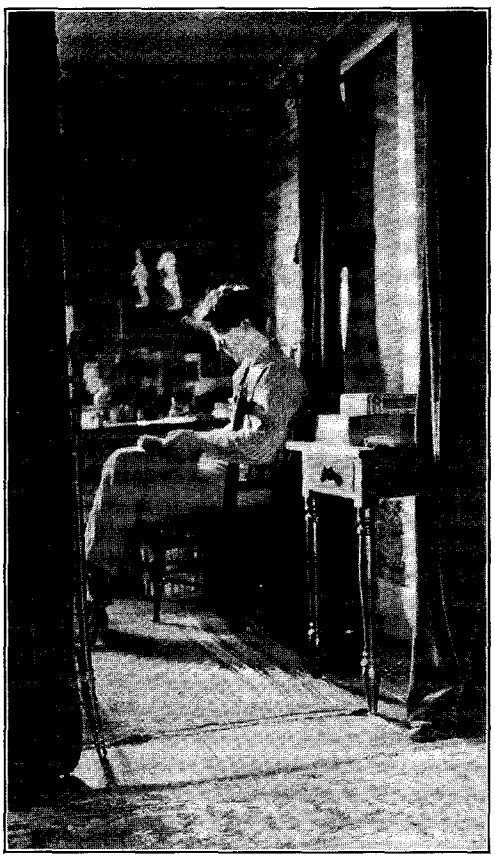
Harris light, than to treat of such themes as Shakespeare's women. Of them the characteristic things to be learned or realised through him will be a little unrelished. America is perhaps the most conservative country in matters literary. Englishmen may knock Shakespeare and his men and women about as much as liked in England; but Mr. Harris's tampering unpleasantly with the immortal bard's female characters may not be tolerated here with much grace. At the same time we should be quite willing for him to dissect our own population.

In the season in London, Mr. Harris may be seen rather nattily tripping down the Strand, swinging lightly his stick, with something of a jaunty, unafraid air. This silhouette illustrates his free-lance course through the regions of ideas. He would have capped a climax quite picturesquely had he volunteered to draw a sword for Spain in her fight to rule in the western hemisphere. As he subscribed to the argument that civilisation could better have the United States erased from memory than the land of Cervantes—that the art of Velasquez is more precious than the science of Edison—he might have served to aid in a Spanish conquest which, as things went, merely fell over in water, impotent and fizzling, like an abortive effort of fireworks. He has given thought, backed up by investigation, to very many of the living issues of the time. The number of subjects he can write on, and has written on, on the spur of the moment, is truly remarkable. He could almost have written alone the *Saturday Review* from end to end any pressing week. A belligerent who would assail him must be sure of his own weapons of fact and experience, for he will encounter a wide mind with large powers of absorption and digestion.



PERCY MACKAYE IN HIS CORNISH HOME

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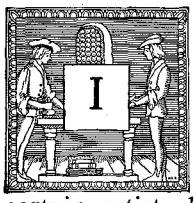
GRIM WAR

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY



N view of the war that has been raging for weeks in southeastern Europe, and the threats and rumours of even greater wars to come, it is interesting to see what certain artists have had to say of this subject. There is none, with the exception of religious emotion, that has presented a more irresistible appeal for pictorial expression. From the unknown maker of the great mosaic representation of one of Alexander's battles with the Persians, in the Naples museum, down to R. Caton Woodville and other military artists who have sought to cast a glamour on recent British feats of arms, men have delighted to depict the pomp and pride, the heroism and drama, and, more rarely, the horrors and sufferings, of war.

Yet there is no theme with which pictorial art has on the whole been less successful. The galleries of Europe are full of battle pictures. To mention one only, there is the palace of Versailles on whose walls is unrolled a veritable painted epic of the martial glories of France during her most warlike periods. Few of these are, however, great pictures,—pictures that impress us and remain in our memory. Evidently it is a difficult matter to combine historic truth with imaginative grasp in this field. "Except for those stories that are symbolic, in which the struggle is only a type," writes Mr. Lafarge in his *One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting,* "the art is rarely of a great character." He instances Van der Meulen's tactical accounts of Louis XIV's victories. "Whatever there is that is true loses its artistic human interest," he says. "One mass of men, being like another, and seen at a great distance, we cannot tell through such means much more than the theory of the movement. And as the very principle of the meaning is a sort of immobility or mechanical action, we are too far away from the human feeling to care for one mass more than another. Any amount of single individuals galloping about only make the effort at creating art more absurd and frigid. It is not so different at our very day; and we come to the astonishing result: that the number of pictures of historic battles which have a value in art is extremely limited." And he gives three examples—three only out of a hundred subjects!—Velasquez's "The Surrender of Breda," Turner's "The Death of Nelson," and Baron Gros's "Napoleon at the Battle of Eylau."

Perhaps it is because of their very limitations—limitations of scale, space and technical means — that the humbler graphic arts of black and white have, on the whole, been more successful in expressing the very spirit of warfare than has the great art of painting with all the resources at its command. Unable to compete with the painter in the composition of great historic battle pictures, the etcher or lithographer has for the most part been content to deal with the subject in a more or less fragmentary, episodic, and symbolic fashion, and thus to avoid most of the pitfalls that beset the painter's path. The result is that while no painter of the first class has made his reputation primarily through those of his pictures which are inspired by warlike sentiments or subjects, or is even closely identified with the theme of war in the popular mind, several of the best graphic artists of Europe in the last three centuries have either treated it exclusively, or won their most enduring successes in its treatment. Goya, it is true, was a painter as well as an etcher, but it was with the needle and not with the brush that he executed his famous *Disasters of War.* Callot, as an etcher, essayed many themes, but it is his series entitled *Les Misères de la Guerre* that constitutes his most enduring monument. While, in the nineteenth century, the great French lithographer, Raffet, of whom Meissonier, with rare perspicacity, exclaimed, "Ah, Raffet, he is my master!" is entirely known as an artist of battle-field and campfire. It is in the work of these three men, and of a few others, which may collectively be called "The Book of War," and not in that of

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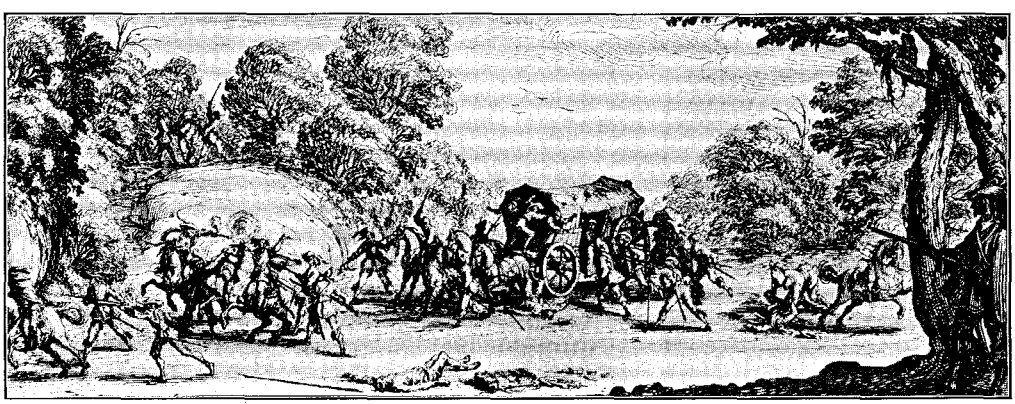
GRIM WAR IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. AFTER THE INVADING ARMY HAS PASSED THE PEASANTS TAKE REVENGE ON THE STRAGGLERS. JACQUES CALLOT, 1592-1635



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GRIM WAR IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. A MILITARY HOLD-UP ON THE HIGHWAY. JACQUES CALLOT, 1592-1635

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GRIM WAR IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. A PARTY OF MARAUDERS ENTER A ROADSIDE TAVERN BENT ON MURDER AND PILLAGE. JACQUES CALLOT, 1592-1635

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the painters—either the great artists who have treated it incidentally, or the second or third-rate men, from Van de Meulen to Meissonier, who have made it their principal subject—that is, revealed the real spirit of modern warfare. And one further explanation of their success is to be found in the fact that these men, essaying, for the most part, what Mr. Lafarge calls "the smaller dramatic situations," did not aim at telling a story merely. They understood, what so many *painters,* like the popular Frenchmen, Detaille and De Belleville—to name two modern examples—fail to grasp, namely, that "the meaning of the heroism should be told in painting by the arrangement of line and mass and colour, embracing, more or less, within its net the human courage which is the story of the picture." Nor do they limit themselves to the *heroism* of warfare. As the titles of the works mentioned above show, Callot and Goya were concerned even more with its miseries and suffering. And even Raffet, not to be compared with the other two as an artist, and who had more of an eye for the humours of war than for its horrors, was not easily seduced by the merely sentimental aspects of his subject—by its picturesque and pathetic possibilities—into forgetting the more sordid and prosaic side of a soldier's life and calling.

Of these three artists, Callot, Goya, Raffet, Callot is, of course, the earliest. Commonly accounted a Frenchman, he was, however, a native of Lorraine at a time when that future province of France was still a nominally independent Duchy. Born in the capital, Nancy, in 1598, he went at an early age to Italy, where he studied and worked for some years in Rome and Florence. He returned to Nancy in 1621, lived there on and off during the rest of his life, and died there in 1635. It was at Nancy that, three years before his death, he etched the series of sixteen plates on which his reputation principally rests to-day and which are known as *Les Misères de la Guerre.* It is commonly thought that the modern humanitarian sentiment concerning war is of wholly recent origin. These little pictures seem to show that this is not so. With Callot's general sense of outrage at the horrors of war there was, however, combined a certain specific patriotic inspiration. No country of central Europe had suffered more from centuries of strife than Lorraine. Surrounded by warlike and hostile neighbours, and lying open and exposed to attack and invasion from every side, the old "middle kingdom" of Lothair, the seat of what Barrès has termed *les luttes Rhénanes,* had over and over again been swept and devastated by war, and its population had experienced those intimate tragedies of horror of which Zola describes a typical modern instance in his *L'Attaque du Moulin.* In 1632, the scenes oft repeated on the soil of Lorraine seemed about to repeat themselves once more. In that year Louis XIII declared war against the Duchy, and French generals led their armies to the gates of Nancy.

"Terror spread everywhere," writes M. Edmond Bruwaert, in his recently published *Vie de Callot,* "the villagers abandoned their farms and ran to seek refuge in the shadow of the Ducal palace." Peace was speedily signed, and tranquillity was soon re-established, but contagion broke out in the surrounding villages. "Such," continues the author, "were the circumstances in the midst of which Callot was inspired to write the *Misères de la Guerre"*—each plate is accompanied by appropriate verses, and the whole series was published as a book with an etched title-page. "His friends sent to him from Paris for news of the events in Lorraine; he supplied them in this *vive et impressionante* form, which made, as it still makes to-day, a sensation. He began a first series, which he abandoned at the sixth page, because, his impressions developing with his memories, if not with the events, he found his first frame too narrow. He wished at first to represent only a camp of soldiers, Lorraine or foreigners, it mattered little which, let loose in the country. They were marauders, ready to pillage, rob, burn, on whom the peasants avenged themselves in condemning them to the almshouse. From his sieges of Bréda, Ré, La Rochelle, he had kept many episodic sketches that he thought fit to incorporate in his recital

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GRIM WAR IN THE NAPOLEONIC ERA. SARAGOSSA. GOYA Y LUCIENTES, 1746-1828

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GRIM WAR IN THE NAPOLEONIC ERA. A SPANISH MOLL PITCHER IN THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN. GOYA Y LUCIENTES, 1746-1828

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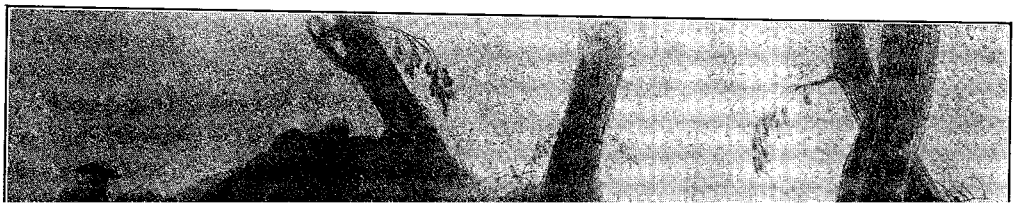
Courtesy of Frederick A. Keppel and Company

"SMOKING IS FORBIDDEN, BUT YOU MAY SIT DOWN." RAFFET, 1804-1860



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for its better documentation: the punishments of the provost added five pages to the first six; a preface in four scenes: recruiting, battle, marauding, pillage; a conclusion in two *tableaux:* begging, military honours. Such is the very complete scenario of this drama whose interest has not lessened one day since it was delivered to the public. No work has contributed more to the popularity of the celebrated aquafortist, for none contains more of the human truth of all times and of all countries."

Baron Gros, who, like Callot, had also been taught by experience of actual warfare, is the great painter of the Napoleonic period. But, splendid and truthful as several of his pictures are, lacking the theatricality or the mere archæological interest of most battle pictures of any period, even they cannot compare in suggestive power, and hence in universality, with certain etchings of his contemporary, Francisco Goya y Lucientes, the great Spanish artist.

"Etched during 1810 and the succeeding years of the Peninsular War, the *Disasters (of War),*" writes Mr. Charles H. Caffin in a recent appreciation of Goya, "are regarded as the finest products of Goya's needle. Yet he was sixty-four years old when he commenced them. Though he had subscribed to the Bonaparte *régime* and still held the position of Court painter, he lived apart from active affairs in the seclusion of his country home. The prints are inspired by his country's sufferings, but he did not publish them. To do so would have been to raise a protest against the crime of the French invasion and to stir his countrymen to increased patriotism. Under the circumstances of his equivocal position Goya may have thought such a course impolitic. Perhaps he felt the national condition to be hopeless. At any rate, he closed himself around in an atmosphere of profound pessimism. 'Was it for this they were born?' is the legend beneath one of the prints which shows a heap of mangled corpses. It is the note of the whole series—the criminal horror of war, and its futility. Nowhere else is the element of the *macabre* in his genius more fully revealed. The designs are in no sense illustrative; they are visions of his own brooding, projected against darkness and emptiness. Yet, just as in the *Caprices,* he gave bone and flesh to the very fabrics of his imagination, so by the magic of his needle his abstract imaginings of the enormity of war became visualised into concrete actuality."

What principally strikes us in these extraordinary designs is the lack of anything very much to "localise" them. The scenes are in Spain, but for all the local colour the artist has given they might be almost anywhere. Indeed they seem scarcely to be in this world at all. They stand as pure imaginative symbols. And yet their truth to reality is incontestable, and their poetic transfiguration of the horrors of war is infinitely more effective than Callot's literal rendering of the facts with complete elaboration and finish. Compared with Callot's exquisite art, Goya's etchings seem like crude and careless sketches. But nevertheless the latter have the advantage of conveying the artist's whole meaning and mood, even without the captions at the bottom of the prints; while Callot's plates, in which a sense of sheer delight in the execution competes with a sense of horror and disgust at the subject, require their accompanying couplets to establish the artist's attitude beyond the question of a doubt. In short, the difference between the art of Callot and the art of a Goya is the difference between a young art, newly conscious of its representative resources, and eager to develop and apply these to the fullest extent, and an art, old and blasé, to which such representative triumphs are by now an old story, and for which not objects, but ideas, assume first place as material for expression. In Callot's etchings the universal truth as to war exists only by implication, while the artist himself was engaged primarily in presenting particular instances. In Goya's, this truth is proposed as the actual subject, while the scenes and characters through which the artist still finds it necessary to speak, lose all significance in themselves, and become simply so many *points d'appui* for a protest, half cynical, half passionate, against war in general.

In Raffet we meet with an altogether

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different type of talent from either of the other two men already considered. He is neither as interesting a man nor as great an artist, and his work falls even at its best to a decidedly lower level both of representative force and of interpretative value. But no one perhaps has ever told us so many of the mere *facts* about war, or shown it to us in so many of its phases. While, if he lacked the humanitarian sense of horror associated with his subject, he had, as we have said, a thoroughly human sense of humour —though even this has its grim side— which was equally efficacious in keeping him away from the mechanical action and theatrical splendour of warfare, and close to what may be called its democratic aspects, or its relation to the individual participant. He was preëminently the depictor of the French private soldier, whom he followed and studied in nearly all the campaigns of the first half of the nineteenth century—Algeria, Antwerp, Rome, the Crimea—and whom he has shown fiercely fighting or at work in the trenches, as well as in his intervals of rest and recreation. Mr. Atherton Curtis has said of Raffet:

> In his lithographs he broke loose from the traditions of his predecessors. He abandoned the old ideas that military painting meant merely the glorification of some hero, and that the common soldier was of use only so far as he was necessary for purposes of composition. To him the interest in military scenes was precisely what had been neglected hitherto—the men who fought and suffered. Nor, like his predecessors, was he satisfied if only his picture represented what might have taken place. Not an appearance of reality, but a faithful representation of scenes as they actually occurred, was his aim. This, indeed, became his guiding principle, for upon it everything else depended. Truth to nature naturally went side by side with truth to historic facts, and the raising of the common soldier to the chief place followed almost as a matter of course.

From this it will be seen that Mr. Curtis regards Raffet rather as in the line of painters than of engravers; and this is just. For, working on the large lithographic stone, he could attempt the comprehensive painter-like constructions of battle scenes that lie outside the range of engraving. Still, even in these he remained the realist who did not view a great struggle from the standpoint of conventional composition, or of theatrical grouping; but who gave the tumult and confusion, the onward rush of the ranks in which all rank is obliterated (or so it seems to the observer), and where, if the attention is directed to any individual, it is to the heavily burdened private on foot rather than to the officer waving his sword on horseback. The *Combat d'Oued Alleg,* in which Raffet shows us a breathless charge of infantry, where the lines keep none of that mechanical precision so beloved by battle painters, but waver as they would necessarily in the rapid advance over broken ground, is an admirable example of the artist's style, and has been called the most perfect picture of a charge ever executed.

Of course Raffet had his imaginative side as well, and one of his most important series of lithographs—that illustrating the Napoleonic campaigns—is entirely imaginary, as he himself saw nothing of these, having been born in 1804. Still his father had been a Napoleonic soldier, and among the other survivors of the *Grande Armée* with whom he must have come in contact, he could have suffered from no lack of trustworthy documentary material. Here, as in his later series, it is the common soldier—Napoleon's famous *grognard*—who focuses attention; though, in the prominence given to the Emperor, and in the emphasis placed upon his personal prestige among his faithful followers, there enters here an element of military hero-worship that is absent from his later work. It is clear that he himself shared this worship for the "lost leader" who is apotheosised in these superb pictures, many of which, in their more heightened and romantic mood, like *La Revue Nocturne* and *Réveil,* are conceived in a veritable dream atmosphere. Indeed, Raffet, with Beranger, may be regarded as one of the creators of the Napoleonic legend, both in its most noble and its most popular aspects,—although the lithographer, unlike the poet, is said not to have been fully appreciated in his own lifetime—and as such he takes his place not only in the history of art but among the artists who have made, or at least coloured, history.

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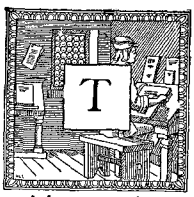
"BOZMARSH"

A Remarkable Literary Discovery

BY WALTER JERROLD



HE following communication is of a somewhat startling nature. It apparently dates from a time when anonymous criticism has reasserted itself, for the sapient critic attaches no name. It professes—and there seems no reason to doubt the accuracy of the statement—to be an excerpt from one of the monthly reviews for April, 2120, and is entitled "A Remarkable Literary Discovery." It is not necessary to attempt any paraphrase, but the very words of the writer of some two centuries hence may be given. The anonymous writer begins:

"It is a curious fact that to the nineteenth century belongs the discovery, long since canvassed and bitterly discussed, as to the unity of the authors of the plays known at one time as those of Shakespeare with the writer of various works under his own name. That unity has long been triumphantly established. The attribution of *Hamlet, Lear, Othello,* and other plays to Shakespeare has become a mere matter of curiosity relegated to a small-type footnote by the more pedantic of our text-book writers. Editions of the plays with the name of Shakespeare attached to them have become as extinct as the horse or the House of Lords—since Parliament in its zeal for truth insisted upon the destruction of all such copies, except those preserved as reminders of past error in the great public libraries. The present writer—they have not apparently got rid of this horrid locution in the twenty-second century—must apologise for bringing forward this bit of ancient history. He does so by way of introduction to a discovery of his own that is scarcely less remarkable than that of the once-abused Baconians of the nineteenth century. Much as the Baconians were first abused it need scarcely be said that we of this more enlightened twenty-second century are all whole-hoggers.

"This discovery is one which needs but to be accentuated to be seen in its full significance. It will assuredly mean the removing of a long-honoured name from our literary histories, the relegation of that name from those of men of letters to those of pseudonyms adopted by men of letters. The present writer is well aware that critics have not yet accepted his theory that one statesman ruled England for many years under two names and diverse policies, but he has every faith that the future will do him justice, that the true significance of the clew to which he drew attention in an earlier number of this review will yet be established. The fact that the letters that make up the name William Gladstone are numerically the same as those that make up the name of Benjamin Disraeli is a clew the full meaning of which will yet be recognised. The present writer is willing in full and certain confidence to leave the final elucidation of that matter to the future. In his newer discovery he has lighted not only upon an accidental clew, but is able to bring forward incontestable proofs.

"Two of the best known and most widely read novelists of the nineteenth century are one! Such is the discovery that has been made, and the evidence is so plain, the proofs are so convincing, that it is not easy to describe in language suited to the pages of a dignified review the state of brain of those who fail to recognise the obvious truth. The full body of evidence must be reserved for a forthcoming volume to be entitled *Bozmarsh.*

"Every edition of the works of Charles Dickens tells us how he began writing as Boz—until, jealous of the fame going to a mere pseudonym, he let it be known that Boz was Dickens. So in the works of William Makepeace Thackeray we find that he also wrote under an assumed name, as Michael Angelo Titmarsh—only later to claim for himself the fame he had made by deputy. Here was a

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striking parallel! What was true in detail was true in the whole: Boz was Dickens, Titmarsh was Thackeray—and Dickens and Thackeray were one man. The theory would be an interesting one if it were only a theory, but it is a demonstrable fact.

"In his first book and in one of the latest of his books the dual writer ingeniously placed the clew which his contemporaries and immediate successors were too dull to discover. And not only was the clew in the first work—it was in the very title of the first chapter of the first volume of that first work. That title ran, 'The Beadle. The Parish Engine. The Schoolmaster.' Anything more acute than the dull intellect of the nineteenth century would have asked—why the collection of such diversities, 'The Beadle. The Parish Engine. The Schoolmaster'? Why, indeed? Because in those words was hidden a great secret. Take the thirty-nine letters that form those words, and what do we find? On rearranging them we find this deeply significant sentence:

'Titmarsh, he pen'd the articles, he alone begoshe!'

"The present writer admits that 'begoshe' is a difficulty, but is convinced that further research will establish that it was a familiar form of oath or exclamation in the long past days of the nineteenth century. Thus in the very first book of the great writer we find the first suggestive clew. As Boz, as Titmarsh, as Thackeray, and as Dickens he continued to produce many books—in each of which perhaps the secret lies—but in one of his latest books he chose again the simplest method of suggesting the truth to his purblind generation. He was then apparently getting tired of the duality, was beginning to wonder why he had allowed his fame still to be diffused over two seemingly distinct personalities. He who runs may read was a favourite phrase with our ancestors of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, but the writer who chose now to be Thackeray and now Dickens revealed his secret for a second time in so slightly roundabout a way that any one who could read better than he could run might have recognised.

"To the very first number of his *Cornhill Magazine* the great writer contributed the first of his *Roundabout Papers*. The title of that first paper is 'On a Lazy Idle Boy'—a seemingly simple but really a deeply significant collocation of words. If we rearrange the letters of those words what do we find? We find this notable sentence:

'Ay! only ideal Boz!'

"It might be objected that this, like the anagrammatic title of the first of the *Sketches by Boz* was but a coincidence. But let us go a little further. Let us read the opening words of that first of the *Roundabout Papers*. Those first words run thus: 'I had occasion to pass a week in the autumn in the little old town of Coire.' If we take the first seven and the last seven of those seventeen words we find that they include the seven letters necessary to make up the word Charles. If it be argued that this again might be a coincidence, it has also to be said that they contain likewise the seven letters necessary to make Dickens! Is this again a coincidence? and if so, how many coincidences are necessary to establish a law?

"These are again but scraps of the overwhelming evidence, full details of which will be given in the forthcoming analytical examination of the subject. But that the matter is already one removed from the domain of mere hypothesis and theory may be shown by citing here one or two further scraps of the evidence.

" 'There is a river in Macedon and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth,' and no less conclusively it may be said that there is an election scene in the *Pickwick Papers* and an election scene in *The Newcomes*. And mark you how different is the treatment. Elections, it will be admitted at once, are so much alike that this very difference of treatment may be taken as a proof that they were written by one hand. The writer was conscious that he must make his second election scene differ from his first one. Whereas had the two scenes been written by two men they would of necessity have been more alike. In the very diversity of the scenes at Eatanswill and Newcome the discerning critic may find evidence of the unity of the de-

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scriber. But even here the writer could not maintain his diversity fully—and the exception is strikingly significant. Every reader of *Pickwick* will know that the editor of the *Eatanswill Gazette* was Mr. Pott. Every reader of *The Newcomes* will recall that the editor of the *Independent* was Mr. Potts! Wonderfully as the writer maintained his differences of style and nomenclature when addressing his public now as Thackeray or Titmarsh and now as Dickens or Boz, he could not avoid such an instance of duplication. The difference between Pott and Potts is merely that of the pluralising sibilant, but even that difference is not without meaning—for it was on the second occasion that the writer used the plural form. Unless it can be proved that all nineteenth century editors were Potts, this evidence should of itself be almost sufficient to establish the conclusion to which so much evidence points.

"Another small matter may be mentioned—without entering upon the fruitful theme of chapter endings or of specialised knowledge, branches of the subject fully examined in *Bozmarsh*. The slang of to-day, it has probably been said, is the current language of to-morrow, but it needs a great writer indeed to devise the words to-day that shall be known as the slang of to-morrow. It was pointed out by an acute critic early in the twentieth century that Thackeray used the expressively meaningless adjective 'bally' long before it passed into current usage as slang. In the thirty-eighth chapter of *Great Expectations* we may read 'Pip, Pip, she said,' using the explosive repetition half a century before it became the slang of the streets. Could two writers be thus verbally prophetic? It is unthinkable. In this we have but a further scrap of that cumulative evidence which goes to establish the long-hidden fact that the writer who wrote as Titmarsh was the same as the writer who once wrote as Boz. Whether that writer was actually Charles Dickens or William Makepeace Thackeray—which indeed was the actual name and which the mere pseudonym of the one great writer who gave us that dual series of novels the glory of the Victorian reign will be fully discussed in the already mentioned study shortly to be published as *Bozmarsh*."

Such it would seem are the problems raised about two and half centuries after a great writer's death.

THE HOLY PLACE

BY ZONA GALE

At silver of grey leaves; at look of lace
  About a woman's throat; at little feet,
  Curled close in hand that clings; at stir of sweet
Old gardens; at the flow and dip and grace
Of sweeping fabric; at the phantom race
  Of shadow ripples in the tides of wheat,
  Where great, still spirits murmur as they meet—
Souls see their God as in a holy place.

What of the wrinkled face, the poor, coarse hand,
Dead leaves and ruined walls, and fields that stand,
  Rattling stark husks? Of little feet that stray
  From clinging hands, and never find the way?
He knows no holy place for whom the clod
Stands not an altar to the living God.

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THE COMPLETE COLLECTOR

In Two Parts.

Part I. The Rich Collector and His Opportunities

BY FREDERICK A. KING

LMOST the last words —perhaps the very last— written by Andrew Lang breathed the sigh of a bookman beaten at the game he was best fitted to play. Best at all events in all respects save that of money. The words referred to are in the new preface to the pocket edition of his *Books and Bookmen,* dated July, 1912. His death occurred on the twentieth of that month, so there was reason to suppose that one of his last regrets was that the moneyed kings had made book-buying a thing impossible for the slenderer purse of a laborious writer. "I have given up book-hunting," he writes, "for reasons partly financial and partly based on the circumstance that my book-hunting has been like my angling. I can neither capture rare books 'for a song'—of sixpence, nor catch trout on a level with my ambition. If any of the old book stalls survive in the old slums, they are 'overfished.'" One cannot so much complain as sigh for such a condition as this. It merely means that book-collecting has gained many more devotees, and what with them and the constant watchfulness of those who hunt in their behalf the old streams are indeed fished dry.

But there is another view of the case that Mr. Lang goes on to express, with more magnanimity, we should say, than could be felt by some who are late comers to the chase and who find that all the sport is restricted for the very chosen few. "Book-hunting is like golf," Mr. Lang goes on to say, turning to another of his favourite out-door pastimes. "One delights in seeing both done by great proficients; to play one's self, to top and foozle and miss short putts is no longer amusing. One likes to look on the treasures of great wealthy collectors. To look at one's own shelves 'does not overstimulate,' but rather moves to quiet tears."

One feels rather like saying that it moves to tears of rage and grief to see this gentlest of pursuits wrested from hands who could write "The Library" and "The Book Hunter" and given over to those who will write only cheques. The world will likely have no more Burtons or Langs or Dibdens. But laments will do us no good; the auction rooms are fairly bristling with dollars and pounds bid for books that a few years past could be secured for pence. Book-collecting has become a folly for all but the excessively rich. So we are often assured, and such is the case if human desires can only be satisfied with books now known as "excessive rarities."

Book-collectors are said to abound; their number mounts into the hundreds, and amid so many it must result that the "disease" which used to be known as book-madness cannot exist in more than sporadic cases. What the other symptoms represent is likely to be no more than the effort of over-rich amateurs endeavouring to rid themselves of their surplus incomes. Of this one is assured by dealers in books and autographs who, in their turn, angle for a customer and play him well while his sporting fever lasts, knowing that his interest may erelong exhaust itself and he betake himself to other streams. These are the people that in late years have come into competition with the real book hunters, and their effect is to raise such regretful sighs, as that of Andrew Lang. Do they realise the self-abnegation of his words when in place of envy he breathes forth joy at the contemplation of possessions their larger means can marshal?

BOOKS NO LONGER BOOKS

A few years ago Mr. Worthington Ford gave voice to the wail of another

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"ex-collector." To him the account of a book auction could only be read with "a feeling of exasperation not much tempered by wonder." He could see no "reasonable grounds" for the selection of purchases by their buyers, for the prices paid and for the destination of the volumes. Why should anybody but a scholar wish to possess a book by Cotton Mather, for example? Whatever the inflation of price, "a Mather is still a Mather, dull, witless and characteristic." An old almanac is no more valuable now than it was fifty years ago, and is not so useful (utility value) as when it was issued. Yet such issues bring hundreds of dollars. If one wants the thing for what it contains a modern reprint would not be so hard on the eyes of the reader. Paper and binding in any other association would be literally worthless. Yet the original brings three or four hundred dollars and the reprints one or two.

Books have ceased to be books, declares Mr. Ford. In its new binding of full crushed levant it only "masquerades as a book, it is really something to be handled, to be seen, to be smelled (the spicy odour of the leather is good), but not to be read. Behind glass, with its like it constitutes a bit of furniture, not of literature." Thus does the ex-collector see his old friends and comrades, the tattered, the shameless, broken-backed, dingy-leaved associates, with their wrinkles of age smoothed out, their rickety legs straightened and splinted, their bodies corsetted and rearranged for fine company—but dull and witless as before. Mr. Ford pictures the state brought about by wealth, which demands an outlet and so seeks the thing which is rare:

> To gratify this class of buyers there has been developed the dealer, not the old book store of which very few are now to be found, but a dealer intent upon nursing the weaknesses of his clients, and encouraging them to enter upon their high-priced levies. The delight of browsing among the uncatalogued contents of a dingy basement shop, unlighted and unheated, has been thrust aside by the more or less gorgeous catalogue of the dealer, setting forth his limited holdings in small cap, and full cap, titles, with more or less truthful accounts of what the book may be to the owner. He gambles recklessly in futures. Because a book brought $530 at one sale, he baits his hook by offering a copy for $450. It looks like a bargain; and it may be one in reality. But such methods have destroyed all the old romance of collecting, crushed out the small buyer, and rendered it almost impossible to experience the thrill of obtaining for a few shillings a perfect gem, with annotations by the author, or a presentation copy, or a rarity buried in a volume of trash.

THE HUNTINGTON METHOD

It is not an easy matter to get at the emotions of the new and favoured order of book-collectors. What should interest us more would be the heart yearnings as well as heart burnings of those forever shut out of competition for the glorious treasures of Early English literature, books of the sixteenth, seventeenth even eighteenth century, Caxtons, Shakespearean folios and quartos, Bacon, Milton, Bunyan, Gray, Herrick, Swift or even the scarcities of early nineteenth century English and American books. There might be a modicum of sympathy even for the late comer with much money to spend, prepared to be liberal in spending it. Unless he have the princely liberality of Mr. Morgan, Mr. Henry E. Huntington or of that late lamented young enthusiast, Mr. Harry E. Widener, what chance has he where the prizes are so few and the competitive forces so great. Mr. Huntington, through his agent, bid at the Hoe sale with the frenzied opulence of one whose years were wasting while his pockets bulged, and whose ideal evidently was to see in his possession before his life closed the finest library in incunabula, in Americana, in Early English and American literature, ever gathered together in this continent.

Before he became so conspicuous a figure that the daily newspapers competed for the stories of his accessions, his private collection numbered thirty thousand volumes. He might be called a buyer of libraries instead of books. What other men have accumulated here and there through a lifetime of effort, he has taken over in the lump. He bought the Morrow library of Brooklyn, containing many first editions, but no great rarities. Then he added the Stowe collection,

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moved from an old mansion on the East Side of New York. Then he absorbed other collections not so well known to fame; but they increased his possessions of incunabula, of early printed Bibles, missals and psalters. To these he has lately added the library gathered by Mr. E. D. Church. In this collection, whose purchase price was reported to be $1,250,000, were some of the greatest gems for the collector of English literature—Caxton's first book, the *Cronycle of Englonde,* 1515; Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy,* Walton's *Compleat Angler,* Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress,* Milton's *Comus,* Spenser's *Faerie Queene,* Bacon's *Essays,* Gray's *Elegy,* Goldsmith's *Vicar,* with thirteen Shakespeares in the first quarto edition, fifteen of the second, and forty-one other quarto editions of early date. These are but a few of this library's rarities. Scarcely a year passes before Mr. Huntington adds to these and his other books the splendid collection representing the leisurely, discriminating selection of Mr. Beverly Chew, whose English poets, especially the full group of minor seventeenth century authors, are unequalled. The greatest single buyer at the Hoe sales, what Mr. Huntington will store away in his California home for the joy of a ripe old age almost wearies the imagination.

THE MOST ROMANTIC FIGURE

Young Mr. Widener was a conspicuous figure at the first Hoe sale. He or his agent drove the purchaser of the Gutenberg Bible up to the sum that doubled its previous selling price. In the history of American book-collecting he will remain the most romantic figure that our times or any time is likely to produce. Cut off in the great sea disaster of last spring in his early thirties, he had seemed to pursue his hobby of book-gathering with the passion of one who foresaw an early end. He collected first editions of Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, Johnson, Goldsmith, Gray, Keats, Shelley, Dickens, Thackeray, Meredith, and his library boasted an assembly probably unique of books by and about Robert Louis Stevenson. Many of his books are copies personally associated with their authors, some with presentation inscriptions, others with manuscript corrections and annotations. It was these personal enhancements that gave a book its special charm and value in Mr. Widener's eyes. When the *Titanic* carried him down with its other helpless victims, it is said to have buried in the sea a rare volume of Bacon's essays that he had just acquired in London. Friends assert that from the moment of purchase the small volume was carried in his vest pocket, and that he had jokingly told Mr. Quaritch, the London dealer from whom the purchase was made, that if he was lost at sea the Bacon would go down clasped to his heart.

THE STORY OF THE MORGAN CAXTONS

If the newcomer in the field, whom we have imagined, feels a craving for Caxtons he will do well to pause and reflect on the formidableness of his competitor in Mr. Morgan, who has been known through his clever librarian to cull a score or so of these delicious black-lettered books from under the very noses of eager and astute buyers, to cheat even the auction of a spectacular scene. This feat was a nine days' wonder until the same agent bid $42,800, and thus secured at one of the Hoe sales in 1911 what is, so far as physical perfection goes, the only perfect copy of the *Morte d'Arthur,* translated from the French romance writers by Sir Thomas Malory and printed by William Caxton at Westminster in 1485. Before these purchases Mr. Morgan's Caxtons numbered already from twenty to thirty. The seventeen or more belonging to Lord Amherst, of Hackney, formed a very tempting bait when his library was put upon the market a few years ago. "We just had to have them," said Miss Green in describing the little scene in which she figured. Lord Amherst had begun collecting half a century ago, and during the intervening years he had concentrated upon the idea of acquiring the best books and manuscripts, irrespective of price, which would tell the history of printing and book-binding from the earliest times down to the year 1700. Financial losses, suffered through the malfeasance of a trusted administrator of his estate, forced his books and art collections upon the market. The blow may easily have had

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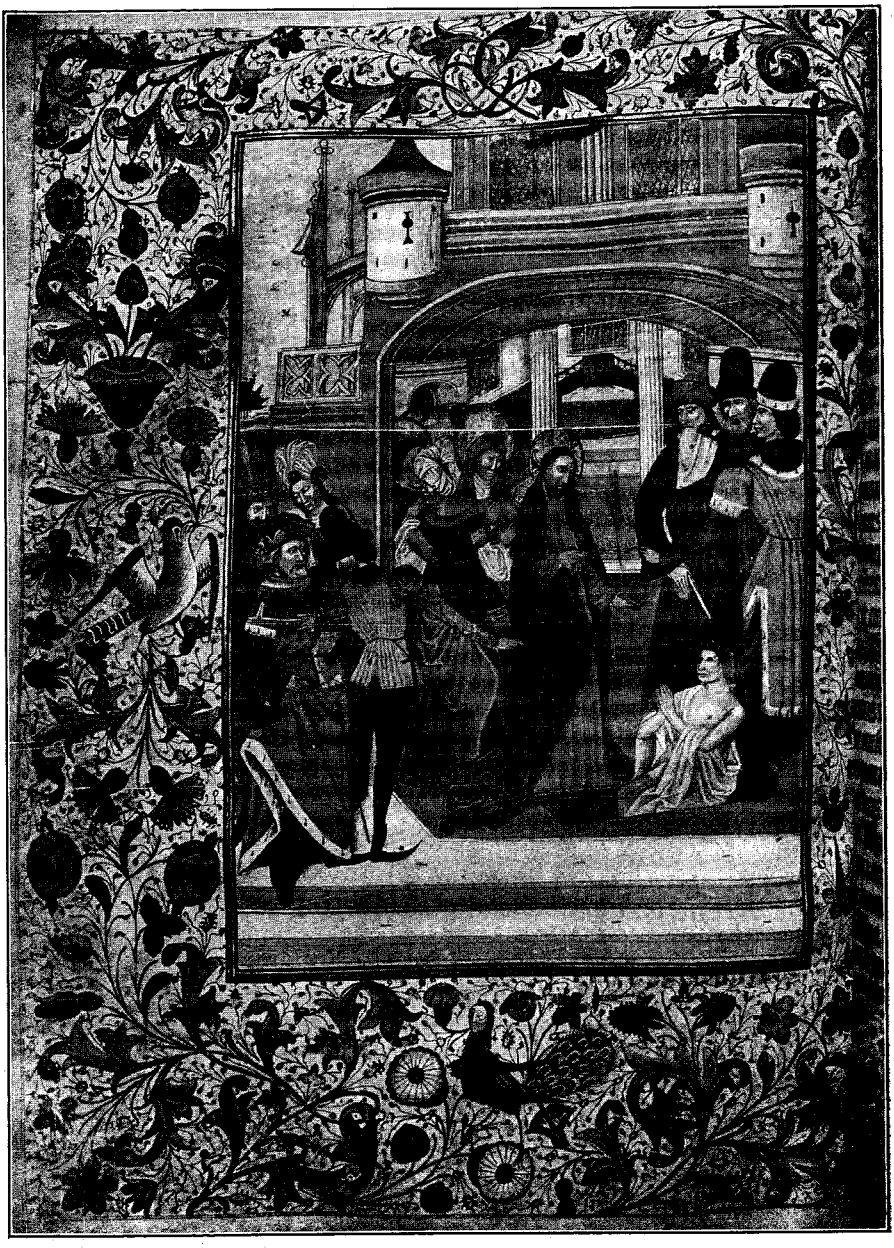
something to do with his death, that followed soon after. Eleven of his Caxtons were "perfect." No wonder Mr. Morgan decided he had to have them. Then, to his great advantage, Lord Amherst felt a sentimental interest in seeing this group kept intact. Miss Green was sent to London to do the manœuvring, and she has put on record how she accomplished her task.

"I said to my lord, 'Mr. Morgan offers you this,' naming a goodly sum. Oh, it was a hard and trying moment. I felt that there



FULL-PAGE MINIATURE FROM THE PEMBROKE BOOK OF HOURS, DONE IN BRILLIANT COLOURS, HEIGHTENED WITH GOLD. IT WAS EXECUTED IN ENGLAND IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. MR. ARTHUR HOE PAID $33,000 TO RETAIN THIS TREASURE IN THE FAMILY

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were members of the family who eyed me suspiciously. Possibly they didn't like the way I dressed—they were so staid and prim. Now at a sale there are many factors to consider. When Mr. Morgan wants a book he pays cash for it. My lord, should he accede to my request, I should have a cheque immediately. But should Mr. Morgan withdraw from a sale the effect would be that the bidding would not reach the high figures wanted. All these conditions I have to emphasise when I must have a thing.

"Well, the night before the sale, when I was anxiously awaiting my answer, I was given a dinner by the London bookmen. I have many friends at the British Museum who were anxiously watching to see what I would do on the morrow. One of them turned to me during the evening. 'Miss Green,' he said, 'will you promise me that in the morning you'll not bid against me for such and such a Caxton?' . I was on the *qui vive,* waiting for my telegram which would tell me whether or not I had swept the collection from under the hammer. As luck would have it, just before I replied the missive was placed in my hands. I read the gladdening news. Our offer had been accepted. 'Yes,' I said, 'I'll promise not to bid against you at the sale to-morrow.' . . . Imagine getting seventeen Caxtons for little more than twice the price paid for one Hoe Caxton. It's all splendidly exciting."

SOME STARTLING PRICES

As for Gutenberg Bibles, the record price is now $50,000. There are said to be twenty-four others in the world in the approximate class with this one sold to Mr. Huntington, but many are sequestered in public libraries, and those privately owned stand only a remote chance of being thrust upon public sale. Mr. Huntington paid twice as much as the previous record price for his Gutenberg, and the next aspirant to possession would have to surrender a like or greater fortune to achieve the same end.

What kind of a fortune should a man dedicate to stand in a class modestly below these princes of the inky blood? Some dozen or fifteen years ago Mr. Robert F. Roden, a bibliographer before the dazzling age, spoke hopefully to those who were willing to learn the craft of book-hunting, who would know when they saw it a rare book from its first blank leaf to the last and were familiar with all its different title-pages and issues. Allowing for disagreeable experiences, some costly no doubt, yet such an one he thought might in five years of buying and an expense of at least $100,000 have a library of very fair importance, provided he confined his gathering to two or three departments, or better still to one. But all this was fifteen years ago; since then the multiplication of millionaires has put the problem out of all reasonable calculation. Besides that, the rules of the game have entirely changed, and the speculative princes of Wall Street have spread into these hitherto quiet pastures.

To get a certain perspective on the comparatively recent rise in prices we might mention the statement of this same bibliographer that the time to form inexpensively a valuable library of Early English literature was in the seventies and eighties of the last century. "Then the best English books of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries could have been gathered together at a total outlay of about $75,000, and an excellent collection for one-tenth of the amount."

Had any man, laying to heart this lesson, retired from the book-buying world to accumulate his fortune and then emerged at the Hoe sale he would see his savings insufficient to cover the cost of even three of the costliest of those volumes, since there Mr. Morgan's "Caxton," a book printed by Wynken de Worde (circa 1512), called *Helyas, Knight of the Swanne,* and the absolutely first Gray's *Elegy* aggregated $76,800. The melodramatic rôle that book prices have been playing in the past may be realised by taking up the history of some dozen or so of the costliest Hoe items. There were ten thousand five hundred and seventy-one lots in this sale and five hundred and thirty-six reached and exceeded $500. It is a commonplace of great sales nowadays that the lower priced books are enhanced by their aristocratic associations, and it has been remarked that in many cases the current trade could duplicate items at much lower prices. But there remains the snobbish delight of the Hoe book-plate.

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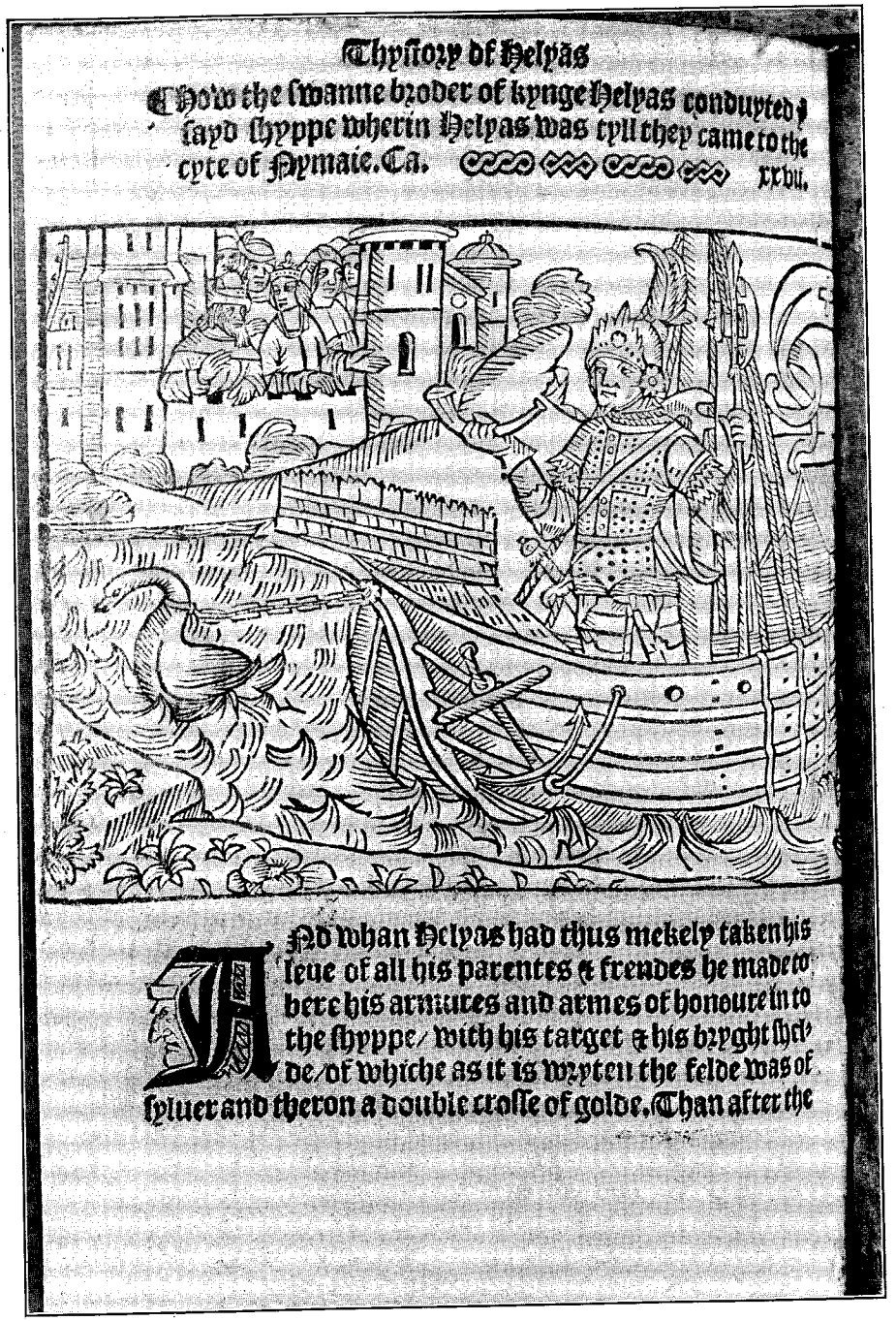

TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST ENGLISH VERSION OF THE LEGEND OF LOHENGRIN—"HELYAS, KNIGHT OF THE SWANNE," PRINTED BY WYNKEN DE WORDE IN 1512. BOUGHT BY MR. WALTER M. HILL, OF CHICAGO, FOR $21,000

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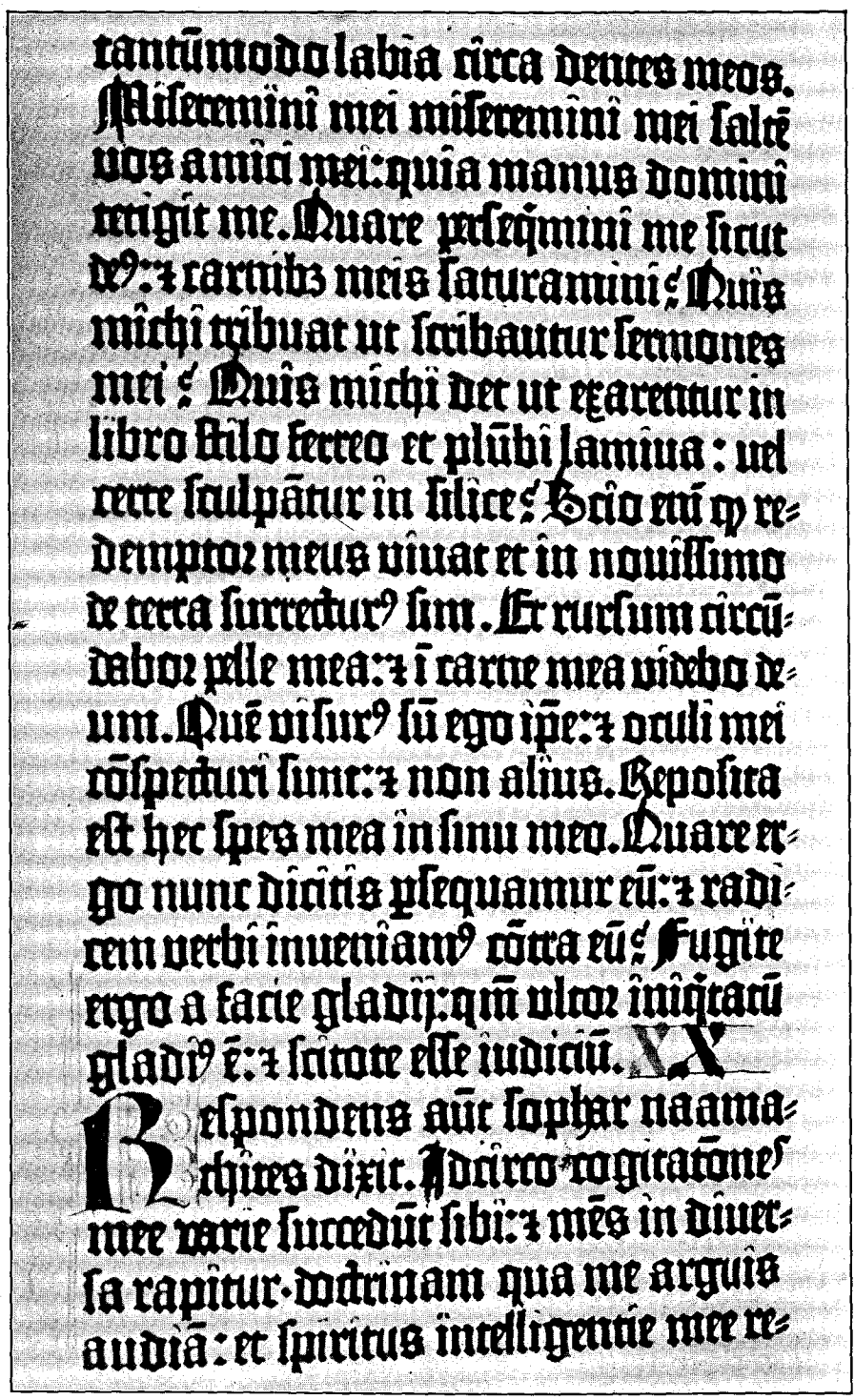
tantūmodo labia circa dentes meos.
Miserēmini mei miserēmini mei saltē
vos amici mei: quia manus domini
tetigit me. Quare persequimini me sicut
deus: et carnibus meis saturamini? Quis
mihi tribuat ut scribantur sermones
mei? Quis mihi det ut exarentur in
libro stilo ferreo et plumbi lamina: uel
certe sculpantur in silice? Scio enim quod re-
demptor meus uiuat et in nouissimo
de terra surrecturus sim. Et rursum circum-
dabor pelle mea: et in carne mea uidebo de-
um. Quem uisurus sum ego ipse: et oculi mei
conspecturi sunt: et non alius. Reposita
est hec spes mea in sinu meo. Quare er-
go nunc dicitis persequamur eum: et radi-
cem uerbi inueniamus contra eum? Fugite
ergo a facie gladij: quia ultor iniquitatum
gladius est: et scitote esse iudicium. XX
Respondens autem sophar naama-
thites dixit. Idcirco cogitationes
mee uarie succedunt sibi: et mens in diuer-
sa rapitur. Doctrinam qua me arguis
audiam: et spiritus intelligentie mee re-

EXCERPT FROM THE GUTENBERG BIBLE, THE COSTLIEST BOOK IN THE WORLD. IT WAS BOUGHT FOR MR. HENRY HUNTINGTON FOR $50,000, DOUBLE THE PRICE PAID BY MR. HOE WHEN IT CAME INTO HIS POSSESSION IN 1897

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THE STORY OF TWO BOOKS

Of course the Gutenberg Bible is not the rarest book in the world, seeing it is the costliest, though the vellum copies are few enough. When this great price was made known through the daily press, there was to be heard in many places an expression of satisfaction that if so much money was to be paid for a book it should be a Bible that brought it. This Hoe copy—now the Huntington copy, but for all that likely for some time to come to be known as "the Hoe copy,"—has a recorded history as far back as the middle

ILLUSTRATION FROM WILLIAM BLAKE'S "MILTON," PRINTED AND ORNAMENTED BY HIM, THE BEST OF THREE KNOWN COPIES. AT THE HOE SALE IT BROUGHT $9,000

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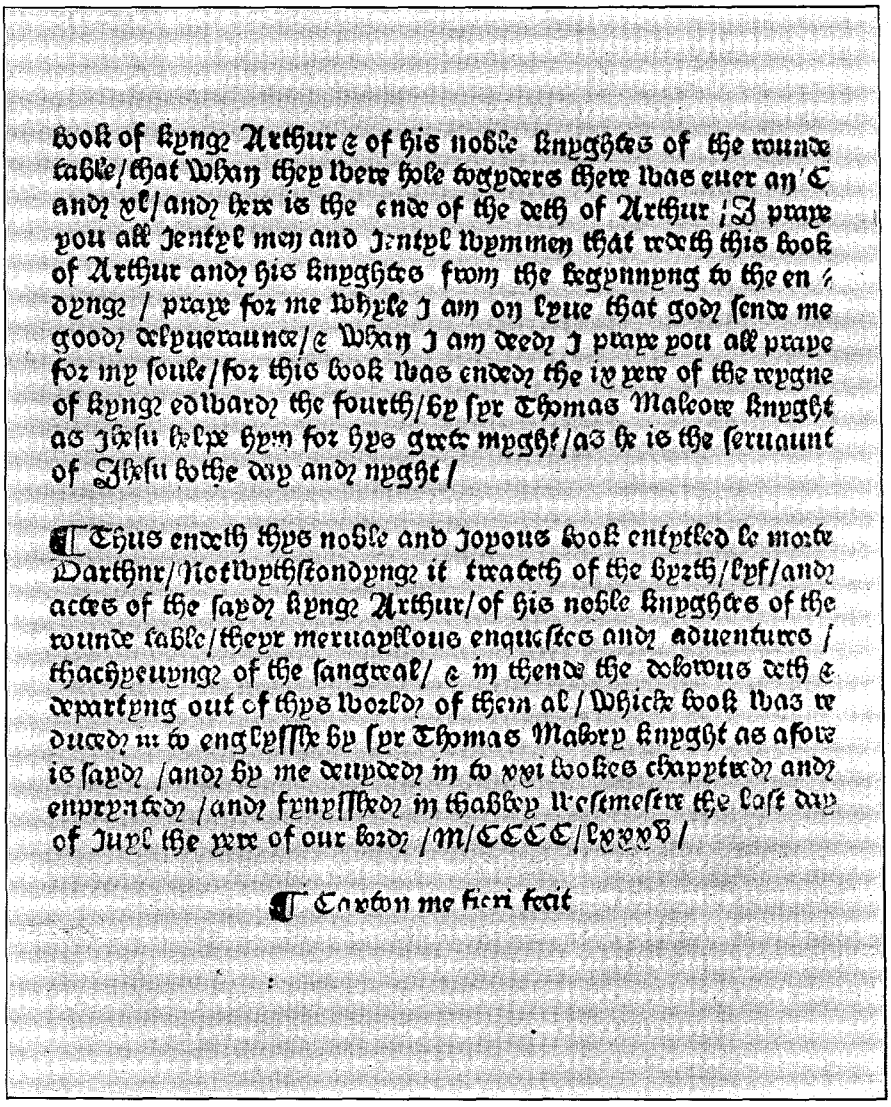

book of kyng Arthur & of his noble knyghtes of the rounde table/that whan they were hole togyders there was euer an C and xl/and here is the ende of the deth of Arthur/I praye you all Jentyl men and Jentyl wymmen that redeth this book of Arthur and his knyghtes from the begynnyng to the en dyng / praye for me whyle I am on lyue that god sende me good delyueraunce/& whan I am deed I praye you all praye for my soule/for this book was ended the ix yere of the reygne of kyng edward the fourth/by syr Thomas Maleore knyght as Jhesu helpe hym for hys grete myght/as he is the seruaunt of Jhesu bothe day and nyght/

¶ Thus endeth thys noble and Joyous book entytled le morte Darthur/Notwythstondyng it treateth of the byrth/lyf/and actes of the sayd kyng Arthur/of his noble knyghtes of the rounde table/theyr meruayllous enquestes and aduentures/ thachyeuyng of the sangreal/ & in thende the dolorous deth & departyng out of thys world of them al/Whiche book was re duced in to englysshe by syr Thomas Malory knyght as afore is sayd /and by me deuyded in to xxi bookes chapytred and enprynted /and fynysshed in thabbey Westmestre the last day of Juyl the yere of our lord /M/CCCC/lxxxv/

¶ Caxton me fieri fecit

A PAGE FROM MALORY'S "MORTE D'ARTHUR," PRINTED BY CAXTON, FOR WHICH MR. MORGAN PAID $42,800. IT IS THE ONLY PERFECT COPY KNOWN. ITS EARLIEST RECORDED PRICE IS 2S. 6D.

of the eighteenth century. It was owned successively by a M. von Vostitz, by Merlin de Thionville, and by a Mr. Horn. It appeared in the sale catalogue of the London bookseller, Nicol, in 1825, priced at £504 ($2,520), and was bought by Henry Perkins, the brewer. When his library was sold at auction it was bought for Lord Ashburnham for £3400 ($17,000). Lord Ashburnham's library went under the hammer in June, 1897, and Quaritch obtained it, placed it in his stock at the price of £5,000 ($25,000). At this figure it went to Mr. Hoe.

The Caxton that Mr. Morgan captured, incidentally defeating the similar purpose of the Duke of Devonshire, is a folio in old English red morocco, gilt, tooled borders, and is the only perfect copy known of Sir Thomas Malory's the *Morte d'Arthur,* Westminster, 1485. It is a "very tall copy," measuring 11¼ x 8

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THE

NEW-YORK DIRECTORY,

CONTAINING,

A Valuable and well Calculated ALMANACK;---- Tables of the different COINS, ſuitable for any State, and digeſted in ſuch order, as to render an Exchange between any of the United States plain and eaſy.

LIKEWISE,

1. The names of all the Citizens, their occupations and places of abode.
2. The members in Congreſs, from what ſtate, and where reſiding.
3. Grand departments of the United States for adjuſting public accounts, and by whom conducted.
4. Members in Senate and Aſſembly, from what county, and where reſiding.
5. Judges, Aldermen, and other civil officers, with their places of abode.
6. Public ſtate-offices, and by whom kept.
7. Counſellors at law, and where reſiding.
8. Miniſters of the goſpel, where reſiding, and of what Church.
9. Phyſicians, Surgeons, and their places of abode.
10. Preſident, Directors, days, and hours of buſineſs at the Bank.
11. Profeſſors, &c. of the univerſity of Columbia college.
12. Rates of porterage, as by law eſtabliſhed.
13. Arrivals and departures of the mails at the Poſt-Office.

BY DAVID FRANKS.

NEW-YORK:

Printed by SHEPARD KOLLOCK, corner of Wall and Water Streets, M,DCC,LXXX,VI.

THE MOST EXPENSIVE NEW YORK IMPRINT IS THE "NEW YORK DIRECTORY." FEW PERFECT COPIES EXIST. THIS ONE BROUGHT $2,275 AT THE SALE OF THE HOE LIBRARY

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POEMS,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT,

BY

ROBERT BURNS.

THE Simple Bard, unbroke by rules of Art,
He pours the wild effusions of the heart:
And if inspir'd, 'tis Nature's pow'rs inspire;
Her's all the melting thrill, and her's the kindling fire.

ANONYMOUS.

KILMARNOCK:
PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON.

M,DCC,LXXXVI.

THE "EXCESSIVELY RARE" FIRST OR KILMARNOCK EDITION OF BURNS'S POEMS. ONE OF THE GREAT PRIZES OF THE ENGLISH BIBLIOPHILE. IN THE HOE SALE IT BROUGHT $5,800

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inches. But perfection in such perfect things is only relative. Every leaf is clean and sound, but the conquering worm has already been at some leaves and has injured a few letters, the blank corner of one leaf has been torn off, and a small piece of two others, owing to a defect in the paper, is missing. Thus does minuteness count. Where this book spent its first couple of centuries is unknown, but in 1698 it was one of a dozen Caxtons in the library of Dr. Francis Bernard, physician to James II, and in its sale brought two shillings and sixpence. It passed into the possession of Sir Robert Harley, first Earl of Oxford, who had it rebound in its present covers, then it passed on to Bryan Fairfax, whose library was sold *en bloc* to Francis Child, grandfather of the Countess of Jersey. By this time its appraised value had reached £2 12s. 6d. The Child library passed into the possession of the Earl of Jersey, who signalised the ownership of the Caxton by affixing his bookplate. The Earl's library was sold in 1885, when England ceased to retain this treasure. Mr. Quaritch secured it for Mrs. N. Q. Pope, of Brooklyn, for £1,950 ($9,750), and at her death it passed into Mr. Hoe's possession. All other known copies are imperfect, that in the John Ryland's library—formerly Earl Spencer's—lacking ten leaves.

THE PEMBROKE BOOK OF HOURS

The next to claim attention by reason of value is popularly known as the *Pembroke Book of Hours,* but bears the Latin title, *Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis ad usum Sarum, cum Kalendario.* It was executed in England in the fifteenth century and written in Gothic characters, in red and black. Its two hundred and thirty-one leaves are embellished with twenty-four small circular miniatures, and twenty-nine full-page miniatures within ornamental borders, about two hundred and sixty of a smaller size, forty-two of the leaves having large borders of scroll and floral work interspersed with human figures, chimeras, grotesques, etc. These are done in brilliant colours heightened with gold.

This manuscript was made for Sir William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, partisan of Richard III in the Wars of the Roses, beheaded in 1649. The *Horæ* passed to the second of his name, grandson in blood, in whose time, first twenty and then fourteen folios were added. In the nineteenth century it was found to have travelled to Rome and entered the possession of the Borghese family. They parted with it to an Italian antiquary, who sold it to the London bookseller, Mr. F. S. Ellis, from whom it passed to General Brayton Ives, of New York, and finally to Mr. Hoe, who in 1891 paid for it $5,900.

In ordering the sale of his books, Mr. Hoe stipulated that if any of his family desired to possess any of his books they should go into the open forum and compete with other bidders. That no favours were asked or received will be seen by the prices paid for this and the fifth highest in the list. His son, Mr. Arthur Hoe, paid $33,000 for this manuscript.

Mr. Harry Widener, who failed to get the first Gutenberg Bible, secured, through Mr. Bernard Quaritch, agent, the second one for $27,500. It is in all respects like the famed copy, save that it is printed on paper. Through his death it passes to Harvard University.

Mr. Hoe's granddaughter, Miss Thyrza Benson, comes into possession of a beautiful French manuscript for the sum of $24,000. Like the Pembroke, it is an *Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis, ad usum Romanum cum Kalendario,* with embellishments of the same general order. Some of the miniatures are portraits of Anne de Beaujeu, daughter of King Louis XI, for whom the manuscript was executed about 1477. Its provenance is too long to give, but may be found in great detail in the "Catalogue des manuscrits et imprimés de la Bibliothèque de M. Ambroise Firmin-Didot," Paris, 1882, to whom the work belonged. Mr. Hoe purchased it in 1878 for $5,000.

Another manuscript that made a sensation at the sale was one of extraordinary historical and artistic interest. It was a Missal of Charles VI on vellum, executed at the beginning of the fifteenth century for that monarch and presented by him to his daughter Catherine upon the event of her marriage to Henry V of England. The text is a mixture of

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Latin and French and is embellished by over one hundred large and over four hundred small miniatures, drawn in the delicately beautiful manner of the Touraine school that produced the famous Jehan Fouquet. The missal was the property of the successive Henrys of England down to Henry VIII. During the schism under that monarch it was carried to Antwerp, and in 1545 was sold to the Abbey of Tongerloo. There it remained until 1869, when its possessor parted with it in order to raise funds with which to make a gift to the Pope. It passed into the famous library of M. Didot, in whose catalogue its history is minutely recorded. Its first American possessor was Mrs. N. Q. Pope, from whom it went to Mr. Hoe. Dodd and Livingston acquired it at the recent sale for $18,900.

HELYAS AND THE FIRST FOLIO

Twenty-one thousand dollars was paid by Mr. Walter M. Hill, of Chicago, for the mediæval romance *Helyas, Knight of the Swanne,* the first English version of the legend of Lohengrin, with romantic additions. It was printed by Wynken de Worde in 1512, and is the only known copy of this remarkable production of his press, said also to be the only book printed by him on vellum. The copy in the British Museum in the Garrick collection is that printed by Copland. It is a small quarto in its original calf binding, formerly in the library of Edward Gwynne (book collector of the early seventeenth century). His name is stamped in gold on the front cover, and the book-plate of Paul Methuen, an owner in the latter part of the same century, is affixed. In 1890 Mr. Hoe bought it for $2,050.

All great libraries must possess the First Folio of Shakespeare. They are not so rare as hen's teeth nor yet so common as blackberries. Masters Jaggard and Blount published five hundred copies in 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death, and sold them at a pound apiece ($5.00). How many remain to this day may be known to the curious. Mr. Hoe's copy was fine and tall, believed to be the second largest known, dressed in a dignified and handsome old morocco binding. Mr. Hoe, in his own catalogue, ascribed its former ownership to Roger Payne, and so it appeared in the sales catalogue of the Syston Park Library. It became Mr. Hoe's property for $2,950, and passed from his estate for $13,000. Mr. George D. Smith was the bidder, and one may surmise Mr. Huntington as the present owner.

Modern book collectors often specialise in books with choice illustrations. It is this feature which gives value to the *Book of St. Albans,* 1486, by Juliana Berners, on the extinct sport of hawking, and the science of heraldry. The book, whose present owner valued it at $12,000, is the first English book in which colour printing was used. Its third division, a treatise on heraldry, contains one hundred and seventeen wood cuts of shields printed in red, blue and black. There is only one other perfect copy. In 1888 Mr. Hoe paid for it $3,675 (or thereabouts). Mr. Smith again, in the shadow of Mr. Huntington, was the latest successful bidder.

A little below this in value, but quite modern in date, is the Milton, printed and ornamented by William Blake in 1804. It is the rarest of the works of this erratic genius, and of this only two others are known to exist, one in the British Museum, and one in the Lenox Library of the New York Public Library, and this is regarded the finest. Mr. Smith paid $9,000 for what cost Mr. Hoe $1,150. Seven thousand dollars was paid for the first French edition of Boccaccio, printed at Bruges in 1476, bringing to the Hoe estate an increment of $3,525 above the purchase price.

AMERICAN BOOKS

Two American works furnished something in the nature of surprises. One was Bryant's youthful poem, *The Embargo,* 1808. Only four or five copies are known. This is the Hawkins copy, sold in 1887, and is presumably the unbound Hoffman copy, sold ten years previously. It cost Mr. Hoe $24, but Mr. W. T. Wallace paid $3,350. The first *New York Directory* (1786) appeals to the historical sense. It is excessively rare, and only a few perfect copies are known, and they are mostly in public institutions.

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It sold for $2,275. As in so many other cases, Mr. Smith became the arbiter of its destiny.

And so the tale might be told of volume after volume, where new and inflated auction records were established to be the despair and bewilderment of future buyers and sellers. As the days passed and the auction bids shot up the cry was frequently raised that the prices were "absurd and ridiculous," but there are no standards by which to test the value of books that are so rare as some of these. What two men are willing to press each other for in the competition for possession becomes, at least temporarily, the legitimate value. Theirs is the later loss if enthusiasm outruns discretion, and in books not unique this tale is to be told in instances a plenty. At the time these voices were raised, Mr. Hoe's librarian, Miss Carolyn Shipman Whipple, wrote to the papers: "Robert Hoe was a great book-collector in the truest sense of the word—one of the greatest that the world has ever known, and the prices now being paid for his library are in a large measure a tribute to his perspicacity and his intelligent, long-standing, and unfailing interest in books. It is very evident to the spectator that buyers want not only a certain edition or issue of a book, but also the very copy once owned by this famous bibliophile. That fact accounts in part for the high prices now obtaining."

THE GIRDLE OF THE CHRISTMAS PUCK

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

HE *Just-So Stories* of Rudyard Kipling appear this Christmas in a holiday edition with many illustrations by Mr. Joseph M. Gleeson. Without showing much invention or humour, these are direct, simple, and naïve. But they will have very good fortune. They are sufficiently characteristic to remain associated in the mind of a child with the text they celebrate, and that will perpetuate them for a lifetime at least. The happy child who comes for the first time to *Arabian Nights,* illustrated by Mr. René Bull, will link him also with a lifelong treasure. Mr. Bull has a very neat and humorous fancy in these competent and vivid pictures. The colour and composition more than suggest Mr. Maxfield Parrish's illustrations of the same stories two or three years ago, but he differentiates them by a broader and more pungent humour. It was no easy task to follow Mr. Parrish's sumptuous pictures and impart any distinctiveness of treatment in the same manner, but Mr. Bull has done it and adorned a handsome book. His ideas are well imagined, well drawn, and well reproduced. Colour pictures equally rich and more of painting than illustration are contributed by Mr. W. Hatherell, R.I., to a holiday edition of *Romeo and Juliet.* The get-up of this large volume is handsome and substantial. As for the pictures, their setting and costumes are veracious and their freshness of colour Italian. One can even forgive him so English a Juliet on account of her undeniable charm. But, though the pictures are exceedingly pretty and possess all the customary embellishments, they are without character or much personal quality. Another handsome table-book is *The Bells and Other Poems,* with illustrations by Edmund Dulac. It is interesting to see that all the illustrators of Poe instinctively turn for a setting for his poems to the theatrical world. Instead of a light which never was on sea or land, they give him the chemical green stage variety; and secure a cheap grandiosity by exaggerating the proportions of the background and by suggestively em-

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ploying an enveloping shadow. Such evidence on the part of those who seek to translate the Poe effect into another medium might well give pause to those who insistently claim greatness for the man, especially for his tinkling poetry. Lang, in his new English Literature, says a memorable thing about Poe when he gives him the maximum of melody with the minimum of humanity, and ventures to declare that his locality borders perilously on the dominions of the Yonghi Bonghi Bo. These particular pictures of Mr. Dulac's are quite in the spirit of the poems, effective and fantastic; and they are thoroughly workmanlike. The charming little book of *Æsop's Fables* again demonstrates that whatever Mr. Rackham does he gets just the right touch for. Here he catches perfectly (as far as any one can be continuously perfect) Æsop's idea of presenting humans under the allegory of animals. Thus he endows them with just enough characterisation and expression to make them definite and pithy, and gives them much witty animation. Also, he shows throughout his unusual variety and his capacity for finishing his ideas completely. The translation is simple and idiomatic. Mr. Chesterton in an introduction makes some pointed observations in his well-known style of verbal paradox, and with his usual air of straining prodigality. Æsop understood, says he, that for a fable all the persons must be impersonal and abstract. Everything must always be itself in a fable, and will in any case speak for itself—the wolf will always be wolfish, the fox foxy. The immortal justification of the fable is that we cannot talk of such simple things without using animals that do not talk at all. It is only bv using animals in this austere and arbitrary style that men have succeeded in handing down those tremendous truths called truisms. There is only one moral to the fable because there is only one moral to everything.

Thus having once more completed the circuit of the parlour-table, let us depart for a wider sphere—this time, indeed, to put like Puck a girdle round the earth in forty minutes.

It would be difficult to come across a pleasanter book than *Motor Journeys,* by Louise Closser Hale and Walter Hale. Mr. Hale contributes drawings of quality and distinction (in which he is improving each year) and a valuable practical paper at the end. They took their car 3,980 miles on a total running expenditure of $491.19. The man of modest means can easily keep his entire expenses within ten dollars a day if he is willing to practise reasonable economy. Mrs. Hale is one of those delightfully casual persons who would rather journey hopefully than arrive. She writes in a bright and pert and charming manner, and rather covets a humorously sentimental mood (who does not?). Their first motor journey is in the wake of that much maltreated woman in life as in history, Lucrezia Borgia, when she went on her wedding-journey from Rome to Ferrara. The next motor trip was among the Spanish bandits—not the politer brigands of the town who mask their operations under innkeeping—but they discovered that the old terrors of the road had long since been relegated to fiction and that the new accidents of travel were even more pleasurable. In Spain the *manana* habit fastens upon you quickly, and one soon leaves packing till the very last moment. The Spanish peasant is the most polished gentleman in the world, but the provincial dandy is far from being one. The Spanish are not dirty, they are merely abstemious. Their sense of humour is exquisite, also, but they always laugh at the wrong persons. Castles in Spain are impulsive and come when least expected. The Hales take many more motor trips and see the world out of laughing or tender eyes; and so much capital do they make out of mishaps that you understand just what she means when the cuisine of Madame Poulard in Mont St. Michel suggests to her the reflection that a lifetime of perfect omelettes would be as miserable as a motor that nothing happened to.

In *Monaco and Monte Carlo* one will find many unexpected things. Mr. Adolphe Smith in the preface to this most satisfactory volume tells the reader he has a right to be surprised, for not only has there been no general book on Monte Carlo, but the information for this one came direct from headquarters. This small principality spends propor-

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tionately more money on public-works and arts and sciences than any other in the world, and yet obtains it almost solely from the foreign visitor. That the Casino defrays the cost of everything is a social, economic, and psychological phenomenon; and that a tiny state should be at the same time the pleasure resort and the laboratory of Europe for scientific research and humanitarian endeavour illustrates a dual life unequalled in interest. The book covers first the history of the principality and its kingly house, which is the oldest reigning family in Europe. The present prince can remember enduring hardship and poverty with his father and mother, yet he has so managed his five square miles of territory that no country has acquired more wealth even though it dispenses entirely with taxation. With the opening of the railway from Nice to Mentone the era of prosperity began, yet the supreme beauty of the place has been much impaired in the evolution. The prince literally created the science of oceanography and the city has the only museum devoted to it in the world. It is also the best city in the world to fall ill in. Monaco has gone further in the attempt to regulate and standardise gambling than any other country. A casino seemed to the prince a lesser evil than the dismemberment of his tiny principality, but he found that to organise and manage a high-class one was a very difficult matter and only to be accomplished after many experiments. The casino gives twenty-four thousand pounds a year for twenty-four operatic performances. It can well afford to do so, in spite of the magnificence with which it conducts everything and the fact that it often loses four thousand pounds a day. The tables and wheels are carefully tested each morning before the play begins. The authorities must soon face the problem of being too successful, for in 1911 a million and a half people played. "Gambling Gehenna" seems ill-applied to this favoured spot of art, science, and sociology; and last year there were nineteen suicides in this place where a carefully cherished tradition makes people fear to take a walk lest they stumble over dead bodies. There are numerous illustrations in this readable book, which seem to cover every conceivable phase of the subject it treats.

In *The Last Frontier*, Mr. F. Alexander Powell has much that is new and interesting to tell us of Africa, and he does it in a bright and journalistic way. But one lure has the earth left for the avaricious and the adventurous—Africa the opulent and the mysterious. White-helmeted pioneers—the last of a race which the world shall see no more—are fighting the battles and solving the problems of civilisation with level and transit, dynamite, drill, and spade. France's neglected colonies have within forty years expanded into a third empire; and it was by forestalling Teutonic colonial ambition in Africa as elsewhere that she revenged Alsace-Lorraine. She now possesses almost half of the land and almost a quarter of the population of the Dark Continent. By means of the public school, the American phonograph and sewing-machine, and most of all the railway which is a model of modernity and efficiency, she has civilised North Africa. More tactful than Germany and England, she has conciliated both negro and Moslem. By her successful protection of the trade caravans across the desert—literally moving cities—she has earned the gratitude of all the border peoples. Where England has gained her colonies by fighting, France has steadily acquired them by pacific penetration; and her exploitation of Africa is one of the wonder-tales of history. Morocco is almost the last of the unknown countries: though admirably adapted for colonisation and without desert, the Moors have stubbornly drawn a veil of mystery and intolerance over it. Although corn may be sown and reaped there within forty days, France will not soon convert it into a national asset. Into its forbidden country only a handful of disguised Europeans have ever penetrated. Tripoli can no longer be called the front door or even the side door to central Africa, and Italy in seizing it was but obeying a voice from the grave. The rescue and rehabilitation of the Nile country shows England's colonising genius, for her rule though harsh has been extraordinarily beneficial. Her position there is illegal and illogical, but Egypt could suffer no greater calamity than to

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have her go. When England can convince herself that candour is a better policy than hypocrisy, she will frankly annex the country. The fighting-men of the Emir of Wadai are wearing helmets and chain-mail captured by their ancestors from the Crusaders. Zanzibar has always been the chief gateway through which civilisation and commerce have entered the continent. To appear presentable in the terrible humid heat of its capital requires at least four white suits a day, and along its highways passes a continuous circus procession. Germany was late in getting into the colonising game, and the keep-off-the-grass signs which she everywhere encountered did not improve her temper; but every once in a while she takes a slow step toward making a German state across the unprofitable middle of Africa. As yet she has reaped nothing but loss and fever, but she may have a great colony some day when she can make up her mind to establish something besides tyrannous and brutal military settlements. In the heart of Equatorial Africa is Rhodesia. Most of it looks like the American West of thirty years ago before the cow-puncher had retreated; but for all that the streets of the towns are as peaceable as Boston of a Sunday. The country-club has been the chief factor in its making, and it already has a chain of American moving-picture theatres. Fortune never doubled on her tracks more completely than when she made General Botha, the last leader of the Boer troops, the first prime-minister of a United South Africa. By Boer astuteness the bonds of the new country to the Empire have already become loose ones; and it may perplex the future historian to decide who won the Boer war. South Africa is the country of big things and there at every man's door fortune knocks twice.

Having thus made our bustling way through the whole continent of Africa with an alert man of affairs, let us go back to the high corner of it and there linger lovingly with a painter-man who gives us delightful reading in *An Artist in Egypt* and many pictures bathed in burning sunlight and gorgeous Oriental colours. Full of true character and life are they, also, and set against a background minutely faithful in architectural detail. Interesting impressions of an eye quick to perceive distinctive pictorial effects, and of a hand which records them lightly and freely. One rarely in a Christmas voyage (or any other) encounters a more satisfactory gallery. Mr. Walter Tyndale gives us in a text which contents itself with jotting down impressions and reflections better told by pen than brush a simple account of such things as he saw and heard in Egypt while in pursuit of his work as artist. In Cairo, he says, what is still untouched by the jerry-builder or has not been allowed to fall into ruins is probably more beautiful than anything other Oriental cities can show; and the smaller towns are much the same in aspect as when the Saracen invaders first occupied the Nile valley. The general impression of Cairo is one of light, colour, noise, and movement; and its mosques have more human interest than the temples of Ancient Egypt. Old and decrepit as they may be, the beauty of life is still there; but the temple at its best has but the beauty of a corpse. The tram-line to the pyramids of Gizeh is a great boon to many, and neither the pyramids nor the Sphinx seem the worse for it. Though he passed months on end in the desert, he always felt the awe which it inspires at sundown. A period of fifteen centuries has elapsed since many of the Coptic convents were built, but a good number are still inhabited by monks, who repeat in the chapels a Christian liturgy of the early centuries in a language no one any longer understands. One observation Mr. Tyndale makes which seems much like Mr. Powell. The courteous manners of the Oriental are put off with his cast-off *kaftan,* and his morals become distinctly worse when the ties of his creed are loosened.

It was at Suez that John La Farge ended his voyage through the South Seas, and it is there that on our homeward trip to our own continent we will take his pagan and richly furnished galley and follow him across that corner of the globe which has awakened from the hearts of modern poet-travellers more rapturous description than any

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other. La Farge does not, like Mr. Tyndale, entrust his description to brush alone. It is well, for this interesting collection of water-colours is only occasionally satisfactory. He has curiously disposed of his colours in a stained-glass fashion—as if he were depending upon a transfused light to give them brilliancy. Though pleasing, they often have a lack of distinctness or of luminosity which disappoints. La Farge was not a practised writer, but he was an artist in words for all that. Form he may lack, even to incoherence at times; but he can convey an impression of almost unimagined delicacy and exquisiteness with a captivating sincerity. For this reason his book gives delight of a rare order. Much of the Oriental was in his make-up, and the appeal of the islands and people of the South Seas to his unusual temperament is very keen and notable. With this book, as with Mr. Tyndale's, you feel at once in the company of an artist soul; but while Mr. Tyndale sees with the sympathy of every good artist La Farge sees with a professional eye sharpened by a sudden recognition of unsuspected kinship. Especially is this perceived in his delight in the glorious suppleness of the untrammelled human form, and the play of light upon those brown bodies which Mark Twain says, in *Following the Equator,* make mere white skins seem undesirable. These Samoans, writes La Farge, seem to have cultivated art in movement and in personal gesture because they had no other plastic expression. As the uglier girl scraped the root she moved to a rhythm distinctly timed, and tossed the wet bunch to her companion as if finishing some long cadence of a music that we could not hear—too slow to be played or sung, too long for anything but the muscles of the body to render. She who received it squeezed it out with a gesture fine enough for Mrs. Siddons. Young men went by with wreaths on their heads, draped to the waist, like the statues of the gods of the family of Jove—the proportion of covering, the manner of catching the drapery, and the arrangement of folds all according to some meaning well-defined by ancient usage. "If all this does not tell you there was no nakedness—that there was only the nude," he says, "I shall not have given these details properly." In all of La Farge's subtle perceptions of beauty there is some longing and sadness, ever the price of great beauty. Yesterday, he says elsewhere, we crossed the Line as they used to call it, and soon we shall

Just-So Stories. By Rudyard Kipling. Pictures by Joseph M. Gleeson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Arabian Nights. Illustrated by René Bull. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Romeo and Juliet. By William Shakespeare. Pictures by W. Hatherell, R. I. New York: Doran.

The Bells and Other Poems. By Edgar Allan Poe. Illustrations by Edmund Dulac. New York: Doran and Company.

Æsop's Fables. Translated by Vernon Jones. Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. Illustrations by Arthur Rackham. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Motor Journeys. By Louise Closser Hale and Walter Hale. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.

Monaco and Monte Carlo. By Adolphe Smith. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Last Frontier. By F. Alexander Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

An Artist in Egypt. By Walter Tyndale. New York: Doran.

Reminiscences of the South Seas. By John La Farge. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Through South America. By Harry W. Van Dyke. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

The Flowing Road. By Casper Whitney. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

Pictures of the Panama Canal. By Joseph Pennell. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

The American Mediterranean. By Stephen Bonsal. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

By-Paths in Collecting. By Virginia Robie. New York: The Century Company.

A Book of Hand-Woven Coverlets. By Eliza Calvert Hall. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Colonial Homes and Their Furnishings. By Mary H. Northend. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Colonial Homes of Philadelphia and Its Neighbourhood. By Harold Donaldson Eberlein and Horace Mather Lippincott. Philadelphia and London: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

Boston New and Old. By T. R. Sullivan. Drawings by Lester Hornby. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Charcoals of New and Old New York. Pictures and text by F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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have dropped the sun also; and at the thought of dropping him, the old Taoist wish of getting outside the points of the compass comes over me, the feeling that leads me to travel. Can we never get to see things as they are, and is there always a geographical perspective? Shall I find everywhere the company of our steamers?—How often has the thought teased every voyager for the great adventure, whether he go forth in quest of the invisible beauty or only "for to admire and for to see"!

Illustrated with many photographs is *Through South America,* by Stephen Bonsal. Little attention do we give to the twenty republics of South America, says Mr. John Barrett in his introduction, though they are three times greater than the connected area of the United States. As a matter of fact one may have his choice this year of seven personally conducted Christmas tours thither, but Mr. Van Dyke's is the only one which takes in everything. After a comprehensive historical sketch he visits each of the republics in turn and describes its present people and institutions in an interesting and animated manner. The greatest surprise which awaits the previously uninformed tourist is the number of handsome stately cities laid out with parks and boulevards of which any European town might be proud, and furnished moreover with more than up-to-date public utilities. The women of Brazil are superb and like the cities have entirely laid aside old-fashioned ideas, especially those which dictated seclusion. Argentina is best qualified to rebuke the stupid jest that the Latin-America countries are opéra-bouffe republics. With its record of energetic and enlightened adaptation to world progress, it may in the not distant future turn the jest against its Northern perpetrator. The rabid jingoism of Argentina (dear me! Southward the course of jingoism takes its way!) has such an amiable candour that it is not at all offensive. The opera-house of Buenos Ayres cost ten million dollars, and the prodigality of the rich staggers the Northerner. The picturesqueness of the Parana River is marvellous. Montevideo is the Brooklyn of Buenos Ayres, for the ferry trip of a hundred miles is nothing in a land where people think in superlatives. Though La Paz in Bolivia is the highest capital in the world, it is at the bottom of a deep canyon. When more accessible, Bolivia will be a Mecca both for the capitalist and the tourist in search of natural wonders. The Congressional Palace at Valparaiso is as large as the Capitol at Washington, and the Mint is as big as the Treasury. Peru, although mightily shrunken from its former imperial estate, is still a magnificent domain with a coast line equal to our whole Atlantic seaboard. Too much cannot be said of the charm of Lima's culture and refinement. Unlike the cities of the Eastern coast, the mountain cities are still behind the times in sanitation. Ecuador's wealth is her cacao groves, but the cities are less magnificent because they are built for earthquakes. At the end of his swing around the circle, the traveller comes to Venezuela, the northernmost nub of the continent to whose beauties no description has ever done justice.

Venezuela is watered by the fifty or more Orinoco tributaries, and its jungle of mystery is the land which *The Flowing Road* celebrates. The book shows throughout an endeavour to put things interestingly. Roughing it in South America is more persistently misrepresented in print than roughing it in any other country Mr. Caspar Whitney has ever visited. Through all the sparsely settled interior you may go in safety as far as any molestation is concerned, except the frightful one of insects. The savage Indian is, in his experience, a myth, though he penetrated into his reputed lair; there is no dangerous game except the jaguar, and he will usually run if he has a chance; the ubiquitous snake which squirms on all the pages of most South American travel is more frequently heard than seen and generally seen only in flight. But the great middle-land is unknown and is work only for the hardy and experienced traveller. The jungle of the South American forest is a maze of trailing, looping parasites suspended across the lanes of great-girthed monarchs, but the luxuriant canopy of colours is only at the jungle-

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edge; within is a dismal solitude avoided by both sunlight and sound, and disappointing for all its awesome immensity. There you have hourly need of grim perseverance and enough experience to prevent panic if one day in the untracked solitude doubt of your bearings suddenly grips you. It is one of the wonderful phases of the world's history that while North America was as yet an untrodden wild, Spain and Portugal were building cities here; and that so much of this vast continent, subdued by the Jesuit Fathers after one hundred and fifty years of beneficent labour, should have fallen out of the world's ken and again become unknown. The zeal and tireless energy of the missions which followed the ruinous trail blazed by the Conquistadores is no less astounding than the now complete abandonment of a region once so valorously secured. Will it be so with our great modern triumph of reclamation, and our pomp of to-morrow be some day one with Nineveh and Tyre? At any rate, the reflection leads us to our next book.

Only the person who has thoroughly studied what the Panama Canal means can understand how important to the relations of North and South America is this mighty waterway, says Mr. Barrett. Of its mightiness, the eye and mind get only an occasional impression in Mr. Pennell's *Pictures of the Panama Canal*. As a rule he fails to give you the idea of bigness. Little about the work seems more gigantic or even more imposing than the foundation work for a New York sky-scraper. The giant skeleton of the Singer building was far more Cyclopean. Furthermore, little seems in his drawings to have been accomplished —everything is still chaotic and unshaped. As usual, Mr. Pennell shows his unusual cleverness and spontaneity in sketch making and his eye for picturesque aspects, and yet he at the same time exhibits the lack of distinctive treatment seen in all his work. Venice, London, New York, Panama—except for incidental details—look all alike.

The chapter on the Conquest of the Isthmus in *The American Mediterranean* might well have furnished Mr. Pennell inspiration. Mr. Bonsal graphically pictures the titanic energy which has planned and carved the cut and its stupendous locks. The trouble, he says, is not that the backbone that holds the two continents together is tough, but that it has hardly the strength and consistency of a chocolate éclair. It won't stay cut but slides together again. The noise of the machines that build up and tear down and constantly uncover phenomenal problems really seem to affect the optic nerve. This exceedingly interesting and well-constructed book is a study of the Caribbean world, and contains both statistical information and impressions systematically stored by an alert mind. The West Indies extend a thousand miles from the tip of Florida's toe, and to venture into them proves at once that the only thing the ordinary traveller knows about the region is an error—the Gulf Stream does not come from the Gulf. He perceives at once also that however high and altruistic our conduct may appear to us, the sincerity of the Cuban hatred for all things American is beyond question. The Black Republic of Hayti is an atrocious farce and travesty of popular institutions. Everywhere in the West Indies people fall to talking about the cannibalistic practices and Voodoo crimes of the superstitious Haytian blacks. It is true that there is no place in the world where you could so easily satisfy a cannibalistic craving. Every moonlight night you hear in the woods the tom-tomming of the Voodoo drums, and you know the devil's priests are astir. There is only one white man who has seen the rites carried out to their ghastly conclusion, yet it is the easiest thing in the world to assist at the preliminaries. Even in the capital the practitioners enforce their power with poison and bravo; and little or no attempt is made to conceal their frightful exercise of it. The Haytian mind taken at an early age is quick and intellectual and artistic, but most refractory to the development of anything like character. The recent history of the Dominican Republic is a sordid story of bloodshed, rapine, and corruption; but now that the country has become our financial protegé, the government is more stable and the situation immensely improved. By

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the old Spanish Main is generally understood the entire Caribbean coast from Yucatan to the mouth of the Orinoco. To reach Bogotá, the capital of Colombia, from the seacoast it requires a great deal more time than to go from Washington City to Alaska. The island of St. John's has been entirely deserted by its white population and the negroes are fast relapsing into barbarism. The Danes, the French, and the Dutch have all islands among these "orphans of the conquest" as the author calls them. The British blacks show by their general deportment and intelligence that the efforts to improve their social efficiency have not been in vain; and if there are anywhere in the world coloured men ripe for self-government, they are in Barbadoes and Jamaica. But you must not expect from him much or prompt service, and he lacks the charm of spontaneity in the American negro. All that remains of the French West Indian empire which Rodney and his fleet overthrew are the magnificent islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique with their group. Here the half-breeds are more attractive than the Spanish or English variety; but they have control of all the electoral districts save one and assassinate political opponents systematically. The secret of the unrest in Mexico is that people who have been politically gagged and strait-jacketed under Diaz are suddenly called upon to conduct a free institution. Its most hopeful feature is that there is not between the peon and the educated classes the abyss characteristic of so many Latin-American countries.

Back again in our own country, our Christmas Puck finds—as he of Pook's Hill showed—that homekeepers may have rich adventures too. In three of our own cities we may voyage with new eyes, or indeed, we need not travel even so far from home! For here are adventures of the dooryard and cupboard; and even one where all our migrations are like those of the Vicar of Wakefield—from the blue bed to the brown!

Very pleasing is *By-Paths in Collecting,* by Virginia Robie, "dedicated without permission to all collectors, to aid them in the quest of rare and unique things which have passed the century mark." A pink Staffordshire tea-pot is perhaps more useful than a blue Staffordshire tea-pot, for it does not make the tea seem of secondary importance. One does not know whether it is the blue or the quaintness or the historical interest or your lust to complete a set or what it is makes blue Staffordshire so fascinating. But then all collecting is fascinating and a life-long hobby may result from the first casual possession. In the initial purchase of a piece of pewter, a faded sampler, a bit of china, the end is not foreseen—and this is planned by the happy fates. Most English collectors take their china more seriously than we. They know how English a Chinese potter could be, and how very Oriental the English potter could be, and the result is they often lie awake nights figuring out where their Lowestoft came from. More than any other collector's interest, old china seems to have a personal charm; yet silver things may be very friendly. Tea-pots in a row lose beauty as well as point, for coziness is the essence of a tea-pot; on the other hand, mugs are made for rows. Punch-bowls have no affinity for shelves and cupboards. The only real rift in the mahogany and china lute is that the collecting spirit seldom dominates the entire family. Boxes, especially band-boxes, are fascinating and the sheen of old pewter compelling. The illustrations and charm of this book would make a collector out of the most confirmed modernist.

Though Miss Robie has a chapter on sun-dials she never mentions bedspreads. This is just as well, for Mrs. Eliza Calvert Hall in *A Book of Hand-Woven Coverlets,* doesn't mention anything else. Aunt Jane of Kentucky and a hand-woven coverlet go together. The facts of coverlets, says the author, are so many and hard to get at that I may dignify my book with the name of original research. I have been for twenty years saying "Do you know anybody who has an old coverlet?" The Colonial coverlet is to American art what Increase Mather and Anne Broadstreet are to American literature. But there are more than facts and comments in this book—there are poetry and imagination. Almost a year of a woman's life went to the making of a coverlet.

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Only those who have made a list of the names of coverlet patterns know the full depth of magic a name can hold. The numerous illustrations bear out Mrs. Hall's affirmations that into every coverlet went the soul of an artist; and the one which makes the cover design is an enchanting specimen.

But the palm for illustrations must be given to *Colonial Homes and Their Furnishings;* for it contains more than two hundred and twenty-five, and very clear and definite they are. No type of architecture, says Miss Northend, holds such a distinctive place to-day in the mind of both architect and home-builder as that of the colonial period. From doorways and knockers, through halls and stairways, pausing by fireplace and mantel, and taking a detailed glance around the rooms at wall-paper and furniture and cupboards with their shining stock of treasures within, the author takes her illuminating and illuminated path. But she notes too many objects to handle any one of them as caressingly as do the other two collectors. She convinces you, however, that the charm and beauty of things colonial is that their craftsmen planned as well as their brain could devise and then employed the utmost carefulness of detail in carrying out their plan.

Much of the best Colonial domestic architecture extant is found in and around the leafy city of Penn, say the authors of *The Colonial Homes of Philadelphia and Its Neighbourhood.* It is because "Penn's greene country towne" was the capital of America during the most elegant period of Colonial life. The story of a house is ofttimes the history in small of all the country roundabout. The endeavour here is to clothe these houses with the warmth and colour they really possessed, by the aid of the traditional recollections of a generation rapidly passing. The life of ancient Philadelphia was by no means all sober. The Friends were as frankly devoted to endless eating and drinking as "the world's people"; and they indulged also in cock-fighting and other of Satan's sports, and indeed even occasional theatrical entertainments. It was in 1754 that, despite the storm of opposition on the part of Friends and the stricter sects, a theatre was fitted up in a storehouse and a company gave twenty-four plays with afterpieces, promising to offer nothing indecent or immoral. So well did the Philadelphians take to these godless amusements that in 1759 a real theatre was built. At Christ Church the Episcopalians were always a grand congregation, and their elegance reached its zenith when the town became the seat of the Republican Court. A frenzy of prodigality seized upon the inhabitants then. John Adams lingers fondly in his diary over the lengthy menus of his hosts, and Mrs. Adams wrote "I would spend a very dissipated winter if I were to accept one-half of my invitations to routs or tea-and-cards." The celebrated Bishop White thought it no sin to butter even his mince-pies. Alas! all but one of the really notable mansions where such hospitality was dispensed have been abandoned to business or to immigrant lodging-houses. But there are many Georgian houses of striking individuality and purity of type on the banks of the Schuylkill, once a veritable paradise. The elegant country-seats which still crown every hill tell how ample and princely was the manner of life that prevailed in the days when the young city was still miles distant from these sylvan fastnesses. Society was more polished, more gay, and more wealthy than in Virginia or Massachusetts. At Vaux Hill it was no unusual thing for fifty people to sit down to dinner. Gardens are to be found in the environs of Philadelphia which can grow only around ancient houses where sweet and sacred memories linger like the scents of the old-fashioned flowers whose beds are edged with box thick-grown enough to sit on. Those were days full of bustling merry-making in Philadelphia when the stage to New York took three days to make the journey at twopence a mile.

It was a transplanted Westerner who felt that he had been rooted too long in Boston soil in his journey to the modern capital of America, that said (in a shot which echoed around the world) "the best thing in Boston is the train to New York." Mr. T. R. Sullivan in his delightful and mellow *Boston New and Old* remarks graciously: "We do not say

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in New York that the best thing there is the train for Boston, because we know Boston is where we live and we have learned the joys of visiting; but we decided long ago that visiting was one thing and living was another." Even the street cars at home, he says, have the reputation of being trimmer and neater than most, and conductors have better manners. Boston has always been well-kept and polite, but times have changed since the Boston Stone, bearing the date of 1737, was built into the wall of a house in Marshall Street, tradition says to reckon distances from. Boston then was one part land and three parts water, like the world in the primary geography. From the Back Bay only the Gardens and Charles Street had been reclaimed. Fashion, obedient to its own mysterious laws and defiant of natural obstacles, went as it ever does where it was least expected. The dome-crowned summit has now ceased to be conspicuous from the harbour. Similar hazards of time and chance have imparted to the harbour-front of New York an almost phantasmagoric beauty (thus Mr. Sullivan heaps coals of fire on Mr. Howells and praises our "ugly pile of children's-blocks" more than does our own chronicler, Mr. Smith!); but upon the Boston water-front vast progressive utilitarian ugliness has settled down. The old harbour line is no longer distinguishable, and only the Town House of 1747 stands as a mute reminder of the penalty prosperity exacts in loss of distinction. Inland, tall buildings have played the mischief with the once numerous lanes and courts, and have made them but characterless entrances and exits. The Tremont Street Mall, once shaded by giant elms, has become a glaring "trottery" between subway kiosks. But the Frog Pond remains, where all the boys were allowed to go in swimming except on Sundays; and time as well as its inflictions has its amendments. The greatest of these is Copley Square in the new city, built where tide-water once ebbed and flowed. In the four sides of this haphazard, disjointed scheme, one must study each building separately in order to admire it (Fancy any New Yorker, however infatuated, venturing to speak of a "scheme"!); yet admiration is possible on all sides but one. The Esplanade, too, is not one of the many mistakes we have made in constantly tinkering with things, and the still vacant river-front has glorious architectural possibilities. Old Beacon Street reminds every Englishman of the view from Piccadilly across Green Park, and is the fairer of the two. Fully half the good old houses remain among the aggressive samples of modern architecture, and Louisberg Square has still all the traditional polished neatness of a Dutch town. The New England ardour for absorbing instruction of any kind gratis has long been considered a dominant characteristic of Boston—also arrogance, over-development of the critical faculty, and a feverish embracing of strange religions and causes. "The fine thing about Boston," said McKim, when they worked themselves up over the Bacchante for the Public Library, "is that it could make this matter a burning question." The assumption of papal authority is a rasping annoyance, but it is the natural foible of those who devote ardent thought to anything. To twit the Athens of America with its attainments is at least to pay tribute to their manifestations. Without high temper and tenacity no deed of worth was ever done. The book, you will thus see, lays as much emphasis on people as places. So does Mr. Lester Hornby, at least so far as getting an atmosphere of a settled social background where the map does not change overnight and where an aristocracy is not momentarily invaded by a successful deal in the Street. One might almost say he is a Bostonian (a foolhardy thing to say of an unknown man!); certainly his drawings will appeal to one and flatter him with a pleasing sense of his superiority when he turns from this well-made and well-bred book to take up again Mr. Hornby's pictures to Mr. Kerfoot's *Broadway* of last year. For atmosphere was just what those pictures lacked, and anything so subtle as social atmosphere was entirely undreamt of.

If such a Bostonian takes up *Charcoals of New and Old New York*, by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, it might crystallise this suggestion into an epigram which should

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at last avenge him for Mr. Howells's most unkindest cut of all. For it might set him to thinking by the light of Mr. Hornby's and Mr. Smith's sketches that there is no such thing as social atmosphere in New York whatever. In Mr. Smith's text you feel very distinctly that to him the salient note of the city is a pioneer change. In the spider-web bridges, lofty buildings with gold-headed canes of towers, endless ribbons of streets swarming with wheeled beetles, and countless acres of upturned ground scarred with the ruins of the old to make ready for the new—over, through, and in all this stir the breeze and thrill, the spirit and courage of a Great City making by Great Men. (Mr. Sullivan never once feels the need of capitals in speaking of Boston!) But he gets little of this spirit into his pictures. The spoil of the painter is in the very chaos of the city's variety, he says, and he has rather chosen to leave to his text his feeling of a daily transformation. His facile and capable charcoal sketches chiefly present small detached bits of New York chosen for their pictorial value and historical significance. His very successful word-sketches are epigrammatic and seek for epithets. Beneath its man-piled coverings, he says, New York is a stone lizard, its head erect at Spuyten-Tuyvel, its arms and legs touching the two Rivers, its tail flopping the Battery. Reluctance to let things alone, said Mr. Sullivan, is one of the most exasperating of our Yankee failings, and we keep tinkering with things to make them better. But one feels that New York has changed merely because it had to expand. A grey-haired old lady once told Mr. Smith that when she was a child her father often took her to see another grey-haired old lady who owned a little farm a long way uptown, where she kept a cow. That little pasture was the site of the present white marble tower at Madison Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street! Swaggering bullies of buildings lock arms with the clouds on the very place where Peter Stuyvesant built his split tree-trunk wall twelve feet high from river to river. Hedged in but still defiant, the old church, undismayed, guarding its dead, still lifts its slender finger to heaven as it gazes down the Grand Canyon of the Yellow, where there is stored above and beneath the asphalt of the narrow gulch wealth enough to pay the national debt—yet, a few more old landmarks of buildings swept away and replaced by sky-scrapers shutting out light and air (the only things we get for nothing) and men will have to carry lanterns in broad daylight to find their office-doors. The vertical straight line—one of the fundamental laws of the Demon of Gain and Unrest—is the line of the ugly; the rectangular is two of these lines conspiring to strangle beauty. How New York will look when the little houses are all gone, and the rest of our streets are lined with dry-goods boxes set on end with fronts like so many underdone waffles is a thought which disturbs. The Brooklyn Bridge is the master work of a great archer who shot it across one wire at a time, never in thirteen years doubting his ability to make real his dream. The City Hall is a courtly old gentleman of a once famous school, with a fine Greek soul and thorough-bred to his finger-tips —who since 1810 has never lost his dignity nor, hemmed in by vulgar parvenues, his sense of the fitness of things. Elizabeth Street is the rialto of the Impoverished, the Alien, and the Stranded; and no place in the city is so picturesque as this street of portable junk-shops. Madison Square is the Out-Door Club of the Over-Tired, and the knights of the benches arrogate rights that the ineligible taxpayer is forced to respect. The Little Church Around the Corner should be a little patch of holy ground to every lover of the arts and of beauty. In its frenzied eagerness to bury its teeth in everything within sight, the Great City, strange to say, has not yet leapt upon the bit of land through which runs the Bronx—it is still, as it was twenty years ago, an oasis of beauty—whose branches are filled with hundreds of bird-songs. Fit type of the monster of the city which has seized all else is the Hydra of the Subway with its insatiable hunger; its hooded heads thrust out just above the level of its lair, it awaits its prey with open mouths and blinking glassy eyes. Upon the people who hurl themselves within the Imp of Hustle has fastened its grip. They are

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jumbled, whirled, bumped, banged, mashed, and yet they like it—they have saved for no purpose whatever six minutes and a quarter of their inexpressibly valuable time. Boast as we may, Manhattan is not beautiful. It is only an ugly pile of square blocks by day. But by night, it rises in compelling glory, the most brilliant, most beautiful, most inspiring of all the cities of the earth.

LINEAGE

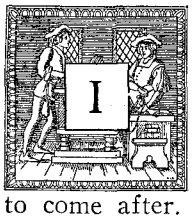
BY GEORGE STERLING

As sound is not, save when an ear apprise,
  Nor light, except recording eyes attend,
  So in the mind hath beauty birth and end,
Nor station in Time's aspect otherwise.
Between thy brows are Music's farthest skies,
  And from thy seats of dream her wings ascend.
  No fragrance is, unless thy spirit lend,
And of thyself the morning hath its dyes.

Now blooms the mystic flower: what Hand hath sown?
  Now gleam its iris-hues: what Breath hath blown
The bubble beauty risen from thy brain,
  And as a mirror evident of thee?
Gaze: let the glass distort thy dust in vain!
  Behold thyself—thyself a mystery!

WHERE TO BEGIN A PLAY

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



IF we look at a procession in the street, we can see easily, at any moment, only three blocks of it, though we may remember what has gone before and may imagine what is to come after. And if we were commissioned to take one photograph, and only one, of the parade, we should have to select that single brief period of its passage which was at the same time most interesting in itself, most reminiscent of all that had preceded, and most suggestive of all that was to follow.

Any story of human life that is worth telling in a novel or a play must concern itself with a procession of events that in reality is limitless; but the novelist, restricted to a few hundred pages, or the dramatist, restricted still more rigidly to the two or three hours' traffic of the stage, can exhibit only a brief and bounded picture of the eternal sequence of causation and result. To state the problem more simply,—a novel or a play must assume a beginning and an end; but life itself knows neither. Any actual event is, in the inspired phrase of Whitman, "an acme of things accomplished and an encloser of things to be": it is at once the result of innumerable antecedent causes and the motive of innumerable subsequent results: and to dream our way backward or forward over the procession of events of which it is a momentary incident must lead us soon to lose our minds in mystery, before the dawn or later than the dusk of imaginable time. With this eternal panorama of experi-

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ence, our concrete art can cope only by halting the procession at some particularly interesting moment and catching a sudden picture that shall look a little beyond, in both directions, the single incident on which the camera is focussed.

Just as different pictures of the same procession in the street may be chosen by photographers who snap their cameras at different moments, so various stories might be selected from the same procession of events by novelists or playwrights who should pick out different moments to begin and end their narratives. Any story, to attract and to enthrall attention, must exhibit the crisis, or climax, of a series of events; but the individual artist is left at liberty to determine how far before this crisis he shall set the initiation of his narrative and how far beyond it he shall set the end. If he is interested mainly in causes, he will choose to depict in detail the events that lead up to his climax; and if he is interested mainly in effects, he will prefer to devote the major share of his attention to those subsequent events that are occasioned by his crisis. Thus we discover in practice two types of narratives,—in one of which the main events look forward and are interesting chiefly as causes, and in the other of which the main events look backward and are interesting chiefly as results.

We may select for purposes of illustration the subject-matter of *The Scarlet Letter*. The crisis, or climax, of this imaginary train of incidents is the adultery of Hester Prynne and Arthur Dimmesdale. Hawthorne has chosen to start his story at a moment subsequent to the occurrence of this crisis and to devote his attention entirely to a study of the after-effects of the committed sin on the souls of the three characters concerned; but it is conceivable that another novelist—George Eliot, for instance—might have begun the story many years before and might have chosen to deal mainly with the causes that culminated in the crisis that Hawthorne has assumed as a condition precedent to his narrative. Thus we see that two stories wholly different in plot might be derived from the same procession of events, according as the novelist should choose to begin his narrative late or early in the sequence of causation.

Undoubtedly—in the single instance we have glanced at—Hawthorne began his narrative after the crisis because *The Scarlet Letter* was his first novel and he had been writing short-stories for over twenty years. Naturally enough, he constructed this novel as if it were a short-story. The writer of short-stories is so strictly limited to economy of means that he must deal mainly with results and must ask the reader to assume the antecedent causes; but the novelist, with his ampler scope of narrative, may deal with causes in detail and may presume in hasty summary the subsequent results. The handling of the story of *The Scarlet Letter* which we have assigned theoretically to George Eliot is more typical of the method of the novelist than the short-story structure which was imposed upon the subject-matter by the man who gave the story to the world.

In different periods of its development, the drama has oscillated between these two extremes of treatment, and has approached either the strictness of structure that is characteristic of the short-story or the more easy amplitude of narrative that is customary in the novel. In certain periods it has concerned itself mainly with causes, and in others chiefly with results.

The structure of Greek tragedy was singularly similar to the structure of the modern short-story. There are many obvious reasons for this analogy. In the first place, the physical conditions of the Greek theatre made it most convenient for the playwright to restrict his exhibition to a single place and to confine his action within a single revolution of the sun; and in the second place, the fact that the Greek playwright dealt only with traditional materials permitted him to presuppose, on the part of his audience, a knowledge of his entire story that should warrant him in assuming any number of incidents as having happened in imagination before the play began. Thus, at the performance of *Œdipus King*, the audience merely waited breathless while the hero discovered that appalling inheritance of the accumulated past, of which the audience was thor-

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oughly aware before the play began. The tragedy dealt wholly with results, and not at all with causes.

The other extreme of structure is exhibited in the Elizabethan drama. In studying the plays of Shakespeare, we should remember always that nearly all of them were dramatised novels and that the conventions of the Elizabethan theatre encouraged what may be called a "novelistic" treatment of stories on the stage. Although it was only with apparent difficulty that the Greek playwright could alter the time or place of his action, the Elizabethan playwright could denote a lapse of years, or a shift of scene from one country to another, by the simple expedient of emptying his stage and bringing other actors on to state the new conditions. Using the term "act" with its modern technical meaning, it may be said that a Greek tragedy was constructed in a single act; but a typical Elizabethan play—like *Antony and Cleopatra*—was not conceived in acts, but in an ample and uncounted sequence of half a hundred "scenes." Hence, it is not surprising that Shakespeare, like a nineteenth century novelist, devoted more of his attention to the development of causes leading up to his crisis than to the analysis of subsequent results.

But the modern drama, reduced by its investiture of scenery to the arrangement of a story in not more than three or four distinct pigeonholes of time and place, has returned more nearly to the Greek method of exhibiting a story in a single act than to the Elizabethan method of stretching a story out through fifty scenes. The exigencies of the modern stage apparently demand that the dramatist shall start his story at a time as late as possible in his procession of events and shall assume the necessary antecedent incidents in passages of backward-looking exposition. Thus, Ibsen's *Ghosts,* which—from the technical standpoint—is one of the very greatest of modern plays, is constructed according to the method of Sophocles instead of the method of Shakespeare. The entire narrative that is recounted covers nearly thirty years; and yet the actual experience that is exhibited is constricted within the compass of a few hours. And a month after we have seen the play, we remember with equal vividness those events which were disclosed upon the stage and those other events which were merely narrated in passages of retrospective exposition.

Since the average audience in any period expects the dramaturgic method to which it is habituated, it follows that the playwright looking for success should begin his story late or early in his general procession of events, according to the fashion of his time. At present it is undeniably the custom of the most highly accredited playwrights to catch a story at its climax and to build a play more out of the results than out of the causes of the crisis of the narrative. For instance,—Aubrey Tanqueray decides to marry Paula; and Pinero's play exhibits not the causes leading up to this decision but the tragic series of events resultant from it.

From these general considerations it should be evident that a playwright, in any period, may spoil a good story by beginning his play at the wrong moment and exhibiting an ill-selected section of his entire drift of incident. Ibsen—for example—spoiled the story of *Rosmersholm* by beginning his play at a point too far along in the general procession of events; and many other plays have been spoiled by playwrights who have started their stories too far before the crisis of the narrative. Of this latter type, an interesting instance is offered in *The High Road,* by Mr. Edward Sheldon.

"The High Road"

The High Road is described by Mr. Sheldon as "a pilgrimage, in five parts." In the first part the heroine is seventeen years old, in the second part she is twenty, in the third she is thirty-eight, and in the fourth and fifth parts she is forty. In constructing his story in the manner of a nineteenth century novel instead of in accordance with the custom of the contemporary drama, Mr. Sheldon's purpose was evidently to suggest a vision of the long and varied life-experience that must necessarily precede any vigorous assertion of character at a dramatic crisis. This is, of course, a proper purpose for the novel-

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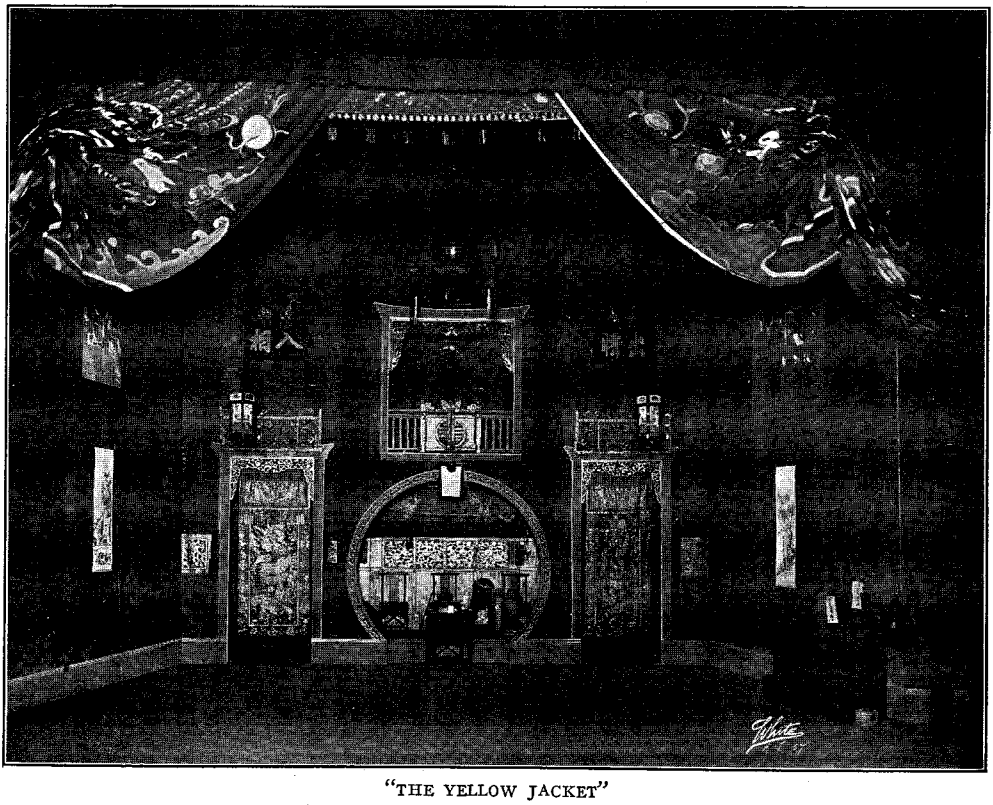
ist; but Mr. Sheldon's effort proves conclusively that this gradual accumulation of causes ought not to be attempted in a play.

The crisis of Mr. Sheldon's story occurs in the fourth part; and the events exhibited in the preceding three parts are interesting only as preparations for the crisis. That is to say, they become significant only when we have reached a point of view from which we may look back upon them in the light of the crisis they have caused. It is evident therefore that these antecedent incidents should not be shown at all upon the stage, but should be assumed—as Ibsen would have assumed them—in passages of retrospective exposition introduced immediately before and immediately after the crisis of the action. The play is spoiled because the author began his exhibition of events at a moment over twenty years too early in the "pilgrimage" he wished to represent.

The story of the drama is as follows: The governor of New York State is running for the Presidency of the United States on a progressive platform. In his campaign he has been greatly aided by his wife, to whom he has been married for two years. Before her marriage, the heroine, as president of the national federation of women's labour unions, had been active in many States in fostering the passage of legislation to ameliorate the lot of working-girls. She had been prominent in this work for nearly twenty years,—ever since the time when she had been a working-girl herself and had slaved for meagre wages in a shirt-waist factory. The governor's most powerful political opponent is a man who is the head of many trusts; and this man seeks to force the candidate to renounce the very liberal labour plank in his platform. When fair means fail, the politician fishes up a scandal from the distant past and threatens to make a public



"THE YELLOW JACKET"

This is a picture of the Chinese stage on which "The Yellow Jacket" is performed. This imaginary Chinese play, produced according to the traditional conventions of the Chinese theatre, is the finest artistic achievement of the present season.

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"THE HIGH ROAD"—PART V

"Instead of wilting before the politician, the heroine dares him to publish the story that defames her, and threatens at the same time to publish a statement of her own, admitting the truth of the politician's story and making clear his motives for printing it. She is willing to let the people of the nation judge between them. The politician backs down."

statement that, twenty years before she met her husband, the heroine had lived for three years as the consort of a wealthy painter without the formality of legal marriage. This fact the heroine admits. She is no longer even ashamed of the experience; for she feels that the entire subsequent course of her beneficent career was occasioned by her reaction and revolt from that early error. Instead, therefore, of wilting before the politician, she dares him to publish the story that defames her, and threatens at the same time to publish a statement of her own, admitting the truth of the politician's story and making clear his motives for printing it. She is willing to let the people of the nation judge between them. The politician backs down; and it is presumed that the husband of the heroine is subsequently elected to the Presidency.

All of the events which have been gathered into the foregoing summary are exhibited in the last two parts of Mr. Sheldon's five-part play. It must be evident that it is not necessary to exhibit the events of the preceding three parts, but that they may be expounded retrospectively in the dialogue occasioned by the crisis. The entire narrative could easily be set forth in a single room and in a continuous period of only two or three hours of imagined time. It is a pity that the author spoiled a really interesting play by preceding it with the narration of a three-part novel.

"Snow White"

As a play for children, Mr. Winthrop Ames's production of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* precisely hits the mark of the occasion. The piece has been dramatised by a lady whose *nom de plume* is Jessie Braham White, from the famous fairy-story of the Brothers Grimm. The drift

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"BELLA DONNA"—ACT III

"Dr. Isaacson merely sits down and argues with the heroine for half an hour."

of narrative is natural and easy, and the wording of the dialogue is very simple. The action occupies a year and a day, from the time when Prince Florimond of Calydon first comes to ask for the hand of Snow White, and the little princess is sent away by her jealous step-mother, Queen Brangomar, to be murdered in the dark forest, to the time when Snow White is brought back to the royal palace apparently dead, but is then and there happily revived, to triumph over the wicked queen and marry Prince Florimond after all. Meanwhile we are made familiar with the homely and happy life of Snow White in the little forest hut belonging to the Seven Dwarfs, and are informed of the many machinations by which Queen Brangomar and the clever old Witch Hexie seek to bring about her death.

The main merit of *Snow White* is that it is honestly and utterly a fairy-tale for children. There are no hidden philosophical intentions in the text, and the story is mercifully free from any moral. The piece is neither didactic nor symbolic, but is as simple as it seems to be. It is charmingly acted, by a cast composed almost entirely of children; and the scenery and costumes are very lovely in design and colour.

"Hawthorne of the U. S. A."

Hawthorne of the U. S. A. is an irresponsible but entertaining combination of Anthony Hope romance and George M. Cohan comedy. The piece was written originally by Mr. James Bernard Fagan; but it has been considerably altered since its importation to America. It is now less consistently romantic and more uproariously farcical than when it was first exhibited in London.

A breezy young American who has accumulated a lot of ready money by break-

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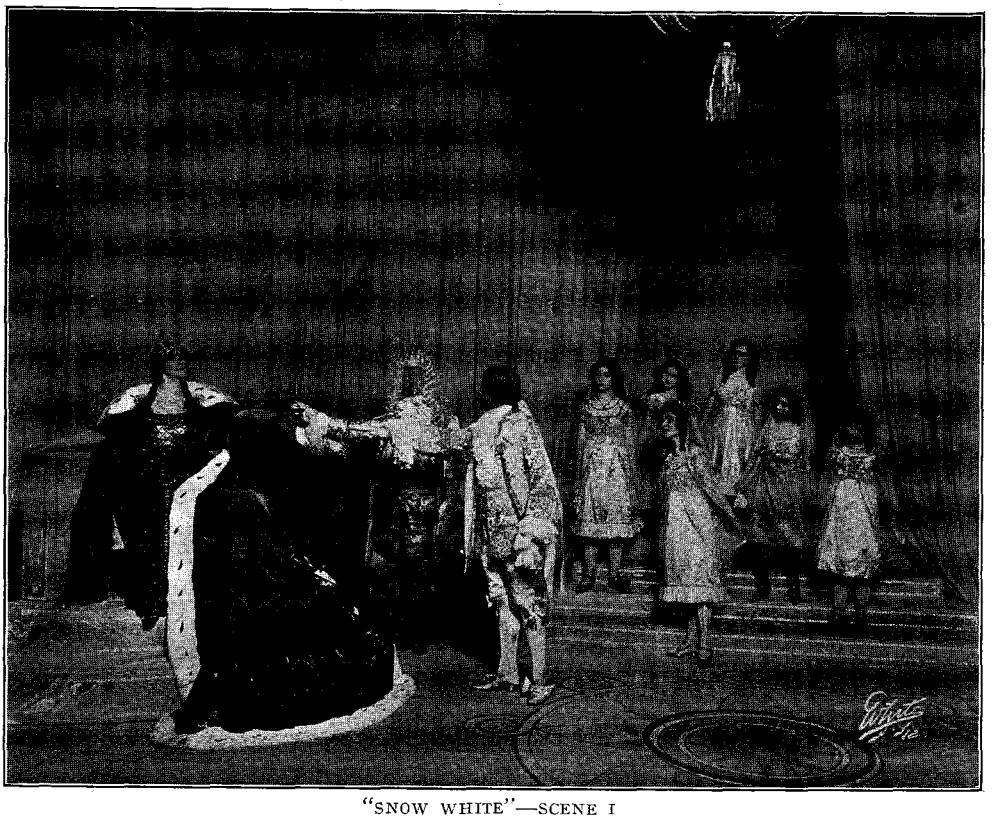

"SNOW WHITE"—SCENE I

"Prince Florimond of Calydon comes to ask for the hand of Snow White."

ing the bank at Monte Carlo drifts over to the Balkan States in search of adventure. He falls in love with the Princess Irma, the only daughter of the King of the imaginary state of Borrovina; and for her sake he averts a revolution that threatens to dethrone her father, and, settling down in the capital, converts the bankrupt little kingdom within a year into a thriving and popular resort for tourists. His business methods are similar to those of Mr. Cohan's daring hero, the famous Wallingford; and he is so successful in setting Borrovina on its feet that the king resigns his crown and turns the little state into a republic in order that his daughter may marry the American.

There is a mood of merry insanity about this play which is unquestionably entertaining; and perhaps the very success of the piece is owing to the fact that it lacks the logical consistency that we commonly expect in the romantic drama.

"Bella Donna"

Mr. James Bernard Fagan is also the author of a lurid melodrama entitled *Bella Donna,* which he adapted from the novel of the same name by Mr Robert Hichens.

The heroine is an alluring lady of many pasts. The Honourable Nigel Armine marries her in London and takes her out to Egypt, where he is engaged upon a task of engineering. She soon tires of her husband and transfers her affections to a rich Egyptian named Mahmoud Baroudi. Baroudi urges her to get rid of Armine by sprinkling sugar of lead in his coffee day after day. This strikes the erotic heroine as an excellent idea. Armine soon sickens of the poison and is reduced to the point of death. At this moment his friend, Dr. Meyer Isaacson, a famous London physician, providentially turns up in Egypt, and, against the futile protests of the heroine, proceeds to drag her husband back to life and health.

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"SNOW WHITE"—SCENE V

"The homely and happy life of Snow White in the little forest hut belonging to the Seven Dwarfs is terminated by the machinations by which Queen Brangomar seeks to bring about her death."

Dr. Isaacson, who knows the heroine's little habits, ultimately persuades his friend that she has tried to murder him; and Armine casts her forth into the night. She flings herself upon the neck of Mahmoud Baroudi; but this canny Egyptian refuses to accept her at the price of a scandal that would damage his reputation with the English. So the lady, being left without a lover, can only wander disconsolately off the stage as the final curtain falls.

This sensational fabric bears no reference to life. A single incident will suffice to indicate its artificiality. When Armine is at the point of death, his wife refuses to allow Dr. Isaacson to see him. Armine is in an adjoining room, behind a door which is not even locked; but instead of pushing his way past the wicked woman whom he knows to be a murderess, and dashing in to save the dying man who is his best-belovèd friend, Dr. Isaacson merely sits down and argues with the heroine for half an hour.—Yet an adult audience is expected to take this situation seriously.

"Our Wives"

Our Wives is an American adaptation, by Helen Krafft and Frank Mandel, of Ludwig Fulda's comedy entitled *Jugendfreunde*. A direct translation of this play was acted in New York some years ago by the students of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. The piece is somewhat old-fashioned, and exhibits that excessive symmetry of structure which we have learned to disguise in recent years; but the present version is, at least, mildly entertaining.

A club of four bachelors is broken up when three of them announce simultaneously that they are engaged to be married. The sole surviving bachelor vows that he at least will never succumb to the

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MME. SIMONE AS THE HEROINE OF "THE PAPER CHASE"
"The piece is set in 1780 in the palace of Versailles. It is a comedy of intrigue that might have been written by Eugène Scribe."

wiles of woman. In the second act, which happens five weeks later, he gives a dinner to the three friends of his youth, in order that their wives may meet each other; but the women figuratively pull each other's hair and the dinner ends in discord. The three married men are at last forced to acknowledge that the hero is more blessèd in his single state; and at this ironic moment the hero is of course obliged to tell them that he in turn has decided to take the fatal plunge. He has fallen in love with a little woman with whom he has been collaborating on an opera; and the major part of the play has been devoted to the development of this love which the woman-hating hero has been unable to resist.

"Never Say Die"

Never Say Die, a farce by W. H. Post and William Collier, exhibits the casual and bland facetiousness that may always be expected in Mr. Collier's entertainments; but it is even more amusing than several of its predecessors, because of the cleverness of its central idea.

A wealthy young man is assured by his

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"OUR WIVES"—ACT I

"The major part of the play is devoted to the development of a love which the woman-hating hero is unable to resist."

physicians that he will die within a month. Having no one else to whom to leave his money, he resolves to marry the fiancée of a poverty-stricken friend of his, in order that the girl, as a wealthy widow, may bring a fortune to his friend. Of course he leaves his bride at the altar and prepares himself for death. But it soon appears that his physicians have guessed wrong. A year later he is still alive and thoroughly restored to health. Meanwhile the girl has fallen out of love with her former fiancé; and she now persuades her legal husband to accept her as his wife.—To catch the possibilities of fun in this idea it is necessary only to imagine Mr. Collier's performance of the hero.

"The Paper Chase"

The Paper Chase is an anachronism in four acts, by Mr. Louis N. Parker. It might have been written by Eugène Scribe, or by Victorien Sardou in those early days of his career when he was imitating Scribe. It is a comedy of intrigue whose intricate plot sustains no living delineation of character.

The piece is set in 1780 in the palace of Versailles. The Marquis of Belange

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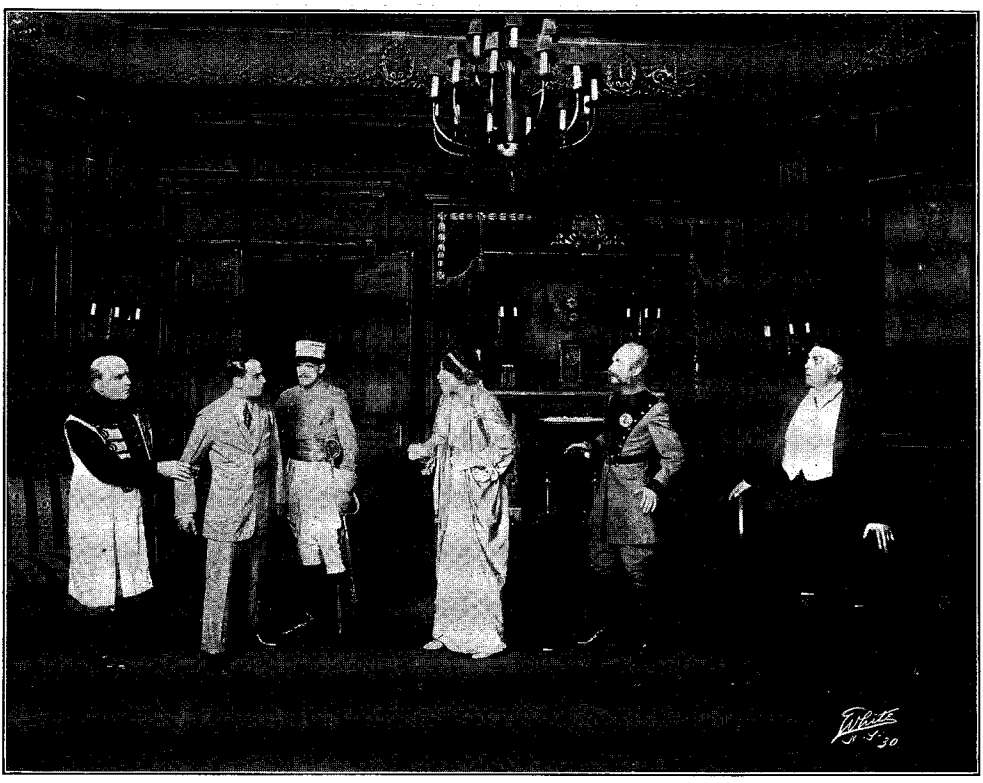
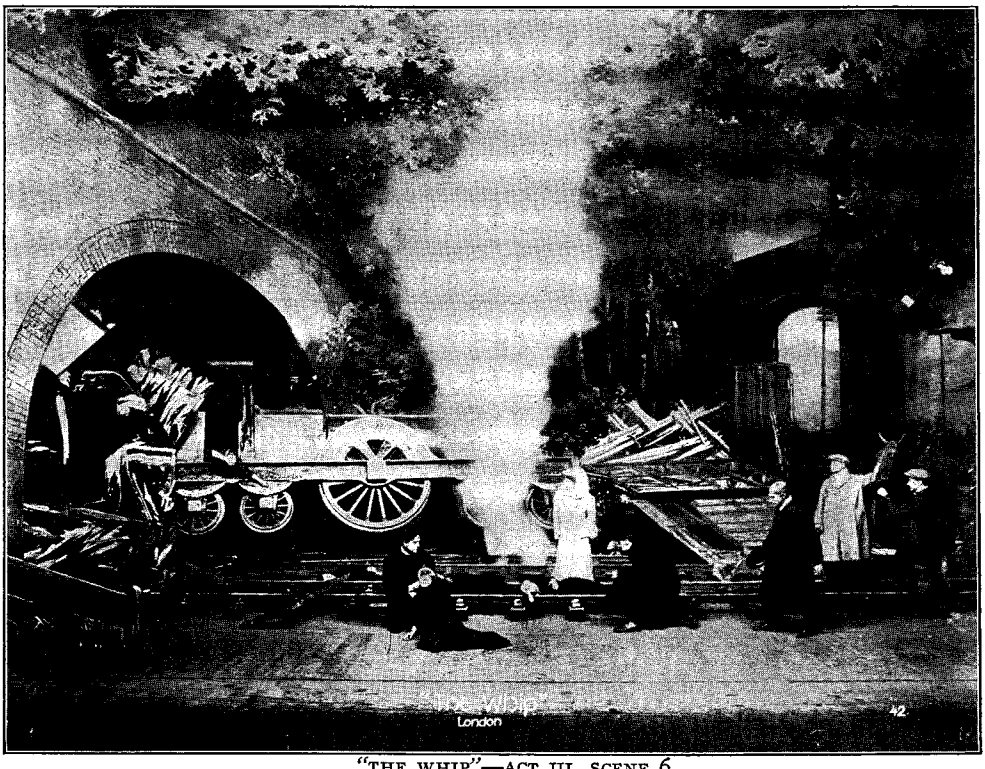


"HAWTHORNE OF THE U. S. A."—ACT III

"A breezy young American falls in love with the only daughter of the King of the imaginary state of Bonovina; and for her sake he averts a revolution that threatens to dethrone her father."



"THE WHIP"—ACT III, SCENE 6

"After the race-horse has been rescued from the box-car in the nick of time, an express train emerges from a tunnel and smashes the empty car to splinters."

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seeks to recover a paper which has been stolen from the Duke of Richelieu by the Baroness von Schoenberg; but his paper chase is complicated by the fact that he falls in love with the lady whom it is his duty to outwit. There are several spirited moments in the plot, but the characters are never real and the dialogue seldom sparkles into wit. There seems to be no adequate reason why a play of this old-fashioned type should be offered to the public at the present day.

"The Whip"

The Whip, by those experienced craftsmen of the theatre, Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, is an exceptionally good example of the dear old type of ten, twenty, and thirty cent melodrama that has been driven off the by-ways of Broadway by the five-cent moving-picture show but still flourishes at Drury Lane in London. Its complicated tale of villainy and virtue is unfolded in a panorama of thirteen scenes. It is a little difficult to endure the somewhat protracted passages of comic relief that are scattered through the narrative; but several of the plot-effects are genuinely thrilling. The best of all the many thrills is provided by a sure-enough railway wreck upon the stage. The villain uncouples from a moving train a box-car which contains a famous race-horse that belongs to the heroine; and, after the horse has been rescued from the box-car in the nick of time, an express train emerges from a tunnel and smashes the empty car to splinters.

TALES OF THE MERMAID TAVERN

VIII

BY ALFRED NOYES

(KIT MARLOWE)

Nash brought the news. He crept into the room,
Shivering like a fragment of the night,
His face yellow as parchment, and his eyes
Burning. A roar of laughter greeted him,
"Drunk! The old carrion-crow is drunk again!"
But, through the roar, as through a storm at sea
The master's voice, the voice of Ben rang out,
"Nash!"
Ben leapt to his feet, and like a ship
Shouldering the waves, he shouldered the throng aside.
"What ails you, man? What's that upon your breast?
Blood? Are you wounded."
"Marlowe is dead," said Nash,
And stunned the room to silence. . . .
"Marlowe—dead!"
Ben caught him by the shoulders. "Nash! Awake!
What do you mean? Marlowe? Kit Marlowe? Dead?
I supped with him—why—not three nights ago!
You are drunk! You are dazed! There's blood upon your coat!"
"That's—where he died," said Nash, and suddenly sank
Sidelong across a bench, bowing his head
Between his hands. Ay, our Piers Penniless
Wept, I believe. Then, like a whip of steel,
His lean black figure sprung erect again.
"Marlowe!" he cried, "Kit Marlowe, killed for a punk,

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A taffeta petticoat! Killed by an apple-squire!
Drunk? I was drunk; but I am sober now,
Sober enough, by God! Poor Kit is dead."
* * * * * * *
And, all that week the Mermaid Inn was thronged
With startled faces. Voices rose and fell,
As I recall them, in a great vague dream,
Curious, pitiful, angry, thrashing out
The tragic truth. Then, all along the Cheape
The ballad-mongers waved their sheets of rhyme,
Croaking: *"Come buy! Come buy! The bloody death
Of Wormall, writ by Master Richard Bame!
Come buy! Come buy! The Atheist's Tragedy."*
And, even in Bread Street, at our very door,
The crowder to his cracked old fiddle sang:

*"He was a poet of proud repute,
And wrote full many a play,
Now strutting in a silken suit,
Now begging by the way."*

Then, out of the hubbub and the clash of tongues,
The bawdy tales and scraps of balladry,
(As out of chaos rose the slow round world)
At last, though for the Mermaid Inn alone,
Emerged some tragic semblance of a soul,
Some semblance of the rounded truth, a world
Glimpsed only through great mists of blood and tears,
Yet smitten, here and there, with dreadful light,
As I believe, from heaven.
Strangely enough,
(Though Ben forgot his pipe and Will's deep eyes
Deepened and softened, when they spoke of Kit,
For many a month thereafter) it was Nash
That took the blow like steel into his heart.
Nash, our "Piers Penniless," whom Rob Greene had called
"Young Juvenal," the first satirist of our age,
Nash, of the biting tongue and subtle sneer,
Brooded upon it, till his grief became
Sharp as a rapier, ready to lunge in hate
At all the lies of shallower hearts.
One night,
The night he raised the mists from that wild world,
He talked with Chapman in the Mermaid Inn
Of Marlowe's poem that was left half-sung,
His *Hero and Leander.*
"Kit desired,
If he died first, that you should finish it,"
Said Nash.
A loaded silence filled the room
As with the imminent spirit of the dead
Listening. And long that picture haunted me:
Nash, like a lithe young Mephistopheles
Leaning between the silver candle-sticks,
Across the oak table, with his lean white face,
Dark smouldering eyes, and black, dishevelled hair;
Chapman, with something of the steady strength

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That helms our ships, and something of the Greek,
The cool clear passion of Platonic thought
Behind the fringe of his Olympian beard
And broad Homeric brows, confronting him
Gravely.
There was a burden of mystery
Brooding on all that night; and, when at last
Chapman replied, I knew he felt it, too.
The curious pedantry of his wonted speech
Was charged with living undertones, like truths
Too strange and too tremendous to be breathed
Save thro' a mask. And though, in lines that flamed
Once with strange rivalry, Shakespeare himself defied
Chapman, that spirit "by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch," Will's nimbler sense
Was quick to breathings from beyond our world
And could not hold them lightly.
"Ah, then Kit,"
Said Chapman, "had some prescience of his end,
Like many another dreamer. What strange hints
Of things past, present, and to come there lie
Sealed in the magic pages of true Song,
Which, laying strong hold on universal laws,
Ranges beyond these mud-walls of the flesh,
Though dull wits fail to follow. It was this
That made men find an oracle in the books
Of Virgil, and an everlasting fount
Of science in the prophets."
Once again
That haunted silence filled the shadowy room;
And, far away up Bread Street, we could hear
The crowder, piping of black Wormall still:

"He had a friend, once gay and green,
Who died of want alone,
In whose black fate he might have seen
The warning of his own."

"Strange he should ask a hod-man like myself
To crown that miracle of his April age,"
Said Chapman, murmuring softly under breath,
"Amorous Leander, beautiful and young. . . .
Why, Nash, had Eros charged my Muse to raise
Out of its grave in the green Hellespont
The Hero-handled body of that boy,
Aye, make it leap and sparkle through the waves
And rush into her warm white arms again,
The task were scarce as hard. But—stranger still"—
And his next words, although I hardly knew
All that he meant, went tingling through my flesh—
"Before you spoke, before I knew his wish,
I had begun to write!
I knew and loved
His work. Himself I hardly knew at all;
And yet—I know him now! I have heard him now!
And, since he pledged me in so rare a cup,
I'll lift and drink to him, though lightnings fall

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From envious gods to scourge me. I will lift
This cup in darkness to the soul that reigns
In light on Helicon. Who knows how near?
For I have thought, sometimes, when I have tried
To work his will, the hand that moved my pen
Was mine, and yet—not mine. The bodily mask
Is mine, and sometimes, dull as clay, it sleeps
With old Musæus. Then strange flashes come,
Oracular glories, visionary gleams,
And the mask moves, not of itself, and sings."
"I know that thought," said Nash. "A mighty ship,
A lightning-shattered wreck, out in that night,
Unseen, has foundered thundering. We sit here
Snug on the shore, and feel the wash of it,
The widening circles running to our feet.
Can such a soul go down to glut the sharks
Without one ripple? Here comes one sprinkle of spray.
Listen!" And through that night, quick and intense,
And hushed for thunder, tingled once again
Like a thin wire, the crowder's distant tune:

"Had he been prenticed to the trade
His father followed still,
This exit he had never made,
Nor played a part so ill."

"Here is another," said Nash, "I know not why;
But like a weed in the long wash, I, too,
Was moved, not of myself, to a tune like this.
O, I can play the crowder, fiddle and sing
On a dead friend, with any the best of you,
Lie and kick heels in the sun on a dead man's grave,
And yet—God knows—it is the best we can;
And better than the world's way, to forget."
So saying, like one that murmurs happy words
To torture his own grief, half in self-scorn,
He breathed a scrap of balladry that raised
The mists a moment from that Paradise,
That primal world of innocence, where Kit
In childhood played, outside his father's shop,
Under the sign of the *Golden Shoe,* as thus:

A cobbler lived in Canterbury
—He is dead now, poor soul!—
He sat at his door and stitched in the sun,
Nodding and smiling at every one;
For St. Hugh makes all good cobblers merry,
And often he sang as the pilgrims passed,
"I can hammer a soldier's boot,
And daintily glove a dainty foot!
Many a sandal from my hand
Has walked the road to Holy Land!
Knights may fight for me, priests may pray for me,
Pilgrims walk the pilgrims' way for me,
I have a work in the world to do!
—*Trowl the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,*
To good St. Hugh!—
The cobbler must stick to his last."

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And anon he would cry
"Kit! Kit! Kit!" to his little son,
"Look at the pilgrims riding by!
Dance down, hop down, after them, run!"
Then, like an unfledged linnet, out
Would tumble the brave little lad,
With a piping shout,—
"O, look at them, look at them, look at them, Dad!
Priest and prioress, abbot and friar,
Soldier and seaman, knight and squire!
How many countries have they seen?
Is there a king there, is there a queen?
Dad, one day,
Thou and I must ride like this,
All along the Pilgrims' Way,
By Glastonbury and Samarcand,
El Dorado and Cathay,
London and Persepolis,
All the way to Holy Land!"

Then, shaking his head as if he knew,
Under the sign of the *Golden Shoe*
Touched by the glow of the setting sun
While the pilgrims passed,
The little cobbler would laugh and say:
"When you are old you will understand
'Tis a very long way
To Samarcand!
Why, largely to exaggerate
Befits not men of small estate,
But—I should say, yes, I should say,
'Tis a hundred miles from where you stand;
And a hundred more, my little son,
A hundred more, to Holy Land!—
I have a work in the world to do
—*Trowl the bowl, the nut-brown bowl*
To good St. Hugh!—
The cobbler must stick to his last."

"Which last," said Nash, breaking his rhyme off short,
"The crowder, after his kind, would seeem to approve.
Well——all the waves from that great wreck out there
Break, and are lost in one with-drawing sigh:

The little lad that used to play
Around the cobbler's door,
Kit Marlowe, Kit Marlowe,
We shall not see him more.

But—could I tell you how that galleon sank,
Could I but bring you to that hollow whirl,
The black gulf in mid-ocean, where that wreck
Went thundering down, and round it hell still roars,
That were a tale to snap all fiddle-strings."
"Tell me," said Chapman.
"Ah, you wondered why,"
Said Nash, "you wondered why he asked your help

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To crown that work of his. Why, Chapman, think,
Think of the cobbler's awl—there's a stout lance
To couch at London, there's a conquering point
To carry in triumph through Persepolis!
I tell you Kit was nothing but a child,
When some rich patron of the *Golden Shoe*
Beheld him riding into Samarcand
Upon a broken chair, the which he said
Was a white steed, splashed with the blood of kings.
When, on that patron's bounty, he did ride
So far as Cambridge, he was a brave lad,
Untamed, adventurous, but still innocent,
O, innocent as the cobbler's little self!
He brought to London just a bundle and stick,
A slender purse, an Ovid, a few scraps
Of song, and all unshielded, all unarmed,
A child's heart, packed with splendid hopes and dreams.
I say a child's heart, Chapman, and that phrase
Crowns, not discrowns, his manhood.
Well—he turned
An honest penny, taking some small part
In plays at the *Red Bull*. And, all the while,
Beyond the paint and tinsel of the stage,
Beyond the greasy cock-pit with its reek
Of orange-peel and civet, as all of these
Were but the clay churned by the glorious rush
Of his white chariots and his burning steeds,
Nay, as the clay were a shadow, his great dreams
Like bannered legions on some proud Crusade,
Empurpling all the deserts of the world,
Swept on in triumph to the glittering towers
Of his abiding City.
Then—he met
That damned blood-sucking cockatrice, the pug
Of some fine strutting mummer, ay, you know,—
Heliogabalus Pomp, one of those plagues
Bred by our stage, a puff-ball on the hill
Of Helicon, so swollen with self-conceit
As never to see that even his flatterers
Praised him with twitching mouths, that every word
Wherewith they gulled him held some secret jest,
And tickled even the urchins who up-bore
His absurd train. And—for his wench—she too
Had played so many parts that she forgot
The cue for truth. King Puff had taught her well.
He was the vainer and more foolish thing,
She the more poisonous.
One dark day, to spite
Archer, a player in Puff's own company,
Her latest paramour, she set her eyes
On Kit. She found an interest in his dreams,
Told him a long tale of her luckless life,
Wedded, deserted, both against her will,
A luckless Eve that never knew the snake.
True and half-true she mixed in one wild lie,
And then—she caught him by the hand and wept.

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Ay, and despite his Ovid, all at once
Her eyes, her perfumed hair, and her red mouth,
Her warm white breast, her civet-scented skin,
Swimming before him, in a piteous mist,
Made the lad drunk, and—she was in his arms;
And all that God had meant to wake one day
Under the Sun of Love, suddenly woke
By candle-light and cried 'The Sun! The Sun!'
And he believed it, Chapman, he believed it!
He was a cobbler's son, and he believed
In Love! Blind, through that mist, he caught at Love,
The everlasting King of all this world!

Kit was not clever! Clever men—like Pomp—
Might jest! And fools might laugh! But when a man,
Simple as all great elemental things,
Makes his whole heart a sacrificial fire
To one whose love is in her supple skin,
There comes a laughter in which jests break up
Like ice-bergs in a sea of burning marl.
Then dreamers turn to murderers in an hour.
Then topless towers are burnt, and the Ocean-sea
Tramples the proud fleet, down, into the dark,
And sweeps over it, laughing. Come and see,
The heart now of this darkness—no more waves,
But the black central hollow where that wreck
Went down for ever.
How should Piers Penniless
Burn that wild picture on the world's black heart,
Brand it with lightning, or with acids bite
Its lines into the forehead of old Night?
Might it be done thus? Borrow a terrible hint
From old Verona?—We are friends together
Mourning a dead friend, none will ever know,—
Kit, do you smile at poor Piers Penniless,
Measuring it out? Ah, boy, it is my best!
Since hearts must beat, let it be *terza rima,*
A ladder of rhyme that two sad friends alone
May let down, thus, to the last circle of hell."

So saying, and motionless as a man in trance,
Nash breathed the words that raised the veil anew,
Strange intervolving words which, as he spake them,
Moved like the huge slow whirlpool of that pit
Where the wreck sank, the serpentine slow folds
Of the lewd Kraken that sucked it, shuddering, down:

This is the Deptford Inn! Climb the dark stair!
Come, come and see Kit Marlowe lying dead!
See, on the table, by that broken chair,

The little phials of paint—the white and red.
A cut-lawn kerchief hangs behind the door,
Left by his punk, even as the tapster said.

There is the gold-fringed taffeta gown she wore,
And on that wine-stained bed, as is most meet,
He lies alone, never to waken more.

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O, still as chiselled marble, the frayed sheet
Folds the still form on that sepulchral bed,
Hides the dead face, and peaks the rigid feet.

Come, come and see Kit Marlowe lying dead!
Draw back the sheet, ah, tenderly lay bare
The splendour of that Apollonian head;

The gloriole of his flame-coloured hair;
The lean athletic body, deftly planned
To carry that swift soul of fire and air;

The long thin flanks, the broad breast, and the grand
Heroic shoulders! Look, what lost dreams lie
Cold in the fingers of that delicate hand;

And, shut within those lyric lips, what cry
Of unborn beauty, sunk in utter night,
Lost worlds of song, sealed in an unknown sky,

Never to be brought forth, clothed on with light,
Was this, then, this the secret of his song?—
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?

It was not Love, not Love, that wrought this wrong;
And yet—what evil shadow of this dark town
Could quench a soul so flame-like clean and strong,

Strike the young glory of his manhood down,
Dead, like a dog, dead in a drunken brawl,
Dead for a phial of paint, a taffeta-gown?

What if his blood were hot? High over all
He heard, as in his song the world still hears,
Those angels on the burning heavenly wall

Who chant the thunder-music of the spheres!
Yet—through the glory of his own young dream
Here did he meet that face, wet with strange tears,

Andromeda, with piteous face astream,
Hailing him Perseus! In her treacherous eyes,
As in dark pools the mirrored stars will gleam,

Here did he see his own eternal skies;
And here—she laughed, nor found the dream amiss;
But bade him pluck and eat—in Paradise.

Here did she hold him, broken up with bliss,
Here, like a supple snake, around him coiled,
Here did she pluck his heart out with a kiss,

Here were the wings clipped and the glory soiled,
Here adders coupled in the pure white shrine;
Here was the Wine spilt, and the Shew-bread spoiled.

Black was that feast, though he who poured the Wine
Dreamed that he poured it in high sacrament.
Deep in her eyes he saw his own eyes shine,

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Beheld Love's god-head and was well content!
  Subtly her hand struck the pure silver note,
The throbbing chord of passion that God meant

To swell the bliss of heaven. Round his young throat
  She wound her swarthy tresses; then, with eyes
Half mad to see their power, half mad to gloat,

Half mad to batten on their own devilries,
  And mark what heaven-born splendours they could quell,
She held him quivering in a mesh of lies,

And in soft broken speech began to tell—
  There, as against her heart, throbbing he lay—
The truth that hurled his soul from heaven to hell.

Quivering, she watched the subtle whip-lash flay
  The white flesh of the dreams of his pure youth;
Then sucked the blood and left them cold as clay.

Luxuriously she lashed him with the truth!
  Against his mouth her subtle mouth she set
To show, as through a mask, O, without ruth,

As through a cold clay mask (brackish and wet
  With what strange tears!) it was not his, not his,
The kiss that through his quivering lips she met.

Kissing him, *"thus,"* she whispered, *"did he kiss!*
  Ah is the sweetness like a sword, then, sweet?
Last night—ah, kiss again—aching with bliss."

Thus was I made his own, from head to feet!
  —A sudden agony thro' his body swept
Tempestuously.—*"Our wedded pulses beat*

Like this and this; and then, at dawn, he slept!"
  She laughed, pouting her lips against his cheek
To drink; and, as in answer, Marlowe wept.

As a dead man in dreams, he heard her speak!
  Clasped in the bitter grave of that sweet clay,
Wedded and one with it, he moaned. Too weak

Even to lift his head, sobbing, he lay.
  Then, slowly, as their breathings rose and fell,
He felt the storm of passion, far away,

Gather. The shuddering waves began to swell.
  Then, through the menace of the thunder-roll,
The thin quick lightnings, thrilling through his hell,

Lightnings that hell itself could not control
  (Even while she strove to bow his neck anew)
Woke the great slumbering legions of his soul.

Sharp was that severance of the false and true,
  Sharp as a sword drawn from a shuddering wound!
But they, that were one flesh, were cloven in two.

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Flesh leapt from clasping flesh, without a sound!
He plucked his body from her white embrace,
And cast him down, and grovelled on the ground.

Yet, ere he went, he strove once more to trace,
Deep in her eyes, the loveliness he knew;
Then—spat his hatred into her smiling face.

She clung to him. He flung her off. He drew
His dagger, thumbed the blade, and laughed—"Poor punk!
What! Would you make me your own murderer, too?"

* * * * * * *

"That was the day of our great feast," said Nash,
"Aboard the *Golden Hind*. The grand old hulk
Was drawn up for the citizens' wonderment
At Deptford. Ay, Piers Penniless was there!
Soaked and besotted as I was, I saw
Everything. On her poop the minstrels played;
And round her sea-worn keel, like meadow-sweet
Curtseying round a lightning-blackened oak,
Prentices and their sweethearts heel and toe,
Danced the brave English dances, clean and fresh
As May.
But in her broad gun-guarded waist
Once red with British blood, long tables groaned
For revellers not so worthy. Where her guns
Had raked the seas, barrels of ale were sprung,
Bestrid by roaring tipplers. Where at night
The storm-beat crew silently bowed their heads
With Drake before the King of Life and Death,
A strumpet wrestled with a mountebank
For pence, a loose-limbed Lais with a clown
Of Cherry Hilton. Leering at their lewd twists,
Cross-legged upon the deck, sluggish with sack,
Like a squat toad sat Heliogabalus Pomp.
Propped up against the bulwarks at his side,
Archer, his apple-squire, hiccoughed a bawdy song.

Suddenly, through that orgie, with wild eyes,
Yet with her customary smile, O, there
I saw in daylight what Kit Marlowe saw
Through blinding mists, the face of his first love.
She stood before her paramour on the deck,
Cocking her painted head to right and left,
Her white teeth smiling, but her voice a hiss;
'Quickly,' she said to Archer, 'come away,
Or there'll be blood spilt!'
'Better blood than wine,'
Said Archer, struggling to his feet, 'but who,
Who would spill blood?'
'Marlowe!' she said.
Then Pomp
Reeled to his feet. 'What, Kit, the cobbler's son?
The lad that broke his leg at the *Red Bull*,
Tambourlaine-Marlowe, he that would chain kings
To's chariot-wheel? What, is he rushing hither?
He would spill blood for Gloriana, hey?

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O, my Belphoebe, you will crack my sides?
Was this the wench that shipped a thousand squires?
O, ho! But here he comes. Now, solemnly, lads,—
Now walk the angels on the walls of heaven
To entertain divine Zenocrate!'

And there stood Kit, high on the storm-scarred poop,
Against the sky, bare-headed. I saw his face,
Pale, innocent, just the clear face of that boy,
Who walked to Cambridge with a bundle and stick,—
The little cobbler's son. Yet—there I caught
My only glimpse of how the sun-god looked,
And only for one moment.
When he saw
His mistress, his face whitened, and he shook.
Down to the decks he came, a poor weak man;
And yet—by God—the only man that day
In all our drunken crew.
'Come along, Kit,'
Cried Pomp, 'we'll all be friends now, all take hands,
And dance—ha! ha!—the shaking of the sheets!'
Then Archer, shuffling a step, raised his cracked voice
In Kit's own song to a falsetto tune,
Snapping one hand, thus, over his head as he danced:—
'Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove!' . . .

Pomp, reeled between, laughing, 'Damn you,' cried Kit,
And, catching the fat swine by his round soft throat,
Hurled him headlong, crashing across the tables,
To lie and groan in the red bilge of wine
That washed the scuppers.
Kit gave him not one glance.
'Archer,' he said in a whisper.
Instantly
A long thin rapier flashed in Archer's hand.
The ship was one wild uproar. Women screamed
And huddled together. A drunken clamorous ring
Seethed around Marlowe and his enemy.
Kit drew his dagger, slowly, and I knew
Blood would be spilt.
'Here, take my rapier, Kit!'
I cried across the crowd, seeing the lad
Was armed so slightly. But he did not hear.
I could not reach him.
All at once he leapt
Like a wounded tiger, past the rapier point
Straight at his enemy's throat. I saw his hand
Upraised to strike! I heard a harlot's scream,
And, in mid-air, the hand stayed, quivering, white,
A frozen menace.
I saw a yellow claw
Twisting the dagger out of that frozen hand;
I saw his own steel in that yellow grip,
His own lost lightning raised to strike at him!
I saw it flash! I heard the driving grunt
Of him that struck! Then, with a shout, the crowd

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Sundered, and through the gap, a blank red thing
Streaming with blood, came the blind face of Kit,
Reeling, to me! And I, poor drunken I,
Held my arms wide for him. Here, on my heart,
With one great sob, he burst his heart and died."

* * * * * * *

Nash ceased. And, far away down Friday Street,
The crowder with his fiddle wailed again:

"Blaspheming Tambolin must die,
And Faustus meet his end.
Repent, repent, or presentlie
To hell ye must descend."

And, as in answer, Chapman slowly breathed
Those mightiest lines of Marlowe's own despair:

"Think'st thou that I who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells?"

"Ay, you have said it," said Nash, "and there you know
Why Kit desired your hand to crown his work.
He reverenced you as one whose temperate eyes
Austere and grave, could look him through and through;
One whose firm hand could grasp the reins of law
And guide those furious horses of the sun,
As Ben and Will can guide them, where you will.
His were, perchance, the noblest steeds of all,
And from their nostrils blew a fierier dawn
Above the world. That glory is his own;
And where he fell, he fell. Before his hand
Had learned to quell them, he was dashed to the earth.
'Tis yours to show that good men honoured him.
For, mark this, Chapman, since Kit Marlowe fell,
There will be fools that, in the name of Art,
Will wallow in the mire, crying 'I fall,
I fall from heaven;'—fools that have only heard
From earth, the rumour of those golden hooves
Far, far above them. Ay, you know the kind,
The fools that scorn Will for his lack of fire
Because he quells the storms they never knew,
And rides above the thunder; fools of Art
That skip and vex, like little vicious fleas,
Their only Helicon, some green madam's breast.
Art! Art! O God, that I could send my soul,
In one last wave, from that night-hidden wreck,
Across the shores of all the years to be;
O God, that like a crowder I might shake
Their blind dark casements with the pity of it,
Piers Penniless his ballad, a poor scrap,
That but for lack of time, and hope and pence,
He might have bettered! For a dead man's sake,
Thus would the wave break, thus the crowder cry:

Dead, like a dog upon the road;
Dead, for a harlot's kiss;
The Apollonian throat and brow,

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The lyric lips, so silent now,
The flaming wings that heaven bestowed
For loftier airs than this!

The sun-like eyes whose light and life
Had gazed an angel's down,
That burning heart of honey and fire,
Quenched and dead for an apple-squire,
Quenched at the thrust of a mummer's knife,
Dead—for a taffeta gown!

The wine that God had set apart
The noblest wine of all,
Wine of the grapes that angels trod,
The vintage of the glory of God,
The crimson wine of that rich heart,
Spilt in a drunken brawl,

Poured out to make a steaming bath
That night in the Devil's Inn,
A steaming bath of living wine
Poured out for Circe and her swine,
A bath of blood for a harlot
To supple and sleek her skin.

And many a fool that finds it sweet
Through all the years to be,
Crowning a lie with Marlowe's fame,
Will ape the sin, will ape the shame,
Will ape our captain in defeat;
But—not in victory;

Till Art become a leaping-house,
And Death be crowned as Life,
And one wild jest outshine the soul
Of Truth. . . . O fool, is this your goal?
You are not our Kit Marlowe,
But the drunkard with the knife;

Not Marlowe, but the Jack-o-Lent
That lured him o'er the fen!
O, ay, the tavern is in its place,
And the punk's painted smiling face,
But where is our Kit Marlowe,
The man, the king of men?

Ay, you may kiss the painted mouth,
The hand that clipped his wings,
The hand that into his heart she thrust
And tuned him to her whimpering lust,
And played upon his quivering youth
As a crowder plucks the strings,

But he who dared the thunder-roll,
Whose eagle-wings could soar,
Buffetting down the clouds of night,
To beat against the Light of Light,
That great God-blinded eagle-soul,
We shall not see him more."

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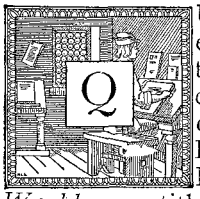
THE MAGNITUDE OF THEMES AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



QUITE recently a Western literary review, in the course of a survey of current fiction, singled out two volumes, Mr. Dreiser's *Financier* and Mr. Edwards's *A Man's World*, as entitled to the high tribute of being "unquestionably the biggest novels of the year." Now, there is no question that both these books are serious pieces of fiction, and indicate a commendable trend in the direction of earnest, forceful studies of modern social and economic conditions. But there is a certain recklessness about this sort of sweeping assertion of the supremacy of any particular book over all others of a given month, or year, or decade, that calls for a protest. Every one is entitled to an honest opinion or preference; you, for instance, may find more beauty in the Salisbury Cathedral, or the Sistine Madonna, or the Divine Comedy, than in any other building or painting or poem in the whole world; but your preference does not establish their supremacy; it simply sheds an interesting side-light on your literary and artistic standards. The question of relative bigness in any branch of creative art, including the modern novel, is one to be answered with a becoming modesty, with abundant allowance for the personal equation, and above all, with a careful and thorough definition of the terms employed. For instance, the careless comment above quoted, as to the "biggest book of the year," is meaningless until we know in what sense the writer used the word "big." Was he measuring the book by an artistic, philosophical or ethical standard? Or simply as a human document, big because of its literal truth? Or was it, to his thinking, that still rarer achievement, that could be weighed in the balance of all these different tests and still not be found wanting? And, after all, even with this question answered, we are scarcely further advanced; for who is to judge, in ethics, philosophy or art, as between two themes, the one, let us say, dealing with a man's integrity in business, and the other with a woman's fidelity in marriage, which of the two is inherently the bigger theme? Analysed to the last degree, it amounts to a request to judge between the relative sanctity of two separate Commandments.

Now, there is no intention in the above comments to deny that novels do differ from one another in magnitude, nor that there are some whose inherent bigness is incontestable, and others which cannot be mistaken for anything more exalted than profitable merchandise. But if we are not satisfied with trusting to our instinct, and want to probe a little deeper into the why and wherefore of relative magnitudes, the first step is to realise that, in order to be big, a novel must have a big theme or central idea; secondly, it must have a big treatment, or specific story; and lastly the art, the craftsmanship, the sheer dexterity of method must measure up to the standards set by the subject. Many a novelist has squandered a big idea on an inadequate situation or a group of uninspired characters; many a poignant human story, with a noble lesson behind it, has missed achievement because of a faulty style, a clumsiness of

*The Heroine in Bronze. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Macmillan Company.
The Royal Road. By Alfred Ollivant. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.
The Reef. By Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton and Company.
The Soul of a Tenor. By W. J. Henderson. New York: Henry Holt and Company.
The Career of Beauty Darling. By Dolf Wyllarde. New York: The John Lane Company.
My Little Sister. By Elizabeth Robins. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.
The Street of Two Friends. By F. Berkeley Smith. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.
Hell's Playground. By Ida Vera Simonton. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

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structure, a poverty of words. And conversely, a faultless technique will not galvanise into life a set of wooden dummies, destitute of an inspired thought.

But while there are many different reasons why certain books fail in bigness, it may be said with some confidence that no novel can be bigger than its underlying theme; it may be, and often is, infinitely smaller,—but the central idea behind the specific story is as much the index of its possible intellectual height as a man's stature is of his physical height. The theme of a novel or play, like the text of a sermon, embodies what the author purposes to say; whether he succeeds in saying it, remains to be seen; but no matter how well he says it, he never can rise to greater heights than are embodied in the theme itself. Usually, these themes will prove, at last analysis, to reduce themselves to one or the other of the few big, basic human problems, or relations or emotions: love and hate, friendship and motherhood, liberty and death, faith, hope and charity. And it takes a bold critic to decide which of these themes is of greater and which of lesser magnitude. In fact, the various possible basic themes for fiction start pretty nearly on an equality, their relative importance varying through the centuries, in accordance with shifting faiths and philosophies. It is the specific human story which immediately begins to limit and minimise the basic thought. Love is as broad as the universe; but in a human love story, even though it be the greatest love story in the world, and its heroine the ideally perfect woman, Helen of Troy herself, love is perforce stripped of more than one of its divine attributes. Anger is one of the corner-stones of the world's great epics: and Satan's anger, which led to the fall of man, is relatively a bigger theme than Achilles's anger, which culminated in the fall of Troy; yet every decade is proving the *Iliad* a bigger, because a more universal poem than *Paradise Lost,* because the one was as broad as the whole free, joyous pagan world and the latter narrow with the narrowness of puritanism.

A very common mistake made in speaking of the relative magnitude of novels is that of assuming that fiction is important in proportion to the size of the canvas, the sheer mass and weight of the humanity introduced into the picture. Zola and Tolstoy are the examples which naturally first come to mind; but their degree of greatness was not due to the number and variety of their characters,—a detail of method,—but to what they succeeded in saying,—a definite achievement. A story with just two persons in it may be a bigger and more enduring story than one with a thousand: the test lies not in the size of the picture, but in the breadth of its application: it must strike the note of kinship. The hero must never be so superlatively invincible as to oppress the reader with a sense of his own hopeless inferiority; while he reads, he must cherish the pleasant delusion that he himself, if only he had an additional inch of stature, might not make such a very poor showing under similar circumstances; and conversely, the villain, even in melodrama, must not be too incredibly, too diabolically inhuman; the touch of genius in Milton's Satan is that his vengefulness is so distinctly human. Physical and mental frailties may be the underlying fabric of big fiction; but not when they become deformities. The moment a character in fiction becomes so abnormal that the reader finds it impossible to say, Under other circumstances, that might have been I, the author has handicapped himself, belittled his opportunities. The proper study of mankind is not only man, but normal, average man, the man with whom we can sympathise, whose hopes and sorrows we can share; even the cleverest nature fakir in the world cannot deeply interest us in the ponderous gallantries of a pterodactyl, or the volatile flirtations of a luna moth.

"The Heroine in Bronze"

As it happens, the Western review above referred to furnished a most convenient illustration of the points above discussed, by citing, very much to its disparagement, Mr. James Lane Allen's almost faultless little volume, *The Heroine in Bronze,* as representative of the type of fiction to which Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Edwards form a contrast and a protest. It must seem, to any broad-minded stu-

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dent of modern fiction, as though the example were a peculiarly unfortunate choice. There undoubtedly is a struggling younger school of what, for lack of a better term, may be called the New Realism: and this younger school has some qualities which the present writer would be among the first to recognise and to encourage. But it happens that Mr. Allen is one of the very few older writers who, either by instinct or choice, has interwoven, through all the woof of his idealism, a strong and tenacious warp of realistic fibre, embodying all that is best of that element which the younger generation flatter themselves that they have discovered or invented. Mr. Allen, when he chooses, can crowd his canvas; he can handle the epic novel with powerful, sweeping, cumulative strokes,—and without losing a single touch of the latent poetry of life. But he knows, just as every really big artist knows, what the smaller type of craftsman will never learn, that great art is independent of size,—that you can paint as noble a picture on a foot of canvas as on ten square yards,—and that there are times when an eternal verity may be conveyed through the communion of two souls alone on a mountain top as it never could amid the rush and turmoil of Piccadilly or the Champs-Elysées. *The Heroine in Bronze,* in mood if not in literal fact, is a case in point. It seems on the surface a delightful bit of literary dexterity, a clever craftsman's exhibition of his mastery of material and methods. It is a tale of youthful lovers: the old, old tale of the remote, unapproachable princess and the humble adorer,—only the princess is a New York multi-millionaire's daughter, the humble adorer is an impecunious and perennially hopeful novelist, and the enchanted palace is an ostentatious city mansion near the precincts of Fifth Avenue, with stately grounds fortified against intrusion, not with drawbridge and moat, but with a friendly hedge, outside of which the hero can linger, murmuring audacious adorations, which the heroine in the garden need not admit that she has heard,—unless she so chooses. At this point, the reader,—if he is a discriminating reader, and Mr. Allen merits no other kind,—will advance his estimate of the volume several degrees, and recognise that here is a new addition to that very slender list of stories of youthful love, seen through the discriminating eyes of maturity, which none the less sympathises and understands the portentous importance of it all. Mr. Howells gave us *April Hopes,* Marion Crawford confessed to having "put a great deal of himself" into *The Three Fates,* William Black achieved some of his best work in his rather wonderful *Madcap Violet.* And to the same class of almost mystic understanding of the glamour of young love belongs this unpretentious little idyll by Mr. Allen. But the turning of a few pages reveals that there is more serious purpose underlying it than at first appeared. The heroine as she looked at graduation, delivering her valedictory address, has lingered in the young novelist's mind as so ineffaceable a figure that little by little he builds up around her a new novel, the first novel that he has ever been quite sure of,—this time he knows that he has a masterpiece. On the eve of her departure for Europe, he tells her the outline of his new story; but, as she listens, she sees nothing of its power and beauty, she sees only that he has used her for the purposes of his craft, stripped her bare, violated her inmost thoughts and hopes, for the purpose of winning public acclaim. With the intuition of love, he understands her; and he is too proud to explain. As a matter of fact, the book he purposes to write is a historical novel, the scene of which lies two centuries back, in a country where she has never been. But they part in anger and sore disappointment; and for weeks he can make no progress, because the girl who has been his inspiration failed him at the moment of need. But one day, one desolate, stifling day in mid-summer, he comes across a little bronze statue at an auction sale. This little statue might almost be a portrait, not of the girl herself, but of the ideal woman whom he had believed her to be. And with the inspiration of this wonderful little figure in bronze before him on his desk, the young novelist toils ceaselessly, all through the suffocating days of a New York August, upon the book that is des-

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tined to achieve his first big public recognition. Meanwhile, the girl, through loneliness and heartbreak and dangerous illness, is slowly learning her lesson, slowly coming to a realisation of the fact that each of us builds upon the lives of others, and that the artist achieves fame by giving to the world certain personal joys and hidden beauties that are almost sacredly intimate. And, more than that, she learns the lesson of a woman's joy in sacrifice, and knows that, however hard it may be to see herself, her personality, her very soul stripped bare to the public view, it is a privilege as compared with the pain of seeing her lover owe the same debt to some other woman. Of course, when she reads his book and hears his confession of the inspiration that he has drawn from the bronze statuette, she realises that in a measure she misjudged him, that he would never have consciously flaunted the woman he loved before the public gaze. None the less, she can see only herself in his heroine, and fails to realise that by her earlier misunderstanding of his purpose she has lost something in his eyes: and that the reason why the heroine in bronze inspired him when she failed to do so was because the statuette stood for certain immutable ideals which the living woman could not maintain.

"The Royal Road"

Another recent volume in which the inherent bigness of theme is at first pretty effectually disguised, is *The Royal Road,* by Alfred Ollivant. On the surface, it is merely a glimpse behind the scenes into the lives of the hopelessly poor, the bleak and barren misery of London slums. It is only gradually that we realise that we are witnessing the groping of a human soul to find itself, the slow budding and unfolding of a miraculous flower of hope. In Ted Hankey, the brave-hearted, physically defective little Cockney, we have a typical case of a man who from birth has never really had a chance; he is foredoomed by heredity and environment to failure and premature death. If he could have lived in the open, like all the generations of sturdy farmers who lay behind his father, he, too, might have some share in the joys of living; but fate decreed that he should spend his days as a splitter of hides in the vitiated atmosphere of tanned leather. It is impossible to convey at second hand a tithe of the simple human appeal of Hankey's little home circle, his devoted and heroic wife, Lou, his one little daughter, Meg, and the loving pride that at one time leads him into foolish extravagance, in order that the loved ones shall have everything of the best, and at another drives him to the opposite extreme of parsimony, so that the accumulating gold pieces in the old cracked teapot shall increase more rapidly, as a safeguard against stormy days. The fact bursts upon you suddenly that, in spite of the little cockney's chronic cheerfulness, in spite of his bird-like whistle in sunshine or in cloud, there is ever present, in the back of his mind, a vague yet haunting foreboding, a fear of the grim giant of business competition, the inevitable law of survival of the fittest, that underlies the modern industrial system. Ted Hankey's case is a pitifully common one: the transition from the overheated shops to the chill of London fogs results in an attack of pleurisy; the factory routine fills his place with another and, it happens, a better workman, and red tape keeps him out of work just long enough to dishearten and embitter him. Foolish socialistic arguments among his comrades inflame his awakening sense of injustice, while anxiety and the haunting need of holding his position force him to work beyond his strength. In a few months tuberculosis has claimed him beyond all hope; while a foolish and impotent attack on a London policeman, made under the inflammatory influence of cheap gin, results in some months in jail, from which the kind intervention of the prison doctor sends him home to die. But there is a good deal of life still left in the weakened body of the little Cockney; he is not to win his freedom until he has passed through still darker days and groped his way to a new light. For weeks Ted Hankey sits grim and taciturn, hovering on the brink of madness, recognising his wife and child only long enough to fling an ugly word at them. Then one day, when his wife is out seeking work, the madness she has feared

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comes upon him. In the centre of the kitchen floor he heaps all that is left of their pitiful household goods, and sets fire to them. Then he takes his little girl in his arms, leaves a few hastily scrawled words for Lou, makes his way to the Thames and plunges in. This point in the story covers parts I and II, telling respectively of "His Life" and "His Death." The third and last part concerns "His Resurrection." Ted Hankey is not destined to drown. He and Meg are rescued by the big, warm-hearted family physician who has helped his little family through many a trying hour, and who now, by a few charitable lies, saves him from the grip of the law. But there is little that remains for any earthly physician to do. Ted's eyes are already opening upon immortal things. In his last few hours of life the dying Cockney awakens to a sense of peace, a love for his fellow-men, a comprehension and tolerance of the injustices of life that is almost divine in its broad charity. He knows that he is dying, and he is content to go, with his head pillowed on the shoulder of his faithful Lou, and his eyes beholding visions of a radiance that he tries to describe, but cannot. "Lazarus was allowed to come back," Lou tells him, hoping against hope, and Ted replies, "But I won't be allowed to come back; Lazarus didn't tell what he saw, and I have." And with Lou's hand still clasped in his nerveless fingers, the little Cockney slips smilingly and painlessly away into the Great Mystery. It is almost an injustice to this book to review it at all, because of the reader's sense of the baffling difficulty of conveying in any adequate degree the haunting spirit of faith and hope and charity with which this humble death-bed is transfigured.

"The Reef"

In spite of her finished art, the latest volume by Edith Wharton, entitled *The Reef,* leaves the impression of a retrogression, a perceptible falling away from this same author's earlier standards. Although the plot turns upon a made situation, due to a most unlikely coincidence, the underlying theme is not lacking in bigness: it is that of a conflict between two points of honour,—a man caught, through his own folly and weakness, and forced to choose between the loss of the woman he loves and the ruin of the girl who loves him. Any theme which measures our modern social conventions against abstract principles of justice contains the essential elements of bigness; but it is always possible to belittle any theme by the specific handling,—and this is precisely what Mrs. Wharton has happened to do. Her characters are human, so far as they go; they are humanly erring, and humanly helpless in the web of circumstances. But they lack that higher distinction that might have raised them out of the common crowd and have made them the object of the reader's tense and poignant sympathy. Here, in a few words, is the essence of what happens: Darrow, who believes himself deeply in love with Mrs. Leath, is on his way to Paris to see her and make a final definite offer of his heart and hand. But just as he is preparing to cross the Channel, he receives a despatch from her, curtly intimating that his visit is inconvenient and must be delayed for a fortnight. Now, if you happen to be in the diplomatic service and have moved heaven and earth for a brief leave of absence, this sort of swift change of mind, without the courtesy of a word of explanation, produces a pardonable irritation: Darrow, none too sure of her affection, is in a reckless mood; and at the psychological moment he runs across a desolate little female, a certain Sophy Viner, who recognises him joyously and recalls herself as the paid companion of a London society woman at whose house Darrow occasionally dines. Sophy has been undiplomatic and has lost her position at an hour's notice; she is on her way to Paris in search of the only friends she has left in the world; a few pound notes stand between her and destitution, and she is full of unsatisfied longings to see life. Darrow, smarting under his own disappointment, begs to be allowed to give her a couple of weeks of life,—the gay, tinsel life of Paris; the proposition is made without ulterior motive, and is accepted in a spirit of frank comradeship. But before the two weeks are over, Sophy has fallen into his arms out of sheer gratitude; and

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when a belated letter from Mrs. Leath arrives, Darrow has awakened to a consciousness of his unworthiness and casts the letter unopened into the fire. All this is the prelude to the main story. Mrs. Leath, who loves Darrow quite sincerely and means to accept him, although she takes her time in explaining to him her motives for changes of mood and of date, waits patiently another six months, and then once more sends for him. When Darrow arrives, he finds that Mrs. Leath has a new governess for the little daughter of her first marriage, and the governess proves to be no other than Sophy Viner. Furthermore, Sophy has so far ingratiated herself into Mrs. Leath's home circle, that the family look without disapproval upon her prospective marriage with Mrs. Leath's younger brother. There we have the whole issue raised with the utmost clearness: what is Darrow's duty, as a man of honour? Must he make public his own share in Sophy's downfall, or must he remain silent and see his future brother-in-law bind himself for life to an adventuress? The situation is dramatically strong: the trouble lies rather in the lack of moral strength on the part of all the characters involved. Everybody guesses the truth; indeed, the perspicuity they all show argues an unclean mind, an abnormal readiness to suspect the worst. But nobody does anything worthy of the situation. Darrow urges the girl to renounce her chance of marriage,—not because she is unworthy, but because "he cannot believe that it is for her happiness;" she finally does make the renunciation, not in a spirit of self-sacrifice, but because she discovers that she really is in love with Darrow; and Mrs. Leath, after forcing Darrow to admit the truth and casting him off, repents and decides to forgive everything and even win Sophy back for her brother's wife, but finds that she is twenty-four hours too late,—Sophy has patched up her quarrel with her former employer and is on her way to India in her old capacity as companion. In a word, the situation is full of opportunities, but the net impression of the actions of the principal actors is that they all savour of the ignoble.

"The Soul of a Tenor"

In *The Soul of a Tenor*, Mr. W. J. Henderson has propounded a theme which, although sorely trite, has given us, in the annals of modern fiction, a number of rather big novels, from the days of George Sand's *Consuelo* downward. That the physically most perfect voice in the world cannot stir human hearts and sway them at pleasure with supreme mastery of smiles and tears until the singer's heart has awakened, until he himself has learned to love and to suffer, is a truism too old and familiar to need argument,—and unfortunately it forms the sum total of Mr. Henderson's underlying idea. The tenor whom he makes his leading figure is a young American, of the type that somehow slips through our American colleges with only a scant veneer of culture. He is consumed with a colossal egotism; he cares nothing for music as an art; symphonies and oratorios bore him to distraction; and even the operas in which he sings the leading rôles mean nothing more than a series of opportunities to display his vocal dexterity,—and any composer who happens to write a passage too difficult for the compass of his voice sinks proportionately in his good opinion. Now, in the course of time, two women come into the life of this foolish and badly spoiled young man; the first of these young women, a born musician who takes him seriously, he makes his wife; the second of them, a passionate Hungarian gypsy, all fire and no illusions, with whom he sings his leading rôles, he makes his mistress. And when his wife awakens to her husband's shallowness; when she grasps his monumental conceit and his total lack of the artistic sense, and at the same time realises that the Hungarian woman stirs him as she, with her less passionate nature, never can stir him, she acquiesces in what amounts to a separation, hoping that her rival may awaken the man's dormant soul and give him the one thing he lacks to make him the world's greatest tenor. No one can say that there is anything amiss with this idea; the trouble with the book is simply that Mr. Henderson fails to convince us that his Hungarian gypsy is the right sort of woman to effect the special kind of

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awakening that he depicts. She might, of course, shake him out of self-complacency, through his awakened passion for her; but that she, the temptress, should arouse him to nobler things, fit him mentally and morally to understand and to sing the great Wagnerian rôles that heretofore were beyond his spiritual and vocal powers, is a contradiction in terms. The author draws a comparison between his hero and Tannhäuser, with Venus and Elizabeth standing respectively for the mistress and the wife: and this is all very well to a certain point; but when he attributes his singer's regeneration to the gypsy's influence and shows the wife, rejoicing in her new-found happiness, coming in all contrition and gratitude to give thanks to her husband's mistress, it strikes the impartial reader as grotesque, as though Tannhäuser's Elizabeth herself had undertaken a pious pilgrimage to the Venusberg.

"The Career of Beauty Darling"

It is four or five years ago that "Frank Danby" wrote *The Heart of a Child,* with the avowed purpose of proving that a young girl, born and bred in the slums, could grow to maturity and, without money, friends or influence, go upon the stage and, by her own force of character, keep herself unspotted. Like all of "Frank Danby's" work, this story had a certain undeniable distinction of style and substance, and, although it was quite unconvincing, it gave us a series of pictures of stage life that are unforgettable. The volume was again brought to mind rather forcibly by the reading of Dolf Wyllarde's latest novel, *The Career of Beauty Darling.* The present occasion is not a propitious one for a detailed discussion of this rather exceptional book. Dolf Wyllarde has her faults and her limitations. There are many people who on the whole may be called fairly broad-minded who cannot read a succession of Dolf Wyllarde's novels without admitting a keen sense of physical repulsion. Yet the present writer is free to admit that the author of *The Story of Eden* is one of the very few women novelists now writing in English whom he can read with any real interest, and also one of the few who, if writing for a French or German audience, would long since have received the tribute of serious critical consideration. For the moment, it will suffice to say that *The Career of Beauty Darling* is a better piece of work than "Frank Danby's" kindred novel, in so far as it leaves the impression of literal truth. The heroine, starting with advantages that Sally Snape never enjoyed, none the less found that the handicap of poverty and friendlessness is a fatal one in the theatrical profession, and her artistic success and moral downfall go hand in hand from the opening chapter,—just as any one who is not a rank sentimentalist foresees that they are bound to do. Beauty Darling is the woman of pleasure, the play-toy of man, and nothing else; and her hideously spectacular suicide, perpetrated as the only possible escape from what she regards as the supreme disgrace of maternity, is absolutely in keeping, and artistically the one inevitable final touch to a rare, although remorselessly cruel, piece of technique.

"My Little Sister"

My Little Sister, by Elizabeth Robins, is a curious combination of an exceptionally tragic situation and a faulty technique, inexcusable from an author of her repute. The errors of construction will undoubtedly escape the average reader; in fact, it is only when a reviewer starts to sum up the substance of this story that he suddenly realises them. The present reviewer had the story outlined to him in advance, somewhat after the following fashion: The central characters are two young girls, two sisters, who for the first time in their lives go away on a visit, at the invitation of an aunt who lives in London. Aside from the fact that the woman who meets them at the station is unexpectedly young, hard-featured, and oddly nervous in manner, there are many little details which strike the older sister as queer, if not alarming; but it is not until the close of the first dinner at her supposed aunt's house,—a dinner that has been a succession of horrors to the delicately nurtured girl, because of the license which the male guests allow themselves in speech and manner,—that her special partner, more decent than the rest,

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is prompted to ask her, "Where do you think you are?"—and when she replies, "At my aunt's, of course," naming street and number, tells her ominously, "You are a twenty minutes' drive from there, and at the most infamous house in all Europe." How the older sister makes her escape from this house, too lacking in presence of mind to note its number or location, and how her subsequent frantic efforts to rescue the younger girl result in a permanent and maddening ignorance of her fate, does duty, of course, as the logical and foreseen climax of the book. But Elizabeth Robins's purpose was a higher one than merely to write an ephemeral "thriller"; and she has something more in mind than to utilise for publicity purposes the current catchword of the "white slave traffic." If the book stands for anything, it stands for a powerful protest against the unconscious iniquity of the sheltered-life system of education. And the serious blot on what would otherwise have been easily one of the big books of the current decade, is the fact that the first three-quarters of the story, which pave the way up to the tragedy, are all wrong. The reason why the invalid and widowed mother, who has brought her two little daughters back from India, fears the outside world with a fear that is almost hysterical; why she vaguely hints at some nameless tragedy in her own youth; why she is poor and friendless, and scorned by her dead husband's relatives—all these are just a few of the many confusing details, the meaningless loose ends which the author does not deign to finish off. Furthermore, she has chosen to see the tragedy through the eyes of a young girl, scarcely wiser than the sister who falls a victim. And because of the supposed narrator's youth and ignorance, it is impossible to reach a full understanding of the situation. The book cannot fail to attract attention, in spite of its vagueness; it cannot fail to leave a poignant heartache behind it. Nevertheless, the author has undertaken a task for which she was technically not qualified. It takes a Henry James to write of "What Maisie Knew," and through the indirect medium of a young girl's eyes tell us a thousand things that Maisie herself did not and could not know.

"The Street of the Two Friends"

The Street of the Two Friends, by F. Berkeley Smith, is one of those refreshing little volumes which largely disarm criticism because of their unpretentiousness. It does not lay claim to any very momentous theme; it simply seeks to express the author's personal enjoyment of a certain phase of life, a little circumscribed locality, whose distinctive features, as he knew them, are rapidly passing away. To express it more specifically, he has given us one more volume in praise of the Latin Quarter of yesterday,—not quite the Latin Quarter of Henri Murger, yet still much the same in spirit; the old joyous quarter where social conventions were as little regarded as the Commandments east of Suez; where a man and a woman might be frankly good friends if they did not happen to be something more; where poverty was light-heartedly shared, and a personal windfall of a few hundred francs was blithely squandered in giving a widespread and indiscriminate festival. Mr. Smith may not appeal to a wide audience; but those whom he reaches instinctively reach back to him, as to a kindred spirit.

"Hell's Playground"

There is just one more novel of the month which emphatically demands attention, *Hell's Playground*, by Ida Vera Simonton. The scene of the story is the Congo region of West Africa, and the spirit of the narration, in spite of many crudities of style and immaturities of judgment, inevitably challenges comparison with Joseph Conrad,—the Conrad of a decade ago, the Conrad of *The Heart of Darkness*. Aside from the rather important difference to be expected between a master craftsman and a novice, the striking distinction in method is that Mr. Conrad first, last and always has utilised the suggestiveness of indirection, forcing the reader to imagine for himself countless inexpressible, unprintable things; while Miss Simonton indulges in a Zolaesque frankness of utterance, which must have required some courage on the part of her publishers to reproduce. Her theme is the same, indentical theme that has served Mr. Conrad a dozen times, in *Al-*

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mayer's Folly and most of the volumes which succeeded it,—the inevitable, foreseen degeneration of the white man in the tropics, due to three chief causes: the absence of his ordained companion, the white woman, the slow poisoning from alcohol, and the still more pernicious degradation wrought by the native female. Miss Simonton's story is kaleidoscopic in its breadth and depth; there is no question whatever that she has made a highly ambitious attempt, and has largely, if not wholly achieved it. Her specific story shows us a young Englishman who, because his troth is already plighted at home, almost escapes contamination, in spite of the deadly strain of a three years' residence. And then, because a false message is sent to his affianced wife, and she chooses to believe that he has taken a temporary native mate, and to cast him off, the young Englishman throws restraint to the winds and rivals the rest of his resident countrymen in debauchery and ruthless cruelty. Incidentally, it should be noted that Miss Simonton's real interest is not with the individual, but with the system, and that she does not hesitate to attack in unsparing terms the foreign administration in French and Belgian Congo. She pictures the native women as mere chattels, merchandise to be sold or leased by father or husband to the highest foreign bidder. And in the episode of La Gabonnaise, daughter of a tribal chief and as flawless in her physical modelling as an ebony Venus, who, because of her infidelity to her white master, is by his orders literally cut to pieces with whips of hippopotamus hide, Miss Simonton simply wishes to convey one object lesson among many of colonial rule on the African West Coast. This is not a novel to be indiscriminately recommended; but to the thinking class, who are not afraid of blunt phrasing, and who wish to be told the truth, it will furnish food for thought.

SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

G. K. Chesterton's "A Miscellany of Men"*

Mr. Chesterton never wearies of attacking the superstitions of the modern "practical" man. We put the word in quotation marks because Mr. Chesterton would uproariously insist that the people generally accounted practical are in reality not practical at all. He would have no difficulty in proving that a poet or a pillar saint is a practical, hard-headed person, and that a politician or "captain of industry" is a dreamer, hopelessly cut off from the realities of life. Mr. Chesterton's premises are perfectly simple and ought to be familiar. If any reader has lost for the moment the key to his argument, he may find it again by turning to the *New Testament*. A few chapters of that neglected work will throw more light on many of the so-called paradoxes of Mr. G. K. Chesterton than the whole mass of criticism and commentary that his writings have called forth. For the source of a large part of Mr. Chesterton's incongruities is quite obviously his Christian faith. Faith itself is a social incongruity. It is absurd, therefore, to blame him for his sort of topsy-turviness, when to the eye of faith society is always upside down. Of course, all this is familiar to the plain, simple, straightforward folk who have no difficulty with the elemental. But to the complex, sophisticated, book-stuffed inebriates of literary criticism he is a problem, or a force, or a congeries of twelve contemporary tendencies, or a mere jester, or an ingenious and audacious mountebank—everything and anything but what he essentially is, namely, a man of simple faiths, great talents and very disorderly mental habits, acquired perhaps, and at all events strengthened, under the journalistic demand. His intellect is an unweeded garden, the horror of tidy minds, but at least it is a garden,

*A Miscellany of Men. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 1912. Pp. 314.

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not a chair of English literature, not a table of literary weights and measures.

In this volume, as in every other collection of Mr. Chesterton's miscellanies, a good many of the papers are merely essays in mental confusion. Writing, he says, is his trade. "And I would sooner call myself a journalist than an author; because a journalist is a journeyman." He is a reporter, not of the outside news, but of the state of his own mind at short intervals. Now one of the most difficult things to find when in a hurry is one's real opinion. Real opinions are always being mislaid, and a grab for them at the last moment before the presses close brings up a good many things for which the writer himself has no permanent affection—usually the opinions of somebody else, respectable but uninteresting, sometimes, as in Mr. Chesterton's case, little half-thoughts, quarter-thoughts, intellectual demiquavers of his own, little rufflings of the mind caused by the sight of a door knob or a house fly or by repeating the word "Cosmos" three times or "Modern Woman" or "All Mankind." Being more honest than most journalists, Mr. Chesterton reports faithfully his own momentary certitudes, not the certitudes of anybody else. These essays of his are not well-built little stepladders for other people's mental improvement. They are somewhat hasty entries in the diary of his mind.

There is one very valid test, he says, by which we may separate genuine, if perverse or unbalanced, originality and revolt from mere impudent innovation and bluff. The man who really thinks he has an idea will always try to explain that idea. The charlatan who has no idea will always confine himself to explaining that it is much too subtle to be explained. The first idea may be very outré or specialist; it may really be very difficult to explain to ordinary people. But because the man is trying to express it, it is most probable that there is something in it, after all. The honest man is he who is always trying to utter the unutterable, to describe the indescribable; but the quack lives not by plunging into mystery, but by refusing to come out of it.

This is a confession and a defence. It is partly justifying. But at what rate of speed will the really honest man try and "utter the unutterable"? Seven thousand words a week or seven hundred, or seventy? We believe that the ideally honest man would find total silence the best means of expressing the "unutterable" for weeks at a time.

However, when writing is one's trade silence is costly. Moreover, people who read Mr. Chesterton day by day are not seeking counsel but company, and very good company they find. One of the most charming things about him, and at the same time the most absurd, is his attack on human nature under the name of the "modern spirit."

And modern people (with their strange passion for superiorities and inferiorities) do not adequately realise that in this sense most things are done badly, even in the exalted or official spheres to which they look up with awe. They have a hazy idea that members of Parliament are more important, more mentally successful, than their constituents; that Cabinet-Ministers are more brilliant and distinguished than other members of Parliament; that bishops, intellectually speaking, sit in a row on a bench above other clergymen; that judges sit in a row on a bench above other lawyers. But it is not so. We meet a really able man in law or in politics exactly as we meet a really able man in an omnibus or an inn. There is nothing to be said about it, except that we are very lucky. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Birrell are really able men; Lord Morley and Mr. Wyndham are really able men. But one might as well judge all golfers by Mr. Balfour as judge all politicians by him. The ordinary Cabinet Minister, when he can administer at all, can administer simply in the sense that a plain cook can cook or a common soldier shoot. The ordinary statesman, when he can speak at all, can speak in the sense that a stone-breaker can break stones, or a housemaid can light a fire. That is, he is not half-witted; and has learned how the thing is done. And this is law and politics at their best; we shall be lucky if in the near future we do not find that our rulers of both factions have actually become more worthless than the people they rule. Nevertheless, the curious illusion clings; and the people who sniff at amateurs in private life still manage to venerate absolute duffers in public life.

Very reasonable remarks, but why confine to "modern people" the "strange

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passion for superiorities and inferiorities"? When Mr. Chesterton begins a passage with "The modern man" you may know that it will end disagreebly. You may also guess pretty safely that it will apply quite as well to the Chaldees.

A sort of dull madness, according to him, overspreads our modern life. People spend their lives arguing in wretched little circles from which actualities are altogether shut out. Typical modern movements are defended not because they are right but because they are typical modern movements. Politics are chiefly concerned with what no one really cares about. Nobody casts a vote for what he really wants. He votes merely to decide a question that is put before him. He has no part in deciding what the question shall be.

The civic mind is not free or alert enough to feel how much it has the world before it. There are at least ten solutions to the Education question, and no one knows which Englishmen really want. For Englishmen are only allowed to vote upon the two which are at that moment offered by the Premier and the Leader of the Opposition. . . . So that the situation comes to this: The democracy has a right to answer questions, but it has no right to ask them. It is still the political aristocracy that asks the questions. And we shall not be unreasonably cynical if we suppose that the political aristocracy will always be rather careful what questions it asks.

Among the many forms of modern imbecility he places the economic interpretation of history which assumes that all the important things in history are rooted in an economic motive—that "history is a science of the search for food." For if man were merely economic he would not have any history at all.

The need for food is certainly universal, so universal that it is not even human. Cows have an economic motive, and apparently (I dare not say what ethereal delicacies may be in a cow) only an economic motive. The cow eats grass anywhere and never eats anything else. In short the cow does fulfil the materialist theory of history; that is why the cow has no history. *A History of Cows* would be one of the simplest and briefest of standard works. But if some cows thought it wicked to eat long grass and persecuted all who did so; if the cow with the crumpled horn were worshipped by some cows and gored to death by others; if cows began to have obvious moral preferences over and above a desire for grass, then cows would begin to have a history. . . . Men are far too much alive to get into the science of anything; for them we have made the art of history. To say that human actions have depended upon economic support is like saying that they have depended on having two legs. It accounts for action but not for such varied action; it is a condition but not a motive; it is too universal to be useful. Certainly a soldier wins the Victoria Cross on two legs; he also runs away on two legs. But if our object is to discover whether he will become a V. C. or a coward the most careful inspection of his legs will yield us little or no information.

Then there are the meaningless phrases invented in our mental sleep but clinging to the mind and hampering it in its relations to all daylight things. Such are "the survival of the fittest," which means only the "survival of the survivors"; and "going on toward Progress," which means "going on toward going on"; and "government by the wise few," "as if they could be picked out by their pantaloons"; and the remark that the "rich have a stake in the country," as if national misfortune made no difference to the poor. But if political speech is meaningless, silence is worse—the "brazen silence" of the politically or socially important. Speechlessness in a financier is taken as a mark of strength. "It should rather be counted a way of being sly." Parliament no longer parleys any more than the Speaker speaks. Editors are more dangerous and despotic for what they do not say than for what they do. "If we wake out of this throttled, gasping, wordless nightmare, we must awake with a yell." It is not the abnormal man who is muzzled.

That is the almost cloying humour of the present situation. I can say abnormal things in modern magazines. It is the normal things that I am not allowed to say. I can write in some solemn quarterly an elaborate article explaining that God is the devil; I can write in some cultured weekly an æsthetic fancy describing how I should like to eat boiled baby. The thing I must not write is rational criti-

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cism of the men and institutions of my country. The present condition of England is briefly this: That no Englishman can say in public a twentieth part of what he says in private.

The "decent, discontented citizen" does not desire these literary and æsthetic privileges of indecency. He does not want to go about without clothes, or to spit upon the Bible or to read pages in Zola from the pulpit of St. Paul's. But he does want

to protest against unfair law courts. He does want to expose the brutalities of the police. He does want to make game of a vulgar pawnbroker who is made a Peer. He does want publicly to warn people against unscrupulous capitalists and suspicious finance. If he is run in for doing this (as he will be) he does want to proclaim the character or known prejudices of the magistrate who tries him. If he is sent to prison (as he will be) he does want to have a clear and civilised sentence, telling him when he will come out. And these are literally and exactly the things that we now cannot get.

Now, going mad, he says, is an exceedingly dull process, because the patient does not know that the process is going on.

Routine and literalism and a certain dry-throated earnestness and mental thirst, these are the very atmosphere of morbidity. If once the man could become conscious of his madness, he would cease to be mad. He studies certain texts in Daniel or cryptograms in Shakespeare, through monstrously magnifying spectacles, which are on his nose night and day. If he could take off the spectacles he would smash them. He deduces all his fantasies about the Sixth Seal or the Anglo-Saxon Race from one unexamined first principle. If he could once see the first principle, he would see that it is not there.

This self-hypnotism afflicts not only individuals but whole societies. It is hard to pick out and therefore hard to cure, but he offers the following test:

A nation is not going mad when it does extravagant things, so long as it does them in an extravagant spirit. Crusaders not cutting their beards till they found Jerusalem, Jacobins calling each other Harmodius and Epaminondas when their names were Jacques and Jules, these are wild things, but they were done in wild spirits at a wild moment.

But whenever we see things done wildly, but taken tamely, then the State is growing insane.

He gives this instance of the working of the social conscience from a daily paper:

"At Epping, yesterday, Thomas Woolbourne, a Lambourne labourer, and his wife were summoned for neglecting their five children. Dr. Alpin said he was invited by the inspector for the N. S. P. C. C. to visit defendants' cottage. Both the cottage and the children were dirty. The children looked exceedingly well in health, but the conditions would be serious in case of illness. Defendants were stated to be sober. The man was discharged. The woman, who said she was hampered by the cottage having no water supply and that she was ill, was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment. The sentence caused surprise, and the woman was removed crying, 'Lord save me!'"

Mr. Chesterton challenges any person in his five wits to tell him what the woman was sent to prison for. He concludes that the doctor is "literally and practically mad; and still he is quite literally and practically a doctor."

We have assembled these passages from diverse essays to illustrate the spirit of his crusade against modern man and modern England, and it will be seen from them that essentially his quarrel is with a good many generations of men and a good many countries besides England. It is a characteristic of Mr. Chesterton's writing that time and space will swell or shrink according to the needs of literary emphasis. He will attribute to all mankind what is perhaps true of a few men whom he knows. As to Woman in General, she is often only some esteemed female relative in disguise. On the other hand, he will denounce as modern upstarts types that prevailed in ancient Greece. Sometimes Kensington is Cosmos; sometimes Cosmos is Kensington; according as he wishes to be familiar with Cosmos or kind to Kensington. People who read Mr. Chesterton would be seriously misled if they did not remember that the word modern as he uses it is often in no wise a chronological term. It is an expletive, expressive of

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strong personal dislike. If through many passages in Mr. Chesterton's essays the word "modern" were replaced by the word "damned" it would, though no doubt coarsening the style, express far more accurately what was in the author's mind. But probably the cheerful readers of Mr. Chesterton need no warning. They must have learned by this time to allow for his very arbitrary expansion and contraction of Man, Woman and the Modern World. He is obviously fooling with a verbal telescope and describing things as seen by him from either end. And why, after all, should his method mislead? He plainly loves his little whirl with large matters, his bird's-eye views of infinity. He assumes that it will not be mistaken for photography.

But there are highly educated persons whom this and other foibles of Mr. Chesterton so seriously offend that they cannot read him with any pleasure. Conscious of possessing quiet and gentlemanly tastes, they are quite sure that his exaggerations, noise, eagerness, incoherence, audacities, superficialities, and evident desire to astonish the natives mark him off as the kind of person whom they prefer not to know. They feel rather better for that preference. From the vast body of comment on Mr. Chesterton we gather that this class of mental unfortunates is still very numerous, though latterly diminishing, or at least not so often heard from. Nothing can be done for them personally; their case is hopeless. Moreover, we ought no more to desire to take from a man his sense of literary respectability than to rob him of his false teeth. He is dangerous only when he begins urging other people to have their teeth out and replaced, for the sake of facial decorum, by a polished and regular feature like his own. But that is what a good many "cultured" critics have been doing on the subject of Mr. Chesterton for several years past. That is the meaning of their appeal to the "serenity of classic masterpieces," as if many a classic had not been as irregular in his own day as Mr. Chesterton is in his. That is why you hear of "literary tradition" from men whom "literary tradition" has not nourished but has merely stuffed, and why it is so often assumed that because Mr. Chesterton has certain perfectly obvious faults that is the end of him. As if it were not the strongest of literary traditions that now and again one finds in a book a man alive with all his sins upon him. As if it were not also authentic matter of tradition that whenever life is stirring on the literary premises there is always breakage among the dead branches of the Drier Criticism. A living presence whether it appears in politics or in literature, whether it is a Bull Moose or a Chesterton, always makes the "judicious grieve."

C. M. Francis.

II—III

I. Caroline and Charles H. Caffin's "Dancing and Dancers of To-day"*

II. J. E. Crawford Flitch's "Modern Dancing and Dancers"†

For several years, even those lacking an innate worship of rhythm have been intermittently aroused to a consciousness that the younger generation of the Dance was knocking with imperious beauty at the door of the Arts and demanding readmittance to her ancient place. To all who have hearkened and acclaimed her joyously and to all who have doubted her right to enter, J. E. Crawford Flitch's *Modern Dancing and Dancers* and Caroline and Charles H. Caffin's *Dancing and Dancers of To-day* are most heartily commended. Those who have seen and welcomed this return of the Dance will rejoice in these two books, with their many illustrations that recall in fleeting static moments the flowing harmonies which created them. Those who have doubted the right of the Dance to her place among the arts may find here material for a most joyous conversion. The authors of both books have approached the subject with deep understanding and a loving reverence which must leave every reader with a heightened capacity for delight in the Dance. If the books reach the public they deserve they should contribute materially toward the forma-

*Dancing and Dancers of To-day. By Caroline and Charles H. Caffin. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 1912.

†Modern Dancing and Dancers. By J. E. Crawford Flitch. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1912.

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tion in English-speaking audiences of more discriminating and creative spectators.

Mr. Flitch predicts in his introduction that the art historian of the future will probably point out the renaissance of the Dance as the most remarkable artistic activity of the first decade of the twentieth century. His most earnest wish seems that the reader of his book may, as he expresses it, be "provoked to formulate a serious criticism of his own and to refer his judgment to the abiding principles of Art." As to this right of the dance to be judged by the "abiding principles of Art" he says:

> The root of dancing is one with the root of all the arts—namely, ecstasy. Scorned as it is by the sister arts of Music, Painting and Sculpture, it can boast a longer lineage than theirs, for the dance is more spontaneous than they. All the arts must needs be founded in emotion, but the moment of passion is usually long past before the labour of creation begins.

And here one feels the author has put his pen on the pulse of the vicissitudes in the art of dancing; for the dancer may never, like other artists, recreate the emotion in "recollected tranquillity." The ecstasy whether of joy, "high seriousness" or deep tragedy must be relived and fused into harmony each time. When the dance is ended there is no record beyond the memory of the spectator to keep the tradition of its beauty pure. With the passing of the dancer there is only the grandfathers' simile of a recollected thistledown to furnish a standard of art for the next generation. This suggests why, as the authors of both books point out, the condition of the art of dancing is perhaps a more subtle and sensitive index of the character of a people and of a period than any of the other arts. Mr. Flitch, for example, says:

> When manners decay, the dance becomes decadent also. It is not the dissolution of the dance that poisons the morals of the age; it is the corruption of the age that poisons the dance.

In the brief historical outline which we find in both books as a background to the main discussion of the modern development of the art, there is evidenced this unfailing reflection of contemporary conditions. Mr. and Mrs. Caffin sketch their background in a brief account of the origin of the dance and its main developments through the different periods: Mr. Flitch, on the other hand, makes his approach to modern dancing through a more detailed account of great individual dancers, showing how each reflected in a great degree the feeling of the time.

The art of dancing must have its appreciation at the moment of its creation: it cannot wait for the judgment of future ages. Although at rare intervals a sufficiently great genius may arise to compel and create a new taste in the audience of the day, the full flowering of its beauty depends on the taste of the existing public. In both England and America the art of the dance has had to contend with the puritan inheritance. This may perhaps account for the fact that England has given no great native dancer. For though the English have rendered their homage to the art in the past, it has usually been a genius of foreign parentage who has freed and compelled them to whole-souled worship of beauty in this form. The following letter of Jane Welsh Carlyle illustrates admirably how defiantly, too, her sturdy representatives of this Puritan heritage denied the title of artist to even so great an exponent as Taglioni:

> I saw a very curious sight the other night, the only one I have been to for a long while, viz., some thousands of the grandest and most cultivated people in England all gazing in ecstasy, and applauding to death, over a woman, not even pretty, balancing herself on the extreme point of one great toe, and stretching the other foot high into the air,—much higher than decency ever dreamed of. It was Taglioni, our chief dancer at the opera; and this is her chief feat, repeated over and over to weariness,—at least to my weariness. But the duchesses were flinging bouquets at her feet; and not a man (except Carlyle) who did not seem to feel disposed to fling himself. I counted twenty-five bouquets! But what of that? The Empress of all the Russias, once in a fit of enthusiasm, flung her diamond bracelet at the feet of this same Taglioni! "Virtue is its own reward"

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(in the world)? Dancing is and singing and some other things still more frivolous; but for Virtue? it may be strongly doubted (as Edinburgh people say to everything one tells them).

This attitude interprets, perhaps, an underlying reason why, though France, Italy, Denmark and Russia maintain academies of dancing through state aid, England has never made similar provision. Therefore, with no adequate school or recognition at home, when foreign countries ceased furnishing the conquering genius, the art of dancing declined in England. Generally speaking, the ballet everywhere became involved in intricate technicality for its own sake. The great artists were followed by a group of uninspired individuals offering in the name of the dance exhibitions of difficult acrobatic feats. Toward the close of the last century the art of the dance seemed suffocated. Again, however, foreigners aroused and inspired a new appreciation of the Dance in England. It is to Adeline Genée for her pioneer work in re-awakening the English ballet that Mr. Flitch pays the following high tribute:

To Adeline Genée England in particular owes a debt greater than to any other English dancer. It was she who continued, or rather restored, the tradition of the great dancing of the earlier half of the last century. She aroused enthusiasm for the ballet when the ballet had grown cold. She helped put an end to a perverted form of dancing. Her example shone out with a clear light in that thick darkness just before the dawn.

The daylight spread everywhere with the advent of the wonderful Russian ballet and its revolutionary message of deep portent to the general world of art. Mr. Flitch adds:

The colour and design of Leon Bakst's scenes, the provocative gestures of Nijinsky's dancing, the strange and startling patterns of the dancers, have suggested to artists a new source of inspiration, which in Paris, at all events, has already not been without its influence on their work. The ballet is in the van of the artistic movement of the day, and the dance, through the ballet, has attained a position which it has never held since the days of ancient Greece—being once more received into its proper and inseverable fellowship with music and the plastic arts.

Mr. and Mrs. Caffin plead for such a school in America, feeling that it would do more than anything else to cultivate our appreciation of drama and opera as well as the dance itself. As they say:

It would show that it is not numbers, but the harmony of numbers, that counts, not lavishness of detail, but co-ordination of detail that makes for drama. We might even learn that it is not costliness of stage direction, but subtle sense of fitness, that makes for atmosphere; that a well-placed stencilling will sometimes suggest the character of a scene as convincingly as an imported crystal chandelier. The production of such a school would so accustom our eyes to beauty that we would not longer tolerate ugliness.

This group of Russian dancers, who are revolutionists in the sense that they have broken from the set forms of the so-called classical ballet, acknowledge a deep indebtedness to Miss Isadora Duncan for her pioneer service in breaking the chains of technical subservience and relating the dance again to the great fundamental rhythms of Nature. The reader senses that Mr. and Mrs. Caffin and Mr. Flitch feel the contribution of this awakening of the dance is more far reaching than has been realised; it is no fad of the hour—these new artists may be bringing with them a revolution which shall reach far beyond the dance itself, even beyond its contribution to the other arts; that it may find a universal rhythm beneath the broken chaos of our modern industrial world which shall infuse new joy and rhythmic harmony into our common life. The reader feels with them at the close of the book that Miss Duncan's own wonderful prophecy, which Mr. and Mrs. Caffin quote, may one day be realised:

The dancer of the future will be one whose body and soul have grown so harmoniously together that the natural language of that soul will have become the movement of the body. The dancer will not belong to a nation but to all humanity. . . . She will dance the changing life of Nature, showing how each part is transformed into the other. From all parts of her body shall shine radiant intelligence, bringing to the world the message of the

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thoughts and inspirations of thousands of women. She shall dance the freedom of woman. She will help womankind to a new knowledge of the possible strength and beauty of their bodies and the relation of their bodies to the earth nature and to the children of the future. Oh, she is coming, the dancer of the future, the free spirit, who will inhabit the body of new women; more glorious than any woman that has yet been; more beautiful than the Egyptian, than the Greek, the early Italian, than all women of past centuries—the highest intelligence in the freest body!

Fola La Follette.

IV

Havelock Ellis's "The Task of Social Hygiene"*

The family table has held its horrors for the reviewer of books as well as for their makers; only within the last few years have the bashful columns of the non-technical review intended for popular consumption shown a tendency to call attention to subjects usually covered with the leaf of mock-modesty. Sincerity of aim and dignity of treatment have slowly won the way in a public already recognising the need of open air and a sense of proportion on the matters of sex, with its institutionalised corollaries such as marriage, divorce, motherhood, wifehood and children. Some measure of the advance which has been made can be easily obtained by contrasting the timid mid-Victorian phrases of a Lecky—courageous as they were at the time—with the frank unconscious assurance in the pages of a Havelock Ellis. This English author, who has done such pioneer work in the pathology of sex, has not become a mere specialist with an *idée fixe;* rather has he, using his profound erudition as a basis, reached upward toward a new social order which shall look beautifully on the root facts of life and, in understanding them, shall culture them into more resplendent men and women. Much of his material lies hidden in the series, *Studies in the Psychology of Sex,* which prudery and a popular tradition that truth is harmful, still keep almost inaccessible—though a knowledge of its contents would prevent or explain many a sex tragedy. In his new volume—*The Task of Social Hygiene*—however, he has placed many of his deductions in a less detailed and technical form, though he has sacrificed none of his courage either in statement or in opinion. The volume bears all the earmarks of a collection of scattered essays brought together and moulded, sometimes a bit laboriously, to fit the general title; but there is clarity of phrase and thought as well as stimulating suggestion which makes it one of the most valuable contributions the brilliant author of *Affirmations* has given us.

Puericulture is one of the steps ahead of eugenics; but betterment by prevention rather than improvement of environment alone is the shibboleth of the social hygienists. Eugenics is the new link with the future, and by the word is meant "the scientific study of all the agencies by which the human race may be improved and the effort to give practical effect to those agencies by conscious and deliberate action in favour of better breeding." The thing which brings this race ideal out of the nebulous region of dreams has been the unusual mass of facts which have been brought together to demonstrate beyond doubt the possible ultimate achievement of this end. But Havelock Ellis agrees with Galton, who suggested his discovery might almost be a new religion, that while much could be done by law in the case of the feeble minded and habitually criminal, yet the great enduring work could only be achieved through subjective education with its voluntarily imposed restrictions and standards. It is here that the scientist blends with the poet, as one must be *au fond* in a matter so tremulous as human instincts. Without following the author's reasoning too closely he shows that the breeding of men is largely in the hands of the women; it is but a step from this to his large survey of the so-called modern woman's movement.

To Havelock Ellis the woman movement is larger than the woman suffrage movement, which is but the vestibule to woman's emancipation from traditional attitudes. His criticism of the militant side is severe, though he admits it has brought a self-consciousness to many

*The Task of Social Hygiene. By Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1912.

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women and been educational. His argument that the women should not have the ballot till all wish it is specious, since he asks more than is expected now of universal manhood suffrage. But we must bear in mind the author's predilection to the doctrines of Ellen Key and the German feminists when he sees it as "a specific object of this agitation as based on the demands of woman the mother and as directed to the end of securing for her the right to control and regulate the personal and social relations which spring from her nature as mother or possible mother." It is not, therefore, in his opinion, so much a cry for political as for emotional rights. Feeling that motherhood should be the experience of every qualified woman it might be well to indicate that Ellis does not necessarily believe this need alone come through marriage: he is insistent on the point that the sex relation, generally speaking, is a personal one and should not be subject to interference by the State until there is a child. Then, indeed, society has a right to ask those responsible for the new citizen that it shall be born right. Woman consequently should have some legal say in the laws which cover these problems. The changing status of woman which the century has witnessed is no effort to imitate men, but to secure woman's claim as a human being rather than as a woman. Industrialism and education have changed society and the woman movement is an effort to meet that change. There need be no fear that love will depart through this new adjustment:

> Reverence is essential to all romantic love. To bring down the Madonna and the Virgin from their pedestals to share with men the common responsibilities and duties of life is not to divest them of the claim to reverence. It is merely the sign of a change in the form of that reverence, a change which heralds a new romantic love.

Nor is the eugenic ideal springing from the altered status incompatible with love:

> It may be, and is very likely to be, a slowly growing conviction—first among the more intelligent members of the community and then by imitation and fashion among the less intelligent members—that our children, the future race, the torch-bearers of civilisation for succeeding ages, are not the mere result of chance or Providence, but that, in a very real sense, it is within our power to mould them, that the salvation or damnation of many future generations lies in our hands, since it depends on our wise and sane choice of a mate.

Love does not laugh at science, for we are beginning to see that there have always been certain definite tendencies in sexual selection: the eugenic ideal must not be an artificial product "but the reasoned manifestation of a natural instinct."

While not due of course to eugenic reasoning, the falling birth-rate all over the world should be a source of joy rather than cause for the lamentation of professional politicians. This alone points the way to larger social health. Statistics prove high birth rates mean high death rates: the greater the number of children, the less likelihood of them coming to maturity. Nor can the same care and interest be bestowed upon the large family, where civilisation and poverty presses, most as upon the smaller family. High fertility is conduced by the absence of social-economic restraints: education, delayed marriage, town life, have all contributed to the gradual decline of the birth rate. Without following in too much detail the author's deductions, we note that out of all this we may gradually realise quality rather than quantity must ever be the ideal. Here, too, will step in a different attitude in the sexual education of children, where truth will be given them early that they may learn the meaning of that which lives in their own bodies as they become conscious of its call; that obscenity is "subjective" and rests only in the mind that views and not in the object looked upon.

The recurrent *motif* in these pages is ever the need of a new personal education. Morality cannot be forced by law; in fact, in a very interesting analysis of the different attempts to regulate it in the different countries, Ellis shows conclusively the hypocrisy back of efforts to enforce regulation which the majority of the population itself thinks it should approve of but does not practise. The pressure of social opinion will do more

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than the weak whip of legislation. There is a distinction between vice and crime and no law-givers can make them synonymous.

If a morality cannot by its own proper virtue hold its opposing immorality in check then there is something wrong with that morality. It runs the risk of encountering a fresh and more vigorous movement of morality.

It is with this new morality springing from the subjects discussed so fearlessly in these pages he is concerned; that he has approached it with broad vision backed with scientific facts and logical persuasive deductions as to its possibilities should be sufficient to bring it to the attention of all readers who do not fear to face the facts of life or to put their beliefs and conventions to the acid test of thought. *George Middleton.*

V

Remy de Gourmont's "Une Nuit au Luxembourg"*

Mr. Arthur Ransome's translation of Remy de Gourmont's *Une Nuit au Luxembourg* presents a French critic, novelist, and philosophic *causeur* who is hardly known as yet to English and American readers, but who enjoys an enormous prestige not only in France but everywhere on the Continent and throughout the Latin world. His influence on the rising generation is not lessened by the fact that he has never received any official recognition. The portals of the Academy have never been opened to him and he neither occupies a university chair nor writes for any of the older and more famous reviews. But every fortnight he conducts a department of current events (*actualités*), which he calls *Epilogues,* in the *Mercure de France,* and through these he speaks to the most widely scattered and cosmopolitan audience possessed by any modern magazine. Also he edits a magazine of his own, the *Journal des Idées,* in which he addresses a smaller intellectual elite on the more general tendencies of civilisation, discusses the latest metaphysical problems, and deduces the philosophical consequences from the most recent results of scientific research. He has, in addition, published more than a score of books on such varied subjects as *Le Physique de l'Amour,* the *Esthétique de la Langue Française, Le Probleme du Style* and *Le Latin Mystique.* An artist as well as a thinker, he has experimented with every form, has written poems and prose fiction, and has had a play, *Théodat,* produced on the stage of the *Théatre d'Art* in Paris.

There is a story that when Remy de Gourmont and Anatole France first met —for they had long known each other only through their books—each saluted the other as *maitre,* and acknowledged that he owed to him everything. This, if true, was particularly graceful on the part of the elder man, who had to wait so long for a hearing in a generation of brilliant polemists and novelists whose more strident voices tended to drown his own. For now France already finds himself somewhat eclipsed in intellectual circles, at least, by a concentric writer—one who, if he does not describe a greater arc, yet touches more points upon its circumference. At the same time, M. de Gourmont has himself been somewhat overshadowed by Anatole France, who still holds the ear of the great world—the world of women, included, to whom his peculiar sensibility, echoed in his relaxed, nerveless, yet singularly chaste and tempered style, makes a peculiar appeal—and whose handling of the fictional frame for purposes of philosophic discourse gives him an inestimable advantage over all his rivals in enabling him to attract not only more readers, but more classes of readers by his work. Perhaps M. de Gourmont's perception of this advantage has governed to a certain extent his own occasional attempts to create artistic forms for the presentation of his ideas, though as he was a literary artist even before he became critic and immoralist thinker, it is natural enough for him to combine the two currents of his thought and feeling. *Une Nuit au Luxembourg,* which most directly challenges comparison with such a work as *Thais,* for example, is at all events his most important venture in this field. It

*Une Nuit au Luxembourg. Translated by Arthur Ransome, with Preface and Appendix. Boston: J. W. Luce and Company.

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is virtually a long dialogue, introduced into an arbitrary and conventional story setting—there are only a Preface and a Final Note to maintain the fictional interest and illusion—and interrupted by very unconventional amorous episodes.

The principal *dramatis personæ* are an American journalist living in Paris, and an enigmatic personage whom he meets one night in the church of Saint-Sulpice. A strange light shining through the window had tempted him to enter, and had led him to a chapel altar where he found the stranger standing. The mysterious visitant, who "seemed quite ordinary," but whose clothes and personal appearance the author describes with the matter-of-fact fullness, almost the minute professional particularity of a man's fashion note,—we observe that Mr. Ransome has tactfully suppressed the grey gloves, the round hat, and the cane of the original—reveals himself as a god. Not, however, as in Charles Morice's recent novel, which created such a furore in France, an individual god already known to worshippers on this earth, but a kind of Demiurge from whom all the gods in turn have received their inspiration and divine authority. Yet even he has his limitations of knowledge and power, and exists under a kind of Necessity which imposes laws upon the entire universe. Invited to talk, he proceeds to unfold to his chosen interlocutor, as they stroll arm in arm in the gardens of the Luxembourg, a system of Heraclitean and Epicurean philosophy, and to outline a course of conduct, an attitude toward life, calculated to ensure mortals the highest happiness of which they are capable. Meanwhile roses spring up on every hand, a divine light suffuses the gardens, and several charming damsels—young goddesses from another sphere—add an ideal feminine grace to the picture, and supply the motive for the love-interludes which have something of the function and effect of a musical intermezzo.

Mr. Ransome appears, from his preface, to be very much afraid that the English public will be shocked by these episodes, as well as by the blasphemous central conception of the work. But the modern reader is pretty well used to "blasphemy" by this time, and the notion of which M. de Gourmont has made use here, is one already familiar in Nietzsche and, as the translator points out, to any student of comparative religion. As to the *divertimenti,* these differ from similar scenes in the Italian romantic epic, and on the operatic stage—the whole book has something distinctly operatic about it—mainly in being more explicit. Aside from this, they sin rather more sharply in an æsthetic than in a moral sense. The descriptions offend because they are overwrought. Too much verbal art has been consciously bestowed upon them. They display a fastidiousness, an elaborateness, and an artificiality of method which is as remote as possible from that fresh and artless spontaneity, involving at least a semblance of real feeling, which alone can justify a certain license on æsthetic grounds. It is not even frank naturalism. Rather, it resembles eighteenth century French sentimental eroticism, and it strikes one as curious that, with all his virile and unadorned directlessness in dealing with ideas, M. de Gourmont should allow himself to adopt a manner as sensuously over-ornate as that of the most baroque writer of the century he most abhors on the artistic side. Acute physiological critic, child of physicists and encyclopedists, at the same time as a sentimental sensualist, like Diderot, it seems his perverse destiny to represent the revival of the spirit of the eighteenth century at its best and at its worst, at its most robust and at its most effeminate.

Here of course M. de Gourmont falls far below the level of Anatole France, whose imagination is always informed with some depth of moral feeling, and whose most *scabreux* passages are generally redeemed by a note of tender indulgence, of philosophic sadness, of deep irony, or of robust and breezy Rabelaisian humour. None of these specifically human notes is sounded by M. de Gourmont, who, when he is not the acute analyst, is apt to be the precious and affected prose poet. He is the type of writer who wins his way by the naked force of his ideas alone; and if *Une Nuit au Luxembourg* has, as we believe to be the case, gone into more editions than those of his books which are to be preferred as the

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more completely characteristic products of his preëminently discursive mind—the *Promenades Littéraires, Promenades Philosophiques, La Culture des Idées,* and *Le Chemin de Velours,* it is doubtless because this book attempts more than the rest to satisfy the inevitable demand made sooner or later upon every thinker, for a systematic exposition of his ideas. Such is *Une Nuit au Luxembourg,* and as such this work, apart from its offences against Anglo-Saxon taste, is, perhaps, the one best suited to serve as a vehicle for the author's introduction to a new public. It will have performed this service satisfactorily if it leads a certain number of English and American readers to desire a closer acquaintance with a writer who, at his best, is one of the most powerful stimulants for all those to whom the life of the intellect appeals as, above every other, a life of romance and adventure.

Cleveland Palmer.

VI

C. Reginald Enock's "The Secret of the Pacific"*

Every once in a while some one strikes a new note in authorship, a note which is so simple and easily struck that one wonders why it was not struck before, just as sometimes one wonders why some simple invention was not made centuries ago. There have been hundreds of discussions of the mysteries presented by the prehistoric ruins found on the two Americas, notably along the west coast from California to Valparaiso, and there have been not quite so many but still a number of discussions on the curious antiquities and monumental remains on the islands of the Pacific. There are a number of different books treating of different localities, but it has remained for Mr. E. Reginald Enock, whose works upon the countries of the American Pacific littoral are most favourably known, to combine in one volume a careful survey of all the evidences of antiquity of man upon this hemisphere and upon the islands that intervene between it and Asia, and to discuss the various theories which endeavour to account for the stages of civilisation which have been arrived at.

The book is one of absorbing interest; its only defect is one that is inherent. Mr. Enock does not settle the question. At the present stage it is probably the question cannot be settled. When enough interest is aroused, enough investigations are made and enough money is in hand, the secret will undoubtedly be brought much nearer its correct solution. The reviewer has looked at some of these ancient hieroglyphs of the past which have never been translated and have wondered what story they would tell when indefatigable man has solved the secret they have so long concealed. At any rate, there are abundant evidences of remarkably high prehistoric civilisation in this hemisphere, and if civilisation is determined by religion, there are evidences also of a highly spiritual worship with a remarkable conception of a great, beneficent unknown god, especially in the prayers of the ancient Peruvians preserved for us by Spanish chroniclers. They are only surpassed by the Psalms of David for intense, spiritual and poetic feeling and the acknowledgment of a Divine Providence which is known by the word Father.

Who prayed these prayers? Whence came they? Who built the temples in the jungles of the Yucatan? Who reared the great fortresses above the vegetation on the heights of the Andes by Lake Titicaca? Who built the huge sacrificial platforms on the islands of the sea? Whence came the marvellous images that have watched over the Pacific from the shores of Easter Island for these many years? For that matter, who were the cliff dwellers of our own land? Here is a great question for a race that likes the answering of such questions. Mr. Enock has clearly set forth the problem, and the solution is up to the world.

T. C. Darby.

*The Secret of the Pacific. By C. Reginald Enock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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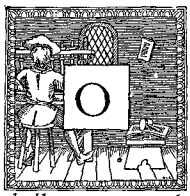
DAWN ON THE BOOKSHELF

Children's Books of 1912—In Two Parts—Part II

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE



NCE well within the teens, most boys and girls desert the eternal world of fairy and fancy to plunge eagerly into the actualities of the passing moment. The daily events that to us seem trite and tame are fresh and strange to them. They live in a play-a-day world crowded with new experiences, they are forming ties outside their home folk circle, and coming into positive contact with facts and personalities. In their reading they want photographic impressions of this phase of their existence, which to them appears, more important than anything else; in fact, there is no other period in life that looms so vast, since youth is happily lacking in the sense of the proportion.

It is, then, this momentary, everyday world which the books written for children in their teens are concerned in portraying. They are apt to seem commonplace enough to us, but they fulfil their purpose, and they are usually wholesome and normal, sane in the standards they maintain, safe, if not always inspiring guides.

First perhaps in favour come the school stories, in which the hero is a football or baseball player, encountering various difficulties on the certain way to the captaincy of his team. Generally this hero goes on from year to year beginning as a new boy in some preparatory or high school, and continuing his admired adventures till he graduates from college. Then a new hero is started in another school, fated to tread the same path, but to encounter different incidents. The volumes are all well made, with good illustrations and pretty covers, and are decidedly readable.

Ralph Henry Barbour hits the bullseye with this particular kind of book. His boys are natural and manly, and he manages to put plenty of fun into his stories, the sort of obvious fun in which his audience delights. This year he has an entirely new set of characters and a fresh environment (*Crofton Chums.* Illustrated by C. M. Relyea. New York: The Century Company). There is plenty of football and boating and outdoor life in the book, as well as an amusing account of the hazing of a new instructor by the boys in class, and of his final victory over his tormentors.

Another new series has been started by Leslie W. Quirk in his football tale, *The Fourth Down* (illustrated by Henry S. Watson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company). It is a spirited account of freshman life at Wellworth College, and just leads on from one game to another, each described with a loving particularity boys will rejoice in. The hero learns a lesson in the course of the tale, the lesson on which the idea of democracy is founded; but after all, the main business is football, which is quite as it should be.

An excellent Yale story is *Campus Days,* by Ralph D. Paine (illustrated by Herbert Bohnert. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons). It has just enough of girls and the otuside world mixed in to give it a University breadth—and of course some football. Then there is an English note struck in *Henley's American Captain,* by Frank E. Channon, whose Henley series has been a success. The English "view halloo" is the first thing that strikes the eye as the American hero and his English chum follow the hounds of the Denbigh meet after the flying fox on the very opening page. There is a kidnapping later on, and the atmosphere of the school life is convincing (illustrated by William Kirkpatrick. Boston: Little, Brown and Company).

Baseball gets its innings in Everett T. Tomlinson's story *The Pennant* (illustrated. Philadelphia: The Griffith and Rowland Press). So does the country boy. It is a story that breezes right along, and the city boy is taught the old

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gold-that-glitters truth with no little decisiveness. The dialogue is excellent, and there is a good deal of it to the page.

A plea for track athletics is wound in and out of Arthur Duffey's school story. Mr. Duffey, being the undefeated champion world's sprinter, knows all the attractions of running; knows, too, how to catch a lad's fancy with his pictures of the world of boys, its peculiar laws and strenuous ideals (*For Old Donchester.* By Arthur Duffey. Illustrated by John Goss. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company). Another thoroughly "boyey" book is J. A. Meyers's *The Green C* (illustrated by the Author. New York: Harper and Brothers), a high school story with all the trimmings and a particularly likable hero. The climax here is a swimming race.

A school story that spends most of its time out of school, but which won't be the less liked for that is *Hike and the Aeroplane,"* by Tom Graham (illustrated by Arthur Hutchins. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company). It is a wonderful machine, and Hike's adventures as he crosses the Continent in it, and plays round generally, in Mexico with thrilling desperadoes and elsewhere with moonshiners, refugees and the War Department, only to be hazed when he gets back to school, will keep any boy or girl up after bedtime to see the end of it all.

We will wind up the school yarns with a little book that is as much a village story as a haunt of learning. *Licky and His Gang,* by Grace Sartwell Mason, is busy with the doings of a dozen boys from the moment it opens until, all too soon, it ends. In and out of school, in their cave and their cabin, at home and on the street, those boys are breathlessly engaged in the business of living. It is a serious affair with them, and with the boys and girls who will read it; but it is a deliciously laughable one for the rest of us, and it's one of the all-round books none of the family should miss (illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company).

Next to the play and problem of life at school comes personal adventure, be it in camp near home, in hunts far afield, with Indian or Zulu. And books a-plenty describe such affairs. As good a book as a boy can read is Raymond S. Spears's story of a farmer lad who left home to make his own way, tramping through two States and then shanty-boating down the Mississippi (*Camping on the Great River.* Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers). A finer, simpler, more brave and modest a boy it would be hard to find, and his adventures are convincing and interesting. Two good books on Maine, one taking you to the lumber regions in the forests and the other along the rocky coast, are Hugh Pendexter's *The Young Woodsmen* and *The Young Fishermen* (illustrated by Charles Copeland. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company). There is a good deal of plot to these books, villains to be caught and rescues to be made. More frankly a picture of the real wood-life is Elmer Russell Gregor's *Camping in the Winter Woods,* a sound and jolly volume charmingly written (illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers). Another book tells of a whole year in the New Brunswick wilds, and it is not only full of information most happily conveyed through the adventures of the young hero and his father, but it is crowded with pictures from photographs made by the author showing moose and deer and caribou and partridge in their wild state; it is the taking of these pictures that provides most of the incidents, some of which are very funny and some dangerous (*Ned Brewster's Year in the Big Woods.* By Chauncey J. Hawkins. Boston: Little, Brown and Company).

Edward S. Ellis has started a new series with two volumes retailing the deeds of derring-do in Maine waters by two or three boys with a launch of their own (*The Launch Boys' Cruise in the Deerfoot. The Launch Boys' Adventures in Northern Waters.* Illustrated by Burton Donnel Hughes. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company). And Elbery H. Clark tells an excellent outdoor story in *The Camp at Sea Duck Cove* (illustrated by Lucy Fitch Perkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company). For rather younger readers, there is a second Buddy Book, where Buddy spends a gorgeous summer varied by railway wrecks, wolf hunts and camping

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in the wilderness for a few days, in the companionship of a boy chum and a nice little girl (*Buddy at Gray Buttes Camp.* By Annie Chapin Ray. Illustrated by Harriet Roosevelt Richards. Boston: Little, Brown and Company).

The West is still the Mecca to which every boy turns in longing, and whose chronicles he reads with unadulterated joy. *With the Indians in the Rockies* is by a Rocky Mountain veteran, J. W. Shultz, and is "real stuff," vivid and exciting, with the value that comes from firsthand knowledge (illustrated by George Varian. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company). If that is not enough, there is Frank H. Spearman's tale of the seventeen-year-old boy who comes as telegraph operator to Medicine Bend back in the days when the town consisted of new pine shanties mostly full of bad men. It is excellently written and cramful of thrilling adventure (*The Mountain Divide.* By F. H. Spearman. Illustrated by Armand Both. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons).

More wild life appears in Zane Grey's tale of a trip through the jungles of tropical Mexico (*Ken Ward in the Jungle.* Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers), and in James Barnes's *Rifle and Caravan* (illustrated. D. Appleton and Company), in which the two young heroes, beginning with a hunt in Maine, soon trek to German South Africa and there do all that doth become a man, what with wild animals and wilder blacks. Of another type is *The Dragon and the Cross,* where an American boy in China organises a football team among the natives (*The Dragon and the Cross.* By Ralph D. Paine. Illustrated by George Varian. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons).

The Lakeport Series is continued in the air this year, and boys will find it quite as enthralling to follow their favourites' adventures among the clouds as on the baseball field or automobiling (*The Aircraft Boys of Lakeport.* By Edward Stratemeyer. Illustrated by H. Richard Boehm. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard). While the second volume of the young Crusaders' series takes the boy soldiers to the National Capital, where they have a number of amusing adventures and see everything there is to be seen (*The Young Crusaders at Washington.* By George P. Atwater. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown and Company).

The very popular series, Little People Everywhere, has two new additions, *Josefa in Spain* and *Donald in Scotland,* both by Etta Blaisdell McDonald and Julia Dalrymple (illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown and Company). Told in a delightful story form, these books are full of accurate information and are charming little volumes in appearance.

It has been stated that the boy is father of the man. Whether they know this or not, boys are apt to be interested in "real work." They like to think they can do it, and they like to be told of boys who are doing it. One great demonstration of this fact is the Boy Scout movement. Almost every boy is interested in this organisation, and even those who are not personally involved with it will probably enjoy any one of these four books. There is *Be Prepared,* by A. W. Dimock (illustrated from photographs by Julian Dimock. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company), with its two adventurous boy scouts in Florida, making their way across the wilds according to true scout methods. And there is *The Boy Scouts of Bob Hill* (by Charles Pierce Burton. Illustrated by Gordon Grant. New York: Henry Holt and Company), which carries on the adventures of the Bob's Hill Braves, and whose scene is that part of Massachusetts overlooked by old Greylock. Or, would you go farther afield, Edwin L. Sabin is ready to take you with him to the Rockies, in *Pluck on the Long Trail* (illustrated by Clarence H. Rowe. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company), and show you what the scouts can do there—it's worth the trip, for the book is thoroughpaced, and there is an excellent appendix of Scout Notes that are brimful of information and suggestions. The fourth volume is by a woman, but it has the boy heart in it all the same, and touches on many things, from slums to camps, in a most readable manner (*The Scout Master of Troop* 5. By I. T. Thurston. Illustrated. New York: The Fleming H. Revell Company).

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Two newspaper stories for boys inclined in that direction that are full of firsthand counsel and are good stories to boot are *Donald Kirk: The Morning Record Copy-Boy,* by Edward M. Woolley (illustrated by George Varian. Boston: Little, Brown and Company), and *Fred Spencer, Reporter,* by Henry M. Neely (illustrated by A. A. Blum. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company). In each of these a boy of sixteen or seventeen, employed in the office of a great daily, is ambitious to become a full-fledged reporter. Just how they each succeed is told in a dashing manner, and the two books make excellent companion volumes, pretty well covering the field between them.

In *Dave Morrell's Battery,* by Hollis Godfrey (illustrated by Franklin T. Wood. Boston: Little, Brown and Company), it is the boy inventor who is exploited. Dave is a country boy, but the New York sharps don't outwit him for all that, and he makes good both with his battery and his story. Then to the West again in *The Lucky Chance,* by M. W. Loraine (illustrated by Haydon Jones. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company), which is the story of a silver mine where two boys have all the adventures and hard work the most energetic of the tribe could ask for. Last, tuned to a patriotic note, George Barton writes of the life of a page boy in the United States Congress (*Barry Wynn.* Illustrated by John Huybers. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company). The book is a solid contribution, but it is a lively story too, and boys should like it.

The Wireless Man is the hero of modern seafaring life, and in his book on the actual men who work this magic Francis A. Collins has given us a volume of real interest. He feels the wonder of it and the romance, and takes us out in mid-ocean and to all the great stations to hear and to look on as the viewless messages come and go. The book proves extremely fascinating (*The Wireless Man.* By Francis A. Collins. Illustrated. New York: The Century Company), and it won't be left to the boys of the family alone.

Though the present moment is of such vital importance to our boys and girls, still they enjoy the realisation that there has been a past, and historical stories usually appeal to them with force, particularly where the hero or heroines are of a tender age. The fact that such books are delicately employed in conveying necessary information is gracefully ignored by their youthful readers; who become, for that matter, probably through constant practice, fairly adept at dodging the pill within the sugar.

To begin at the American beginning, there is Molly Elliot Seawell's *The Son of Columbus* (illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers). It is a story with plenty of swing and vigour to it, and gives some splendid pictures of the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of the stupendous voyage. Next in chronological sequence comes Louise S. Hasbrouck's condensation of Parkman's history of France in the New World, beginning with the Conspiracy of Pontiac. All the various chapters touch upon the Indians, and the selections have been made with intelligence. It is a book as fragrant of the wilderness as is a pine tree (*The Boys' Parkman.* Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown and Company). Another historical Indian book, one of the Among the Sioux series, is Joseph Mills Hanson's *With Carrington on the Bozeman Road* (illustrated by John W. Norton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company). This book pictures with great vividness the life of the cattle-train pilgrims and the earliest settling of the far West.

Revolutionary times are cleverly drawn in *The Lucky Sixpence,* by Emily Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe (illustrated by Arthur E. Becher. New York: The Century Company). Girls will like this story particularly, with its charming touch of romance and delightful little heroine.

Based on stories told "by one who was there," *The Young Minute-Man of 1812* gives an interesting picture of a war too much neglected by our writers of fiction (by Everett T. Tomlinson. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company). There is plenty of Indian in it, and thrills galore. And since it was a war chiefly won on the sea, Robert B. Duncan's *Brave Deeds by American Sailors* (il-

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lustrated. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs and Company) will go with it admirably. The more famous exploits of our ships and men are bravely told in narrative style, and a gay and gallant record it makes.

A happy mixture of travel, history and story is the book by Margaret Williamson, *John and Betty's Scotch History Visit* (illustrated from Photographs. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard). And written in a charming style, come these short biographies of brave and good men and women in the times following the Middle Ages, exquisitely presented by Dean Hodges (*Saints and Heroes Since the Middle Ages.* Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt and Company).

A new idea is a book by Rupert S. Holland, *Historic Poems and Ballads* (illustrated. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs and Company). All the better known historic songs are quoted, accompanied by a short and dramatic account of the event to which they are related. These range all the way from Chevy Chase and Ivry to Dixie and America.

An out and out adventure story will fittingly end these history tales. It is by John Masefield, and it will keep one awake and stirred up from first to last. In a somewhat hurried survey, it impresses one as of the true breed, conveying that unforgettable sense of reality so essential to the complete enjoyment of wild doings (*Jim Davis.* Frederick A. Stokes and Company).

Before turning to a few books distinctly for girls, we must mention one of those capacious catchalls which terrify and disturb a grownup, but into which intrepid youth dives with pleasure, discovering many a pearl of wisdom and beauty among the large and splendid pages, covered with pictures, verse and stories, all decidedly English in style (*This Year's Book for Boys.* New York: George H. Doran Company).

Of course the girls dive with the boys, and publishers realise this agreeable fact. Nevertheless, they appreciate a pond of their own in which to paddle when they choose. School, work and adventure belong to them as well as to their brothers nowadays, they too go camping and shooting. But they are interested in some subjects the boys care nothing for. Social differences, for instance. Here are three books that harp more or less on this topic. One tells how a very rich girl is put by her father into the identical environment from which he took her mother, now dead, so that she may learn the true values of life. Another depicts the fascinating doings at an English school where the daughter of a peer learns her lesson of democracy. The third tells the adventures of a simple little country girl who comes to a fashionable school, giving, as it were, the obverse of the medal struck off by the preceding volumes. Then there is a fourth book that relates how a girl fresh from college adapts herself to her home life and finds work to occupy heart and hand. They are all good stories, excellently told and prettily illustrated (*The Lady of the Lane.* By Frederick Orrin Bartlett. Illustrated by E. C. Caswell. New York: The Century Company. *Curiosity Kate.* By Florence Bone. Illustrated by Treyer Evans. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. *Sue Jane.* By Maria Thompson Daviess. Illustrated by E. A. Furman. New York: The Century Company. *How Phoebe Found Herself.* By Helen Dawes Brown. Frontispiece. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company).

Two Western stories make a direct appeal to girls, one of which is the second volume of the Ranch Girls' series, telling the delightful life led by four maidens in their teens on a Western ranch (*The Ranch Girls' Pot of Gold.* By Margaret Vandercook. Illustrated by Hugh A. Bodine. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company). The other relates how a girl and her brother go into partnership and make a splendid success in an irrigation project, mixing up frolic, danger and human nature most delightfully in the telling (*The Hallowell Partnership.* By Katherine Holland Brown. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons).

There is travel and lovemaking and an energetic aunt in Amy E. Blanchard's *The Four Corners in Japan,* the Corners being the young heroines who see Japan very thoroughly under Aunty's guidance,

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helped by various friends of both sexes. The Corners is a well-established series known to most girl readers, and full of a smiling naturalness that is very taking (*The Four Corners in Japan.* Illustrated. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs and Company).

The fairy tales of science and the long result of time are interestingly described for youngsters in Mary H. Wade's *The Wonder Workers* (illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown and Company). Judge Lindsay, Jane Addams, Luther Burbank, Edison and others, with the things they have done being set down in simple language.

Two useful and charming little books describe kindergarten work and the intricacies of housekeeping in a most attractive manner (*Work and Play for Little Girls.* By Hedwig Levi. *Housekeeping for Little Girls.* By Olive Hyde Foster. Illustrated. New York: Duffield and Company). By reading them a child may learn how to make all sorts of pretty gifts, doll's furniture and ornaments for the tree, and to become the neatest, sweetest and cleverest of housekeepers.

And last, a very merry little book that will persuade any little girl into becoming the most successful of cooks. It has a touch of fairyland to it, for all its eminent good sense, and is as entertaining to read as it is precise in its recipes and instructions (*The Mary Frances Cook Book.* By Jane Eayre Fryer. Illustrated in colour by Margaret G. Hays. Decorations by Jane Allen Boyer. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company).

So the bookshelf is full. If there isn't a book to fit every child on it, let him be heard from—and next year there will be a score.

FROM THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

I

We take pleasure in printing, with warm endorsement, the following letter from the Editor of the *Century Magazine:*

I am sure that your readers will be deeply interested to learn that the Keats-Shelley Memorial in Rome is now entirely out of debt, the last of its obligations upon the mortgage on the Keats House in the Piazza di Spagna having been liquidated by the proceeds of the distinguished matinées given at the Haymarket Theatre last summer. The income from the rentals of the rooms not occupied by the Memorial Library are depended upon to pay the running expenses.

The Library already includes more than two thousand volumes, one thousand of which are catalogued in the first "Bulletin" of the Association, copies of which, by the way, may be obtained of Dodd, Mead and Company.

I am requested by Mr. H. Nelson Gay, Secretary in Rome, to say that all Americans who may be visiting the Eternal City are invited to visit this interesting Memorial, which at the present time is only second to the British Museum in its resources for the study of Keats and Shelley. A great many additions are being made to this Library, and volumes relating to Keats, Shelley, Byron and others are solicited for that purpose. Mr. Gay, moreover, desires to raise a fund of six hundred dollars each year for the next five years, to be contributed from England, Italy and the United States, as a permanent fund for the purchase of books, and I request the favour of your columns to say that this would give an opportunity to a great many admirers of the work of Keats and Shelley who did not contribute to the fund for the purchase of the House to testify their interest in what is now one of the great literary memorials of the world.

Contributions for this purpose may be sent to me, and will be promptly acknowledged and forwarded to Mr. Gay.

I am, indeed, Respectfully yours,

(Signed) R. U. Johnson,
Secretary American Committee Keats-Shelley Memorial.

II

From the Harvard Club, of New York:

The author of an interesting article on modern dedications in your December number overlooked two charming ones. I will quote them from memory. One is in Owen Wister's

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Dragon of Wantley, and is: "To my former playmates in the Appian Way, for reasons which they will understand." The other, in Mrs. Hugh Fraser's *Letters of a Diplomat's Wife,* although I am told it is bad Italian, is still very beautiful:

"Al dilettissimo compagno me aspettando nella eterna pace."

III

Caustic Comment from the "Colyum" Conductor.

THE EVENING MAIL
NEW YORK

OFFICE OF THE
PUBLISHER

JUVENILES

1. Phœbe and Ernest and Cupid. Gillmore. (Holt.) $1.35.

[*Business of giggling.*] I guess Jean Webster's publishers had the right dope.

F. P. A.

IV

A note from Washington, D. C.:

I accidentally came across a book in the public library of this city just after reading in the November BOOKMAN the comments upon *Trilby.* The book, a small one of few pages, bears upon its title page this:

The Diary of
Moritz Svengali
Translated and Edited
By Albert Welsh
New York:
Henry Holt & Co.
1897.

The book gives Svengali's story of his experience of Trilby from his point of view. The closing paragraph says: "The publication of the foregoing extracts from Svengali's diary has been desired by his friends in view of the popular misconceptions of his character which have been caused by a work entitled *Trilby.*" There was evidently some sentiment which considered du Maurier's characterisation of Svengali a misrepresentation of Jewish character, and to satisfy this was doubtless the motive for the writing of this book, of which I had no knowledge until now, and I suppose not many persons have heard of it.

V

A gentleman in Worcester, Massachusetts, writes:

In your October contribution I note a good letter contributed by Mr. Stewart Edward White, purporting to have been written by one Antonia Dutra, and concerning which you state, "the letter was actually received in the course of a business correspondence."

I have no criticism to make other than to question this comment of yours. I have never clearly understood why it is considered necessary, in telling a good story, to begin by remarking, "this is a *true* story." Yet such is the universal practice in club and railway smoker. If a story is clever and entertaining, why not let it go at that? I believe that editors are not predisposed in favour of contributions accompanied by a letter from the writer of the fiction, stating that their efforts are "based on fact"!

Worcester is inhabited largely by foreigners. We have, I believe, besides the usual varieties, the largest pro-rata Swedish population of any city in the United States. We also have an exceedingly large French-Canadian population; most of our leading stores employ French interpreters, we have many French stores, churches and professional men, besides a French newspaper; and we are the headquarters for most of the Canadian dialect stories. It therefore gives us exceeding pain to have White ring in this aged letter as a genuine bit of correspondence, and to have it solemnly vouched for by you.

How old it is I have no idea; I read it at least ten years ago, and have since read it in many forms. The most popular and enduring form is concerned with a bicycle, shipped without handle bars, which are invariably found in the inevitable postscript.

Give us some more, by all means, but let the story, like a proper tub, stand on its own bottom, and do not try to pass it off as a copy from somebody's letter file.

In our business concern we have dealings with customers of probably fifteen nationalities, and some of the letters are really more amusing than the one quoted; but none of them are so improbable. Don't spoil a good story by trying to make rural subscribers believe it is literally true. A good jest doesn't *have* to be true.

Several years ago Mr. White told us the story of a truthful fisherman of his acquaintance who kept a pair of scales for the purpose of refuting any possible accusation of exaggeration. All went well until the day came when the scales were borrowed in order that the weight of a new-born baby might be ascertained.

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The baby weighed forty-two pounds. It was a good story, but we later found that it had been attributed at various times to the late Grover Cleveland, General Grant, Napoleon Bonaparte, Julius Cæsar, Philip of Macedon and a few others. In view of these circumstances we refrain from comment, simply referring the above letter to the Jumping Off Place, Santa Barbara, California.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of November and the 1st of December.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
2. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
3. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Reef. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
6. Spring Days. Moore. (Brentano.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Life of Benjamin Disraeli. Monypenny. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
2. In the Courts of Memory. Hegermann-Lindencrone. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.

JUVENILES

1. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Crofton Chums. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
4. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Marshal. Andrews. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
5. The Epic of Ebenezer. Cox. (Dodd, Mead.) 50 cents.
6. The Fortunes of the Landrays. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art. Fenollosa. (Stokes.) $10.00.
2. Joseph Pennell's Pictures of Panama Canal. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. Edinburgh. Stevenson. (Scribner.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Sam Lloyd's Puzzle Book. (McKay.) $1.00.
2. The Birds' Christmas Carol. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse. Field. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Pictures of Polly. Courtney. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
6. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

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6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. On Emerson. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.
4. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Change Signals. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Place of Honeymoons. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Heroine in Bronze. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
5. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
6. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Reef. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
5. Caviare. Richards. (Houghton Hifflin.) $1.30.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. Americans and Others. Repplier. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.30.

JUVENILES

1. Patty's Butterfly Days. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Fourth Down. Quirk. (Little, Brown.) $1.20.
3. Lieut. Ralph Osborn. Beach. (Wilde.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
3. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Humanly Speaking. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Colonial Homes. Northend. (Little, Brown.) $5.00.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Crofton Chums. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. The Birds' Christmas Carol. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. The Seashore Book. Smith. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Tempting of Tavernake. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. Gordon Craig. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
6. The Brute. Kummer. (Watt.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. A Wall of Men. McCarter. (McClurg.) $1.35.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Lady of the Snows. Harrison. (McClurg.) $1.25.
5. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
6. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin) $1.75.

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3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Mountain Divide. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.25.
3. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. The Midlanders. Jackson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Place of Honeymoons. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.50.
2. The Soul and Sex in Education. Buck. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
3. Mind Cure. Zenner. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.00.
4. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Birds' Christmas Carol. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3 Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Daughter of Heaven. Loti. (Duffield.) $1.25.
3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) 2.00.
4. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
2. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Inner Flame. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. When Dreams Come True. Brown. (Fitz-Gerald.) $1.25.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.co.
6. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. A Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) $1.25.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Betty-Bide-at-Home. Dix. (Holt.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Partners for Fair. Haines. (Holt.) $1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
4. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Return of Peter Grimm. Belasco. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.

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5. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart-Kidd.) $1.50.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. The Call of the Carpenter. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Provincial American. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Once Upon a Time Tales. Stewart. (Revell.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. With the Indians in the Rockies. Schultz. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
4. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Change Signals. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. King Arthur and His Knights. Radford. (Rand, McNally.) 50 cents.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
2. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
6. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.
2. The Task of Social Hygiene. Ellis. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.
3. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Daughter of Heaven. Loti and Gautier. (Duffield.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Billy Popgun. Winter. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
2. Change Signals. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Historic Jesus. Lister. (Putnam.) $2.50.
3. A Camera Crusade Through the Holy Land. Elmendorf. (Scribner.) $3.00.
4. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse. Field. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Live Doll Series. Gates. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. A Man's World. Edwards. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. The Pictures of Polly. Courtney. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.
2. In the Courts of Memory. Hegermann-Lindencrone. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. The Letters of George Meredith. (Scribner.) $4.00.
4. Harriet Hosmer. Carr. (Moffat, Yard.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. 'Twas the Night Before Christmas. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Book of Baby Birds. Dugdale. (Doran.) $2.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
4. The Marshal. Andrews. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
6. A Heroine in Bronze. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. A Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) $1.25.
4. Child of Dawn. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Change Signals. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Fortunes of Phœbe. Deland. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Live Dolls in Wonderland. Gates. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
5. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
6. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. (Doran.) $1.50.
3. American Girls in Miniature. Fisher. (Scribner.) 75 cents.
4. Milestones. Bennett and Knoblauch. (Doran.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Patty's Butterfly Days. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. The Reef. Wharton. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Place of Honeymoons. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
6. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.25.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. A Wall of Men. McCarter. (McClurg) $1.35.
5. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Do Something: Be Something. Kaufman. (Doran.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES.

1. Azalea. Peattie. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. The Mountain Divide. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
2. London Lavender. Lucas. (Macmillan.) 1.35.
3. The Reef. Wharton. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
5. The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. The Lost World. Doyle. (Doran.) $1.25.

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NON-FICTION

1. Americans and Others. Repplier. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. Under the Old Flag. Wilson. (Appleton.) $6.00.

JUVENILES.

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Upas Tree. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.00.
4. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $.130.
5. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Master of the Oaks. Stanley. (Revell.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. New Trails in Mexico. Lumholtz. (Scribner.) $5.00.
3. A Camera Crusade Through the Holy Land. Elmendorf. (Scribner.) $3.00.
4. Pictures of Panama Canal. Pennell. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

JUVENILES.

1. Boy Scouts of Berkshire. Eaton. (Wilde.) $1.00.
2. The Mary Frances Cook Book. Fryer. (Winston.) $1.20.
3. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. London Lavender. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
6. The Voice. Deland. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1 South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) $2.40.

JUVENILES.

No report.

PORTLAND, MAINE.

FICTION

1. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
6. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.

JUVENILES.

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Boy With U. S. Fisheries. Rolt-Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
3. Blue Bonnet's Ranch Party. Read. (Page.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3 The Tempting of Tavernake. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Lost World. Doyle. (Doran.) $1.25.
6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. Venice of To-day. Smith. (Hieuerbauch.) $3.50.

JUVENILES.

1. 'Twas the Night Before Christmas. Moore. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Deering of Deal. Griswold. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
5. Mrs. Eli and Policy Ann. Olmstead. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES.

No report.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Fiction

1. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
2. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. The Sanctuary. Potter. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
5. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. A Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) $1.25.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

Juveniles.

1. The Scout Master of Troop 5. Thurston. (Revell.) $1.00.
2. The Punky Dunk Books. (Volland.) $1.00.
3. Boy Scouts of America. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Fiction

1. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. A Woman of Genius. Austin. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.30.
5. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. Mr. Perryman's Christmas Eve. Parker. (Reilly & Britton.) 50 cents.

Non-Fiction

1. Woman in Modern Society. Barnes. (Huebsch.) $1.25.
2. Anatol. Snitzler. (Kennerley.) $1.00.
3. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

Juveniles

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Fiction

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. The Red Cross Girl. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. The Letters of George Meredith. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

Juveniles

1. Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Motor Boys Seris. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Fiction

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.)$1.30.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
4. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. A Wanderer in Florence. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
3. Sun Yat Sen. Cantlie and Jones. (Revell.) $1.25.
4. The Next Religion. Zangwill. (Macmillan.) $1.25

Juveniles

1. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Wireless Man. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. Their City Christmas. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Fiction

1. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
5. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. The Star-Treader. Smith. (Robertson.) $1.25.
2. Woman in the United States. Constant. (Robertson.) 80 cents.
3. San Francisco. Purdy. (Elder.) $2.50.
4. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $2.00.

Juveniles

1. The Little Colonel Series. Johnson. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Betty Wales Series. Ward. (Penn.) $1.20.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

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4. The Marshal. Andrews. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.
6. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Pictures of the Panama Canal. Pennell. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. The Place of Honeymoons. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
5. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Bran the Iconoclast. (Herz Bros.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
6. The Honorable Mrs. Garry. de la Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. The Courage of the Commonplace. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
4. Notes on Sunday School Lessons. Peloubet. (Wild.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Dickens' Children. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.00.
3. The Birds' Christmas Carol. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
3. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. The Loss of the S. S. Titanic. Beesley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
4. Both Sides of the Shield. Butt. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Change Signals. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Turkey Doll. Gates. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.
3. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the forgeoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

	POINTS
1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30	174
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30	164
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30	160
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00	157
5. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30	118
6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin) $1.40	110

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